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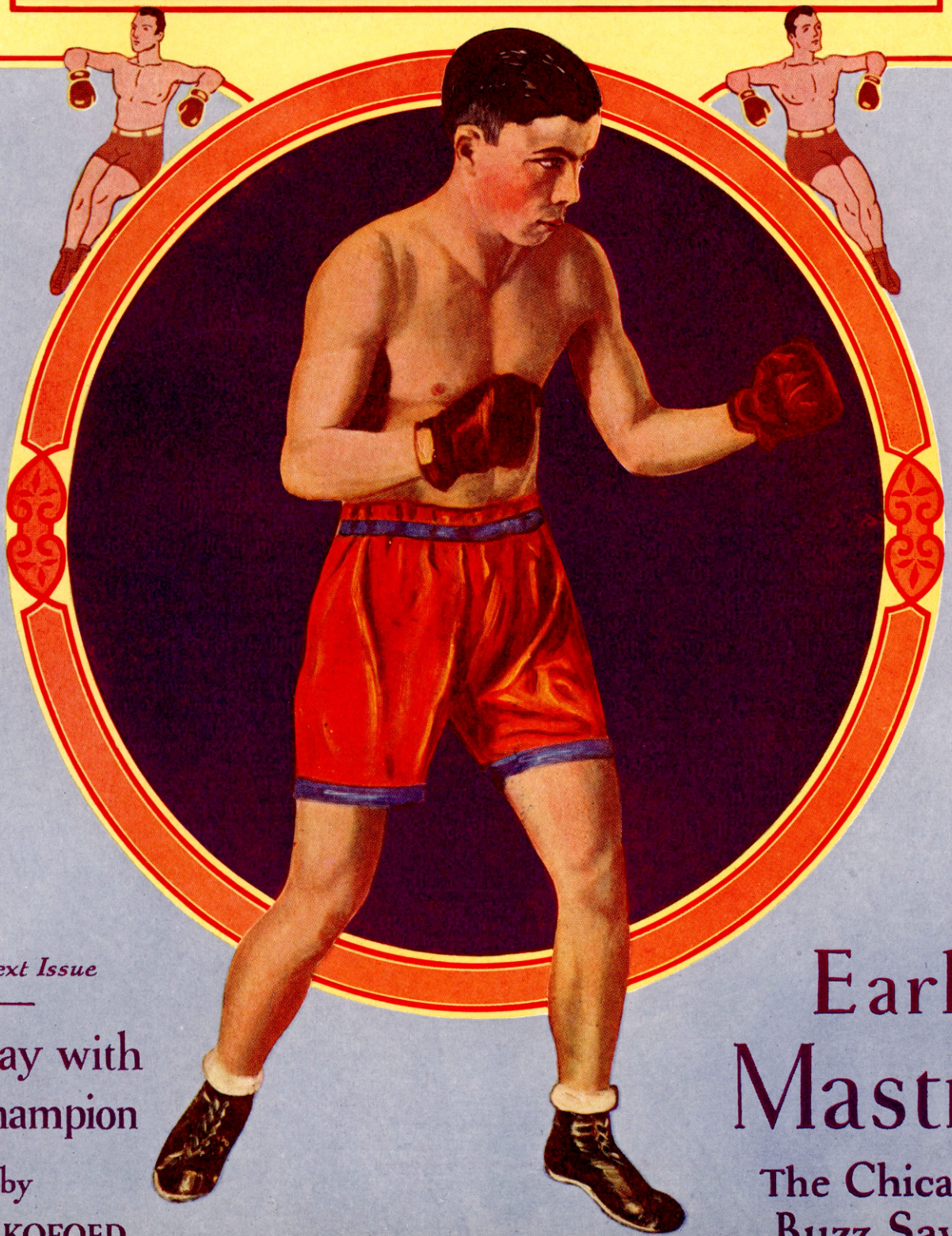

In Next Issue

—

A Day with a Champion

by

JACK KOFOED

Earl Mastro

The Chicago Buzz Saw

The Classic of Fistiana

JACK DEMPSEY

The Idol of Fistiana

by **NAT FLEISCHER**

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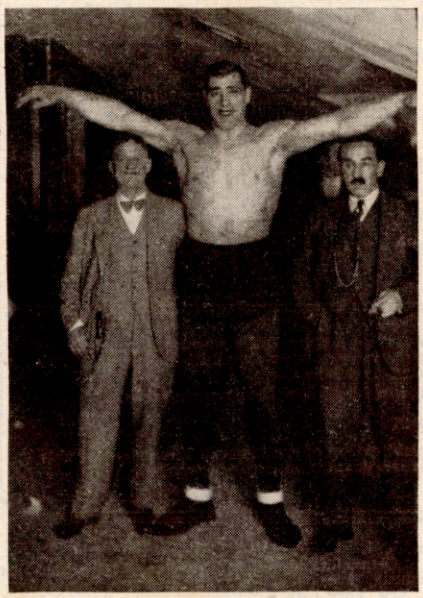

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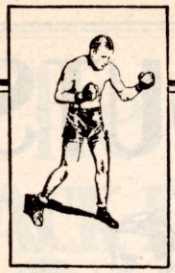

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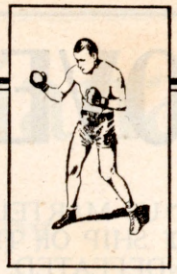

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Who are the outstanding figures in pugilism since the advent of the Queensberry rules? What fighters have stood out most prominently as leaders of the profession?

The answer is in a new series, called Supermen of the Ring, by Nat Fleischer who has seen every fighter of note in the last twenty-five years.

Two years ago, on January 6, 1929, the world's foremost promoter, Tex Rickard, passed away. His intimate pal, Hype Igoe, writes an appreciation of "Tedge's" skill in "Rickard in Retrospect."

It is the fashion, nowadays, to look upon Tommy Burns, former world's heavyweight champion, merely as an undersized fighter who chanced to win the title. Few give him the credit due him as a fighter. Read what Frank Graham, in his inimitable style, has to say about the man who was "first to catch a glimpse of pugilism's golden gate."

Where are the future Hackenschmidts, Gotches, Roebers, Zbyszkos coming from? Jack Curley, world's greatest wrestling promoter, answers this question for you in an interesting article, "The Rah-rah Boys in Wrestling."

These in addition to the usual features by Wilbur Wood, Charles F. Mathison, Ed W. Smith and A. D. Phillips, and snappy fiction by Daniel M. Daniel.

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

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Regular contributors—Ed Sullivan, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Jack Kofoed.

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$1000 Offered for the Muckrakers

SOME people go through life tearing down everything they see, kicking anything in their path, while others like to build. It's the difference between constructive and destructive force.

Do you like to destroy, or do you like to build?

Intelligent investigation developing constructive criticism always is welcomed by intelligent persons.

Muckraking, with its unsupported charges, sensational statements founded only on hearsay, wild insinuations which tear down for the mere fun of destroying, is welcomed by nobody with a sense of fair play.

From time to time boxing has been made the target of the muckrakers. I am sorry to say that in certain newspaper circles in this country it has become a pose to attack boxing, and to wallow in the literary gore of fighters, managers and officials.

We again have reached a muckraking period in boxing. Certain newspapers have been making boxing their target, and boxing, being unorganized, despite all the organizations which it fosters, seems content to "take it on the chin."

For the last few weeks we have been regaled with all sorts of wild charges. We have been treated to "sensational disclosures," we have been "informed exclusively" of things that happened years ago, and which for years have been public property.

It would be false—downright foolishness—to come out and say that boxing, in any state of our union, is a 100 percent clean, lily-white sport. It would be utterly ridiculous for me or anybody else to adopt a Pollyanna attitude toward the sport, with its millions, and its would-be chiselers.

But I am sick of all the muckraking. I am satisfied that our state commissions are composed of men to be trusted, and that they are making tremendous progress toward the goal of clean competition, and the elimination of the racketeers who, in some places, have extended their sinister, clutching hands toward the game.

For example, I am quite willing to leave the government of boxing in New York in the able hands of James Farley, William Muldoon and General Phelan. I am certain that they are familiar with the ins and outs of the game, and that they are 100 percent for the protection of boxing and its patrons.

I am quite willing to leave it to them to decide whether men behind certain boxers—so called undercover men—are former convicts who now are engaged in nefarious pursuits. I have seen the New York commissioners keep these types out of the sport, and am ready to back Farley and his associates to the limit.

I am quite willing to go along with other commissions in a similar way. We are not nearing the millenium in boxing. In fact, I don't think we ever will get all the rascals out of the game, any more than the American Bankers Association ever will get all the absconders out of their institutions, or prevent, for all time, the practice of forgery.

I don't believe boxing ever will be absolutely clear of crooked minds any more than the old and honorable profession of medicine ever will be rid entirely of the mal-practitioner.

THE RING never has glossed over unpleasant facts. It has been militant for boxing and for the public, but always in the spirit of constructive criticism. THE RING has the welfare of boxing at heart.

Muckrakers have no love for the sport. They have no real interest in it. Their connection ends with their "amazing and startling disclosures." They run from the scene like ghouls.

They howl, "This fight was a fake and that boxer is a faker, and that manager is a crook."

Then they cite shady looking affairs which were called shady the very night they took place. These are supposed to be "revelations."

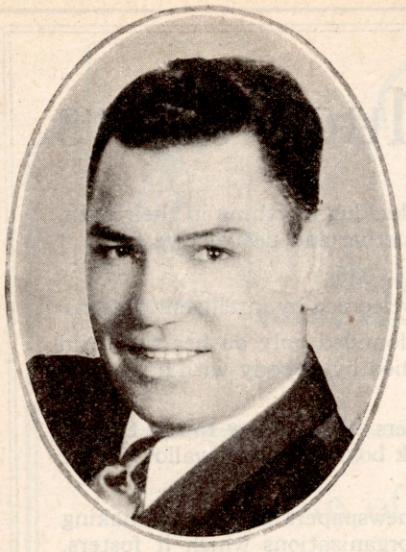
I will pay the sum of $1000 to any person who will present to me absolute and conclusive evidence that, as has been charged, there were five fake fights in New York within the last two years.

I will give to the New York Commission, for donation to any charity it names, $1000 if any person will present evidence that, as has been charged, the fight in which Al Singer took the lightweight title from Sammy Mandell was a fake.

Put up, or shut up! In the meantime I am content to leave the game and its government in the hands of the commissions, with the certainty that the public will neither be fooled nor stampeded by muckrakers, whoever and wherever they may be.

You as The Public must help. Be a builder and not a destroyer.

Nat Fleischer



Jack Dempsey Sounds Warning

Former Champion Calls On All Commissions to Fight Campaign of Villification

By Jack Dempsey

I DO not want to appear in the role of a pessimist. I don't want to go around the structure of professional boxing hollering "Fire." But I do travel around the country quite a bit, and I do see fights and fighters and crowds, and I get impressions which may be of some value to those who run the game.

I do not think that in the last twenty years there ever was a time when concerted action by all the governing bodies in boxing, the world over, was so necessary.

I do not think that since 1910 there ever was a time when the situation called so urgently for all the commissions to get together; for everybody running the game for its welfare to throw out jealousies and any other considerations but those that have the well being of boxing at heart.

Boxing right now is enjoying prosperity, although not so much as in past years. Gates are surprising, when you consider conditions. We have a lot of fine fighters either holding titles or coming along. National enthusiasm is high. Foreign fighters are adding to the interests. Lads like Justo Suarez, Kid Chocolate and Campolo fire popular imagination in South America, and increase enthusiam in the United States.

* * *

BUT we must take steps to preserve this enthusiasm; to prevent the wrong types from getting a real foothold in American boxing.

There is too much talk about this wrong type already having a throttling hold on the American ring. It would be rank nonsense for me or anybody else to come out and say that boxing has no undesirable figures, that all the promoters are lily-whites, that all the managers are as honest as old Diogenes.

There never was a time when any activity, no matter what it might be, could boast that it was immaculate. Men never will be one hundred percent square, and it isn't fair to expect of boxing what you cannot get in baseball, hockey or in other lines of sport that lean toward the professional side almost exclusively.

Of late there is something of a furious effort in some quarters to "discover irregularities" in the game. There is a wild scuffle to tell the public that "crooks and robbers run the sport." This is an unjust aspersion on a fine activity, and for that reason I believe it's high time for all the responsible factors to get together and fight back.

The best way to fight that sort of propaganda is to present a clean bill of health. Therefore, I say let all the commissions get together. Let them forget petty jealousies. Let them be as strict as they ever were. Let them kill all this drivel about racketeers and crooks and thieves in boxing in America.

* * *

WITH that off my chest, I want to say that I was very much disappointed that Sharkey and Campolo did not get together in New York.

For one thing, I did not like to see a heavyweight match that had received so much publicity and attention wiped off the slate.

In some quarters they took the attitude that there really was no valid reason for this fight. But I have a different opinion on that matter.

I think that every heavyweight fight has some bearing on the situation which has been left high and dry by our German champion.

I had no idea that Schmeling, if victorious would withdraw into his shell and take the title back to Germany in cotton batting.

I believed that Schmeling, as a titleholder, would stay here and proceed to make passes at all the purses in sight.

* * *

THE way Schmeling won perhaps has something to do with his reluctance. He won on a foul when he was getting a beating. That may be the answer, and then again I may be all wet. But it gets me sore to see a world champion shoot away without so much as an effort to talk fight. I, for one, am in favor of getting that championship back here by any fair means and as soon as possible.

I admit now that I had the wrong angle before the Sharkey-Schmeling fight. I figured that a victory for the German would arouse new interest in boxing, and liven the game abroad. But I am afraid that no such development will come of Schmeling's tenure.

For that reason, if for no other, I want to see fights and more fights between all the heavies engaging in bouts in this country.

I want to see Sharkey and Campolo, I want to see Sharkey and Stribling—in fact, I want to see plenty of Stribling. I have a hunch about that Georgia lad. I even want to see Carnera.

Carnera's defeat by Maloney in Boston came as a big surprise to me. I figured that the big Italian, coming along, would beat the Boston boxer, who undoubtedly has seen his best days.

* * *

BUT it looks as if Carnera had a lot to learn. It also looks as if the critics had the wrong slant in kicking about the Italian's so-called setups. You can't take a giant off a lot and ask him to fight men of long experience and established class. It never has been done without a bad reaction.

The very men who have been squawking about Carnera's fights with so-called suckers, would holler blue murder if the Italian were put into a place like the Yankee Stadium in New York with Sharkey at top prices, and Sharkey stopped him in one round.

Think it over!

New Faces in Boxing

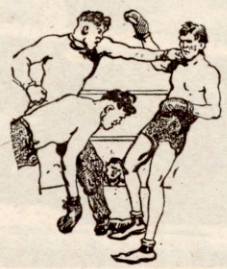
By Tom Mc Ardle

Matchmaker of Madison Square Garden

DESPITE discouraging reports from several parts of the country, boxing is coming back into its own in leaps and bounds. Like all big corporations, the Madison Square Garden has its staff of road men advising the New York management. These men circle the country, reporting on good prospects, best drawing cards and the general conditions and their reports are used as a guide by me, the representative of the greatest sports arena in the world.

While the outdoor season hit most promoters pretty hard, indications throughout the country point to a splendid indoor boxing session. By far the biggest factor in financial flops seems to be guarantees. If the clubs throughout the country would set down an iron-clad rule against guarantees, as is now being done by the Madison Square Garden Corporation in New York, boxing will prosper.

New faces are springing up, in many instances because of the general business depression. Where boys heretofore have been willing to obtain positions as clerks, they now turn their attention to boxing because of the fine returns, and out of the hundreds who have taken up the sport within the past year, at least two dozen excellent prospects have budded forth who should help place the sport back into the limelight.



For example in New York, at the opening of the indoor season, the Garden brought out two lads who are destined to make good and who will prove big drawing cards—Justo Suarez, who defeated Ray Miller, and Johnny Pena, a New Yorker, who fought a draw with Archie Bell, though it was generally conceded Pena should have been awarded the verdict.

Then there was Pete Sanstol, the Norwegian bantam, who lost to Joe Scalfaro in a close tilt. Here are four boys who have sold themselves to the fight fans and who should have no trouble being booked. They are the fighting kind, the pleasing type that a fight enthusiast is willing to see as often as they are placed on the programme.

Sanstol is a sharp shooter with a keen knowledge of boxing. He also possesses hitting skill. He is a youngster of pleasing style who will probably be seen often in New York this season. Pena is a miniature Kid Berg, a little buzz-saw. He is perpetual motion personified. He has a fighting heart and plenty of what the boxing writers call "color." He's the type fans rave over and he'll do.

* * *

THE same condition holds good in other parts of the country. In the Middle West, the South and the West Coast, boys have been developed who are ready for the big show and following the example of previous years, the Garden will gather these lads from near and far to show in the East. Out of the lot there should be developed at least half a dozen boys who will be in line to furnish the fireworks for the outdoor shows of 1931.

I have always believed in using the smaller classes as they invariably supply loads of action and as long as new material is being developed, I will keep favoring these divisions. There is Harry Fierro from Chicago, whom I expect to show shortly, and another youngster, Pee Wee Wilson from Detroit, who is being boosted in many quarters as an unusually pleasing prospect. Two additional bantams from Brooklyn—Lew Farber and Petey Hayes—have been coming along strongly and I expect great things of them. Both are former amateur graduates and have been winning steadily in their new pro. status.

At present we have some young featherweights who have been in the limelight as the result of some hectic scraps and they are expected to play a big part in the Garden activities this winter. Koli Kolo, the Porto Rican, is a flashy boy with good hitting powers. He is making rapid headway around New York. Jimmy Slavin, Lew Feldman, Pete De Grasse and Johnny Gaito are winning frequently and improving with each start. They furnish fine indoor material.

Mike Gelb, former Olympic Champion from Austria, who is now in New York, has remained unbeaten in local starts. Gelb is a sturdy type and should come along. Tommy Paul, a crackerjack bantam from Buffalo, is now fighting in the featherweight class. He will be brought here at the first opportunity. Many pleasant reports have emanated from Buffalo about this bright little Italian. I hope he continues his good work for we need all the good talent we can land.

Shifting from the feathers to the 130-pound class, there is Roger Bernard from Flint, Mich., who is setting a fast pace. Recently he topped his performances with a victory over Battling Battalino over the weight. Roger is a pleasing type and is expected to go over with a bang. Cecil Payne, of Louisville, is another colorful performer who holds two decisions over Battalino. He is only a youngster and has plenty of color. Freddy Miller, Cincinnati left-hander, is a consistent winner but his prospects are retarded due to his southpaw style. He recently defeated Johnny Farr for the Ohio state championship.

* * *

IN the lightweight division there are several bright figures. Tony Herrera, Mexican lad making his headquarters in Chicago, is a flashy performer. He will be a sensation when he hits here. He is both boxer and puncher and is good enough to fight the best in his class.

Mickey Cohen of Denver, who came through with victories over Tommy Grogan and Joe Glick, is expected East soon. Cohen is a good name in New York and if he can make the grade he should make lots of money here.

Billy Townsend of Vancouver has been climbing the past several months. He should be a riot. Townsend is a terrific puncher, capable of kayoing any man he hits.

Of the Perlick Twins, I think that Herman has a good chance to develop into a headliner. He has been winning consistently and topped off the list when he trounced Eddie Anderson out West. Herman fought Berg and Suarez in New York and in my opinion gave Suarez a better fight than anyone has yet given the South American. Those who saw Perlick fight Berg at the Queensboro Stadium last summer agree they have seldom seen a better fight. Perlick gave Berg a closer battle than did Chocolate. Perlick is only 21 and I think there is chance for his development.

In the welterweight class, Paul Pirrone of Cleveland stands out as a good prospect. He recently returned from the Coast where he kayoed Pete Meyers. My Sullivan of St. Paul has a good name and Ignacio Ara, of Cuba, looms brightly in the 147-pound division. Jackie Fields has taken part in several bouts since his dethronement and it is expected that his activity will revive the welter division.

King Levinsky of Chicago is only a youngster but he has a powerful punch and has developed into a magnetic drawing card in the Mid-west. Levinsky claims no cleverness but anyone he hits goes down. At the first (*Continued on page* 42)

Where *Modern* Fighters Excel

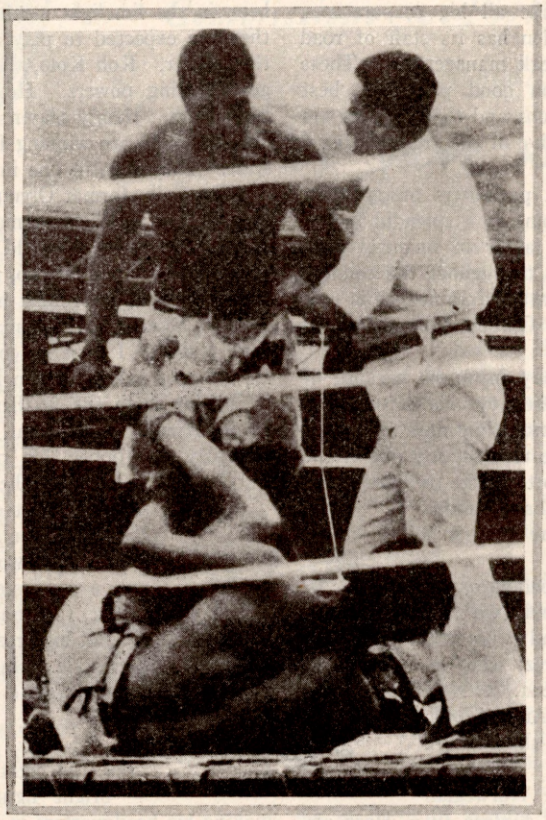
Present Day Boys Have a Decided Edge Over the Old Timers in Light Heavyweight Class

By CHARLEY HARVEY

IT would be difficult to conceive of a more misleading or contradictory designation than "light heavyweight," which is used to classify those boxers who are not weighty enough to battle with the heavyweights and are too heavy for entry into the middleweight division. In England and Australia the light heavyweights are known as cruiser weights, thus giving a nautical twist to the class.

This division of pugilism originated about twenty-five years ago, and was established for the especial benefit of Jack Root, a middleweight who had grown too heavy for the 158-pound limit of the class. Root issued a general challenge for a bout at 175 pounds in 1903, and possibly he was a trifle disconcerted when his challenge was accepted by George Gardiner, a rangy son of County Clare, Ireland, who had settled in Boston and was being managed by Jack Curley.

Root and Gardiner had met twice preceding the championship challenge, the former winning on a foul in San Francisco on January 31, 1902. They met again on August 18, 1902, in Salt Lake City, and Gardiner scored a knockout in the 17th round.



Battling Siki winning the world's light heavyweight title by knocking out Georges Carpentier in the sixth round

Root apparently was not convinced that Gardiner was his master and the challenge resulted in a third meeting, the ring being pitched at Fort Erie, Ont., on July 4, 1903 and Gardiner proceeded to prove that he was the champion of the class, by stopping Root in the 12th round.

However, the lad from County Clare did not long retain his honors. There hobbled toward the titleholder a native of Helston, Cornwall, named Robert Fitzsimmons, then in his forty-first year, with a request for a championship contest. Gardiner really thought it would be unethical for him to beat up the ancient gladiator but Fitzsimmons insisted on a match and Gardiner reluctantly consented, with a mental reservation that he would deal gently with the old gentleman.

* * *

THE date was November 25, 1903, and the place San Francisco. There were murmurings of disapproval over a man aged forty-one getting into the ring with a youngster of twenty-six years, and many protests were filed against the threatened brutality. Nevertheless, Ruby Robert ambled to the ringside, discarded his cane, air cushion and chest protector and, pulling on the padded mitts, proceeded to give young Gardiner a boxing lesson that he did not soon forget. The contest lasted the limit of 20 rounds, and the old chap won by so wide a margin that the referee did not hesitate to hold up Fitz's freckled arm.

At this time Fitz was nearing his finish as a pugilist, and the last of the three championship titles won by that remarkable fighter was snatched from him by Philadelphia Jack O'Brien on December 20, 1905, in a bout in San Francisco. The victor scored a knockout in the thirteenth round and practically wound up the ring career of Ruby Robert.

* * *

THE light heavyweight title remained wrapped in moth balls for several years after the defeat of Lanky Bob, but interest in the class was revived when Jack Dillon laid claim to the crown and defended it until Battling Levinsky outpointed him. Thereafter, the light heavyweight title was kicked about like a football, the world's title going to France after Levinsky's defeat by Carpentier and then to Ireland, when Mike McTigue whipped Battling Siki, conqueror of Carpentier. Siki was the only Negro holder of the title.

Delaney upset the McTigue apple-cart, and then Delaney, Berlenbach and Greb had a general tussle with Delaney emerging the possessor of the crown.

After Delaney came McTigue again and then Tommy Loughran, and when Tommy retired undefeated, the crown passed on to Maxie Rosenbloom after an elimination tournament. Maxie is the present holder of the championship.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was probably the best 175-pounder of the early days of the class, yet at his best he would doubtless have had a tough time from such able men as Delaney, Greb, or the exceedingly clever Carpentier. Even Mike McTigue and Paul Berlenbach would have made things pretty hot for O'Brien.

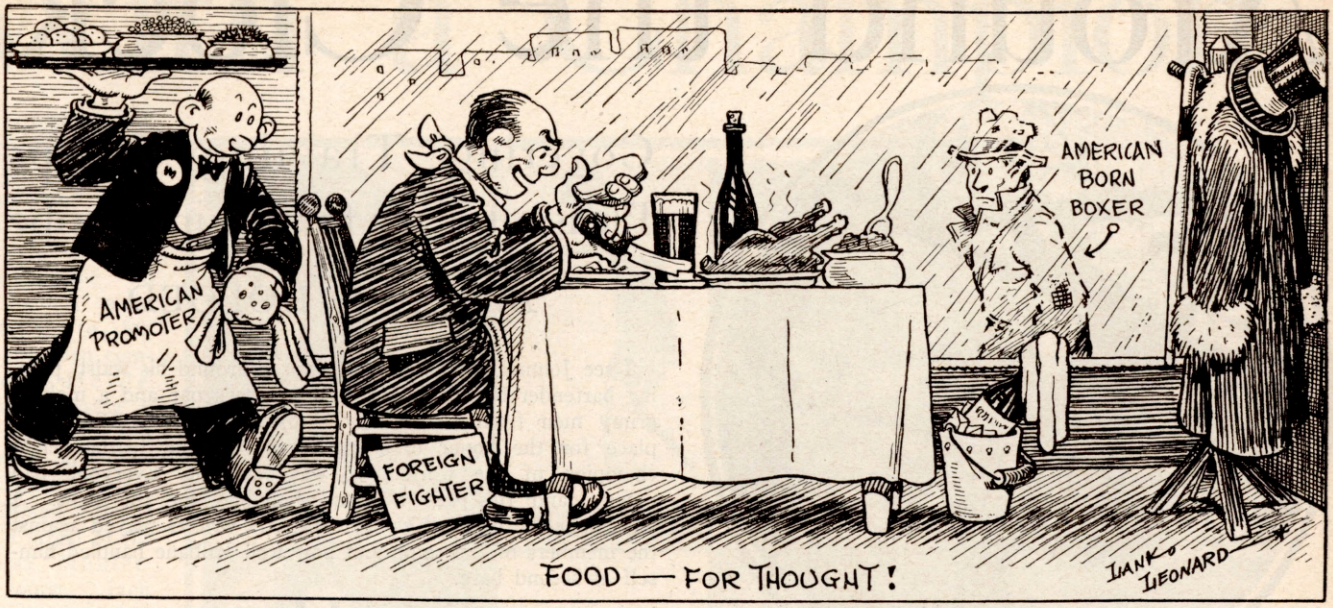
This is one class in which the modern boxers appear to have a decided edge on the old-timers. It is my opinion that Gardiner, the original champion of the division, would have been beaten in his prime by all the later contenders for the class title, including Delaney, Berlenbach, Greb, McTigue, Levinsky, Carpentier and Tom Gibbons.

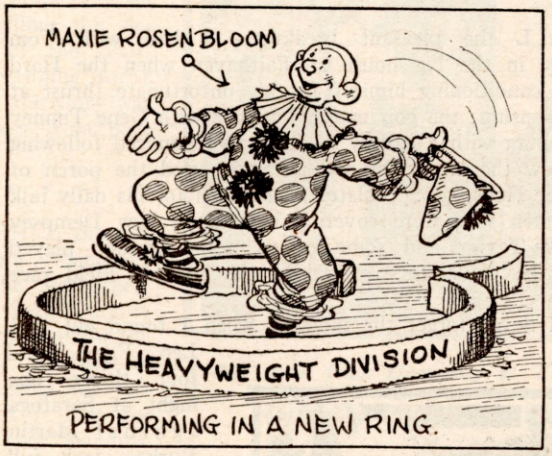
There were many fighters of the past who could make the weight of the 175-pound division, but who preferred to fight in the heavyweight class, the most prominent being Fitzsimmons, Charley Mitchell and Joe Choynski. Mitchell never was more than a middleweight, and yet he boxed a 39-round draw with Sullivan, who scaled 210 pounds.

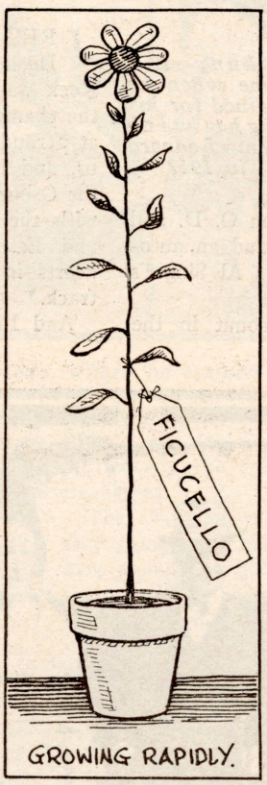
Fitzsimmons never weighed more than 170 pounds in any of his battles. When he fought the (*Continued on page* 42)

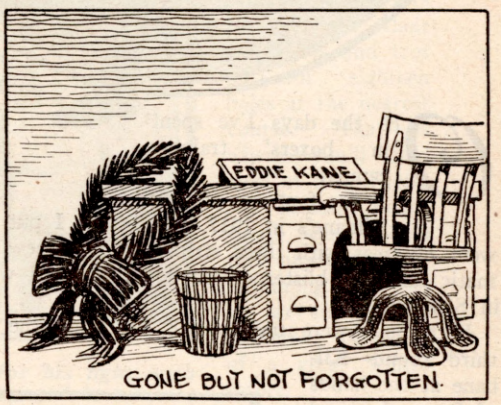
Fistic Cartoonettes

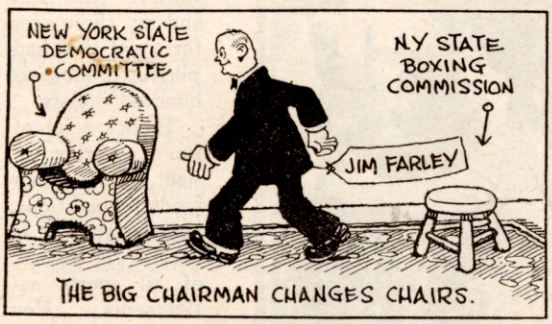
By "Lank" Leonard

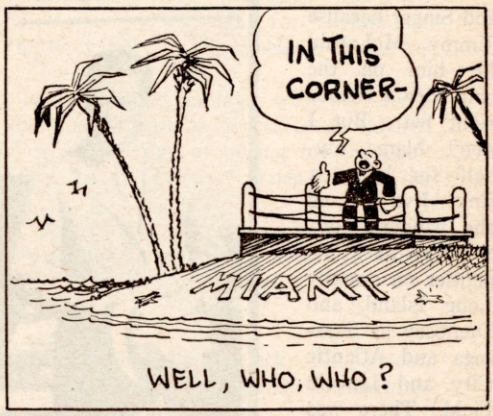


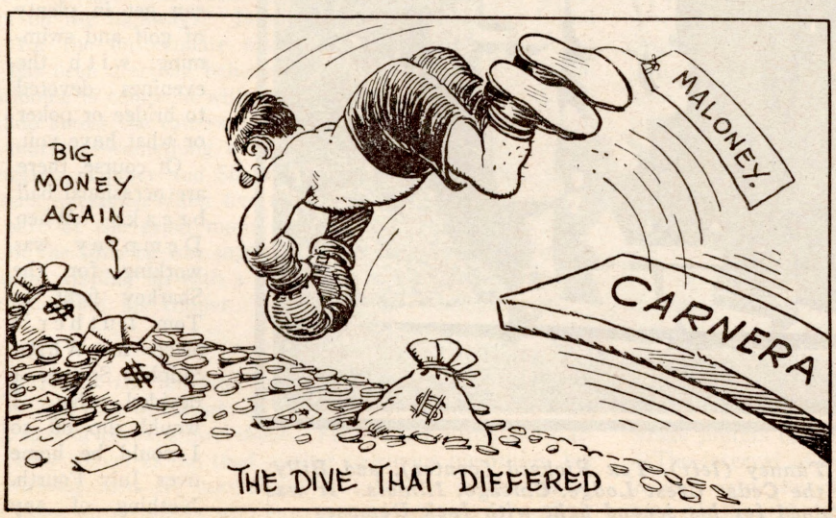


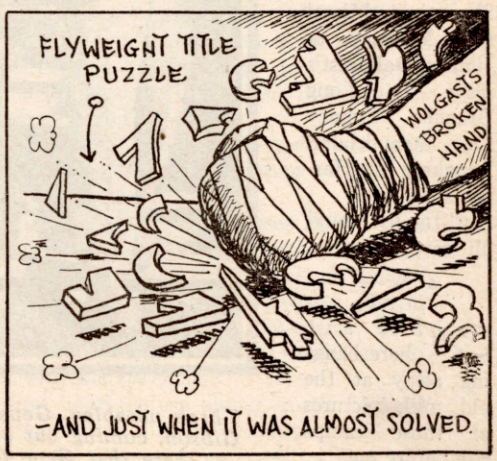












Around the Clock

Covering Training Camps Pleasant Task for Boxing Scribe

By JACK KOFOED

Johnny Kilbane when he trained for his fight with Benny Leonard in 1917

OH, the days I've spent in boxers' training camps!

The first was Johnny Kilbane's in 1917, just before I put on O. D. and went overseas with three stripes on my sleeve and an automatic raising a blister on my hip. The last was Al Singer's in September.

Both boys were unfortunate and took the count in the third round—Kilbane at the hands of Benny Leonard and Singer because Jimmy McLarnin hit him on the chin with a vicious right fist. But I don't blame myself for being a jinx. I've covered the winners, too.

There was Carpentier on swanky Long Island, and Dempsey at Saratoga and Atlantic City and Lincoln Field. There was Sharkey in Miami and Maloney at Jimmy DeForest's place in Long Branch; Tunney in Stroudsburg, Loughran at Harvey's Lake . . . Say! the list would fill several pages.

* * *

AS I sit here banging away at the old mill, pictures of those camps rise before me.

I see Johnny Kilbane with an apron around his waist, playing bartender back of Jimmy Dougherty's bar and a mob of grimy men from the nearby shipyards fairly storming the place for the honor of being served by the featherweight champion of the world. It was war-time. Everyone had money, and this was a grand ballyhoo for the fight. I remember the baseball game the sports writers played against the members of the camp and how well Kilbane handled himself at second base.

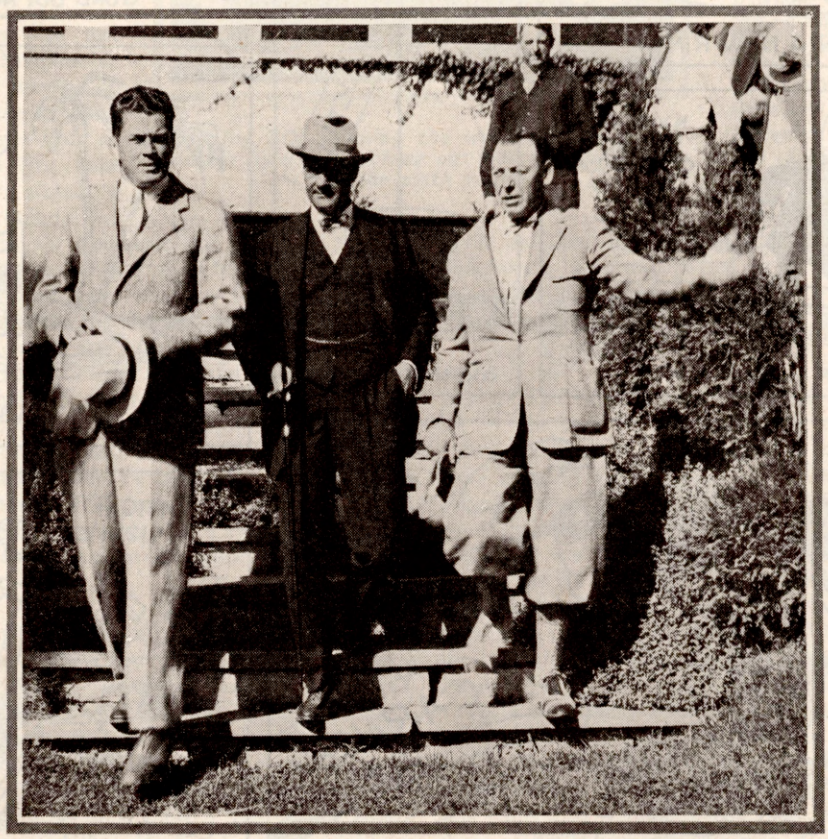
* * *

I RECALL the pleasant breakfasts I had with Tom Heeney in the big house at Fairhaven when the Hard Rock was conditioning himself for his unfortunate thrust at the championship; the golf match I played with Gene Tunney at Stroudsburg with a gallery of some five hundred following us, and how the champion of the world used the porch of the Osborne House at Speculator as a forum for his daily talk with the men who were covering his camp; how Dempsey and Estelle Taylor and some of us newspapermen played hearts in the clubhouse overlooking the Lincoln Field race track.

And I'll never forget the moment when I found out that Leo Flynn held four threes one night at Saratoga against Martin Burke's jack full and my three aces for a pot that had piled up to about six hundred dollars.

There's a lot of fun covering a fight camp under modern conditions, and certainly it is one of the easiest of all sports assignments. You can get in plenty of golf and swimming, with the evenings devoted to bridge or poker or what have you.

Of course, there are occasional bad breaks. When Dempsey was working for the Sharkey fight at Tom Luther's place in White Sulphur Springs, I decided that I would slip off so I could be home over July Fourth. Nothing of any



Three notables, Gene Tunney (left), Tex Rickard (center), and Billy Gibson, coming out of the Cedar Crest Lodge, Chicago, Illinois. It was here that Gene trained for his second fight with Jack Dempsey

With a Champion

consequence had happened and nothing seemed likely to happen.

An hour after I left, Dempsey's brother came to the camp and threatened to kill Jack and then committed suicide. Imagine missing a story like that! But I was on hand when the "burglar" at Miami Beach made a target of the Manassa Mauler. Of course, Jack was a promoter then—handling the details of the Sharkey-Stribling fight—but the story was worth a front page play.

* * *

WHILE there is no monotony for the newspaperman, there is a sufficiency of it for the fighter. He isn't at the camp for the fun of it, but for hard and grinding work. The sort of work he does might seem lamentably ineffective to the old bare knuckle fighter who put in six or eight hours of effort each day and ran between twenty and forty miles as part of his regular preparation; but it is work just the same.

A day with Jack Dempsey at Toledo, where he trained for his fight with Jess Willard, in which he won the championship. Jack engaged in a wider variety of activities than any other champion of modern times

The alarm clock goes off at six-thirty. The fighter rises and attires himself in a sweater, an old pair of pants and easy shoes for a jaunt over the roads in the bright sunshine. His sparring partners must keep him company, no matter how much they may dislike being disturbed.

How much road work a man needs is entirely an individual problem. Tommy Loughran, for instance, thinks three miles is quite enough. He believes you can burn up too much energy on the highways. Jimmy Johnston, who trained Phil Scott for the unfortunate match in Miami last winter, always has been a strong believer in the British theory that no conditioning is complete without plenty of running. Scott had to gallop across the causeway to Miami Beach and back again each morning—something over eight miles.

Dempsey, Tunney and Sharkey were midway between these extremes, averaging about five miles. Old Tom Sharkey hated that part of the grind more than anything else. He spent most of the time he was supposed to be running, sitting under the trees, winding up with a quarter mile sprint to work up a sweat and fool his trainer. Of course, he went alone.

* * *

AFTER the morning run comes a shower, a brief rest and then breakfast. It's a usual sort of breakfast, fruit, cereal, eggs or perhaps rare chops. Fellows like Firpo and Carnera fairly shovel in the food, eating enormous quantities, but most fighting men are careful not to take too much, particularly those unfortunates who have to take off a lot of weight.

The sparring partners have a table of their own. The champion eats with his manager, newspapermen or personal friends. There are, you see, very definite social grades in the boxing racket as in anything else.

* * *

WHEN breakfast is over, there is a period of relaxation. Of late it has become a habit for star boxers to get out their golf clubs and trot off for eighteen holes at the nearest course. That is where you'll find most of the writers. At Miami Beach there was offered the alternative of swimming or tennis or any of the numerous pleasures of a great winter resort.

Boxers don't go in for swimming, particularly the salt water variety. They believe it to be weakening.

The champion may have to spend an hour with his secretary going over his voluminous mail or contracts or talking over plans with his board of strategy or posing for the photographers or submitting to interviews. Then comes an hour's rest and lunch.

That meal isn't very pretentious, either. Stress is laid on vegetables and a salad—nothing heavy; just enough to stoke up the engine for the further efforts of the day.

* * *

THE heavy work comes at about three o'clock. Six or eight rounds of boxing with assorted sparring partners, punching the light and heavy bag and calisthenics.

Just how hard this work is depends on the fighter. Some insist that their sparring partners be no more than punching bags. They don't want too much opposition. Jack Dempsey took a lot of hammering in practice when he was in his prime, but later wasn't very keen about it.

I recall very clearly that Tilly Kid Herman was discharged because he let go a right hander with everything he had at the champion's chin.

Tunney used his sparmates as a scientist uses guinea pigs. He experimented on them, trying punches and tricks of offense and defense without caring how much they hit him. Tunney was strong for Jimmy Delaney as a sparring partner. Martin Burke and Big Bill Tate were Dempsey's favorites. Jack Sharkey gets his best workouts from Johny Grosso and Al Singer prefers to work with welterweights.

The interval of several hours before dinner can be utilized in any way the champion sees fit, but cannot always be held for himself. There are always (*Continued on page* 43)

HUMOR *in the* RING

By WILBUR WOOD

(FOURTH INSTALMENT)

AS LONG as men have been fighting in the ring there have been delicious bits of comedy to relieve the grimness of the game.

The other day I was fanning with Jim Corbett, who has a remarkably keen sense of humor and a quick mind that have helped to strew his path with laughs. Jim can always be relied upon to come up with a funny yarn and this time was no exception.

Just how it came up I do not recall, but Corbett spun a yarn about a joke he played on an unsuspecting citizen when he was training at Alameda, California, for his second fight with Jim Jeffries.

One afternoon, about ten days before the fight, Jim was strolling toward his training quarters. He was crossing some railroad tracks when he was accosted by a pompous, well-dressed stranger.

"Mr. Corbett?" inquired the newcomer, with a bow.

"Yes, yes, my name is Corbett. What is it?"

"I was wondering if you would permit me to see you box this afternoon, Mr. Corbett. I have come a long way to see you box and as I must leave before the fight I will not get a chance to see you in the ring with Jeffries. So I would appreciate it if you would allow me to watch you this afternoon."

"I'm very sorry," said Corbett regretfully, "but all my workouts are in private."

The stranger's face fell a foot.

An idea came to Corbett.

"Can you keep a secret?" inquired Jim, as the visitor was turning away.

"I certainly can," asserted the stranger, with hope in his voice.

"Well," continued Jim, "I'll tell you what. You seem to be a gentleman and a scholar (here the stranger bowed) and I am going to do something for you that I would not think of doing for anyone else. I am going to let you see me box this afternoon, see me box Jeffries."

* * *

BOX Jeffries!" ejaculated the stranger. "Box Jeffries this afternoon? I beg pardon, but I do not understand. You are going to box Jeffries this afternoon?"

"As I said, I am going to box Jeffries this afternoon. Not a soul outside of my camp and Jeffries' knows anything about it except yourself, so you can see what a chance I am taking in letting you in on the secret. But, as you have come so far to see me box. I don't want to disappoint you."

While the stranger was gasping at this startling revelation of the goings-on in the boxing game, Jim's brother Tom came up, to find out what was delaying the boxer.

Winking at Tom, who was as quick-witted as Jim himself, Jim asked:

"Has Jeffries arrived yet?"

"Yes, he's here," replied Tom. "There he is just going in."

All three turned and looked at a husky chap who was entering the training quarters. Sure enough, it was Jeffries, or seemed to be. In reality, it was Yank Kenny, one of Jim's sparring partners, who looked a great deal like Jeffries.

"Tom," said Corbett, in a low tone, "I am going to let this gentleman watch me box Jeffries this afternoon."

"What!" exclaimed Tom, in horrified tones. "By the gods, you can't do it. He might tell somebody."

"He won't tell," said Jim. "He is a gentleman, if ever I saw one, and he has pledged his word that he will not reveal to a living soul what he sees this afternoon."

"Well, maybe it's all right, but have you given him the oath?"

"No."

"Well, give him the oath."

* * *

THEY stood there on the railroad track, the three of them A couple of miles away a train whistled faintly.

"Take off your hat," said Corbett. "Place it over your heart."

Solemnly the visitor placed his hat over his heart.

"Raise your right hand and repeat the oath after me," said Corbett.

It was a solemn scene.

"I hereby solemnly swear," began Corbett.

"I hereby solemnly swear," intoned the stranger in earnest accents.

"That I never will reveal to a living soul."

"That I never will reveal to a living soul," came the response.

"That I saw Jim Corbett box Jim Jeffries ten days before the fight."

"That I saw Jim Corbett box Jim Jeffries ten days before the fight," repeated the visitor, perspiration oozing from every pore.

The train whistled again, louder. It was bearing down upon them.

"So help me God."

"So help me God," shrieked the stranger, and all three of them leaped off the track as the train whistled past.

"What happened? Did he fall for the act when you boxed Kenny?" I asked.

"He certainly did," said Corbett. "I never saw him again, but I'll wager, in spite of his solemn oath, that he told all his cronies back home that he saw me and Jeffries box ten days before the fight was scheduled."

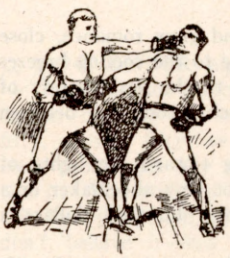
* * *

THE story reminded Corbett of another amusing incident, which took place while he was training at Lakewood, N. J., for his fight with Jeffries.

Corbett, as usual, was playing the "Gentleman Jim" role which, as everyone knows, required no acting on his part. Jim was a great favorite with the society folks at a big hotel where he spent much of his time.

Late one afternoon he was invited to go on a tally-ho ride with a bunch of society people.

"I could hear them talking about me," said Corbett. "They were saying 'Isn't he a fine gentleman?' and 'I never knew there were such gentlemen in the prize fighting business' and such things as that. So I assured them that, really, most people had the wrong idea about the boxing game. That there were a few roughnecks in it, as there are now, to be sure, but that most of the fighters and trainers were just as polished as the average.



"Tomorrow afternoon," Corbett told the society people, "I wish you would all come to my training quarters and watch me box. I assure you nothing will happen to offend you in any way. All the men in my camp are gentlemen."

A few minutes later the tally-ho was rolling along near Corbett's training quarters.

"There is my place," said Corbett pointing. "And here comes one of my trainers now."

The trainer, whose name will not be mentioned because he is still around and it might embarrass him, stepped to one side of the road as the tally-ho swung past.

"Hello, there, my good man," yelled Corbett.

"Go to hell, you such and such," yelled back the trainer, not recognizing Corbett in the dusk.

"Well," commented Jim, "there I was in a fine spot. Talk about embarrassing moments! The rest of the ride was a nightmare for me. It only lasted about an hour, but to me it seemed like eighty-three days and nights."

* * *

THAT yarn about Yank Kenny serving as a double for Jeffries calls to mind some of the amusing incidents that have developed as a result of the extraordinary likeness between Jack (Kid) Berg, junior welterweight champion, and two members of his managerial cabinet, Frankie (Jay) Jacobs and Eddie Borden. If they are seen together it is not so difficult to tell which one is Berg, but separately they resemble each other sufficiently to fool even many of those who know the fighter well.

Not so long ago Berg boxed in Toronto. The day after the bout Jacobs and Borden went to the bank to cash Jack's check.

"That was a great fight you put up last night," said the teller to Jacobs as he counted out the bills.

"It was a great fight, but I'm not Berg," answered Jacobs.

"You're not Berg?" queried the teller, in surprise. Looking up he saw Borden standing a few feet away.

"Oh," said the teller, "my mistake. I see him standing over there."

He was looking at Borden.

Out in Chicago, shortly before Berg boxed Freddy Mueller there, Borden came in from Cleveland one day and walked into the gymnasium with Sol Gold, another of Berg's managers. Ernie Peters, Chicago flyweight, who is very friendly with Berg, saw Borden. Peters sneaked up behind Borden and hit him a slap on the back, then quickly ducked behind a nearby pillar.

Borden looked around, saw nobody, and continued his conversation with Gold. Again Peters slapped him on the back. This time Borden saw Peters before he could hide.

Borden did not know what to make of it. Here was a fellow he never had seen before playing tag with him.

"What the . . ." began Borden.

"Shush," cautioned Gold, "he thinks you're Berg.

Peters came up and stuck out his hand.

"Good luck to you, Jack," he said.

Just then Berg himself came along and slapped Peters on the back. Peters turned around and saw the fellow with whom he thought he had been shaking hands. For a few moments, until it was explained to him, Peters thought that he had become punch drunk over night.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago, when Berg was training at the Castle Inn Country Club, at Delaware Water Gap, for his bout with Kid Chocolate, he figured by proxy in another amusing incident. This time the victim was Izzy Kaplan, famous photographer. Izzy probably has taken a couple of hundred pictures of Berg, but he fell just the same.

Kaplan and a bunch of the boys were playing cards when in walked Borden, swinging a home-made cane. Izzy looked up and saw him.

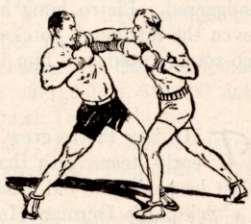
"Say, Chackie," said Kaplan, mistaking Borden for Berg, "I vant it you should geev me some peectures of you doing road works in the morning. All right is it?"

"Anything you want, Izzy, but you'll have to get up early, because I'll be on the road by six o'clock."

"Don't worry about dat, Chackie," replied Izzy. "It looks like I vill be stuck here all night trying to get my money back from dese loafers and I vill be waiting here."

Gold, who was one of the players, decided to make it even more of a joke.

"Hey Jack," he yelled at Borden, "I told you to go to bed an hour ago. What do you mean by being up this late? Go on and get to bed."



Borden took the cue.

"You make me sick," he said. "You're always chasing me off to bed just when I'm ready to have a little fun. I'm sick and tired of you and I'm not going to bed until I feel like it."

Izzy pricked up his ears. He is a photographer, but he knows a story when one breaks right in front of him and here was a peach, the champion and his manager in a bitter quarrel.

* * *

"ARE you going to bed, or not?" demanded Gold of the pseudo Berg in angry tones.

"I'm not going to bed until I get ready to go and you can't make me," snarled Eddie.

"Oh, I can't, eh? We'll see about that."

Whereupon Gold got up and made a rush at Berg, or rather Borden.

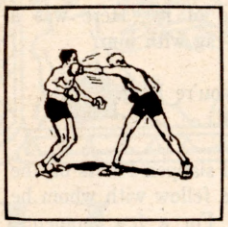
"Keep away from me," shrilled Borden. "Keep away or I'll crown you."

When Gold kept going for him, Borden made a swipe at him with the cane, but was careful to miss. The other players jumped in and held the combatants apart. It was quite a scene.

Finally it quieted down. Kaplan was all set with a big yarn, but unfortunately it was too late for him to get it on the wire for the next morning's papers and next day somebody tipped him off. So the big scoop came to naught.

The COBBLING KID

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



IT STARTED on Avenue A, in New York's seething East Side, Vincente Buongiorno, expert cobbler from away back, who had learned his ancient trade in a little Calabrian mountain town, opened his small shop right next to that of Heinrich Schmidt, the baker, who had turned out his first bread and cakes in a Black Forest village.

It started down there on Avenue A. The Germans resented the invasion of Italians, and Heinrich Schmidt, the baker, resented the familiarity of Vincente Buongiorno in locating himself in the very same tenement house. They made poor customers for a German baker, did those Calabrese and Sicilians. They brought their tremendous Italian breads from Mulberry Street.

Heinrich glared, and Vincente smiled. "Nica day," volunteered Vincente. *"Dummkopf,"* bristled Heinrich, all down on Avenue A, while the Italians came rolling into the old street like an army and the Germans moved into Harlem, over into Hoboken, into Brooklyn and up to the Bronx.

"Schmidt's German Home Bakery" languished. It drooped. All down on Avenue A, while Pietro Buongiorno and Katie Schmidt grew from toddling clothes, went to school together and played games out on the sidewalk. They even danced together to the wheezy tunes of that ancient, one-legged hand organ which Old Man Freschi carried about the neighborhood until tremendous, intricate horse-drawn machinations of the very devil drove him into a sour retirement.

Yes, they even danced together until one Summer's day the Loscalzo twins began to tease Pietro. "Pete loves Katie," they sniggered. Pietro hung his head in shame and thereafter not even the intriguing notes of the music box on Tenorio's merry-go-round could lure him into terpsichorean efforts.

* * *

THE boy Pietro grew up; the girl Katie blossomed into her early 'teens with that red-cheeked, blonde-haired fairness that bespeaks the old Saxon strain.

"Schmidt's German Home Bakery," with its white-aproned Heinrich, its jelly buns capped with alluring jewels of cocoanut entrapped in sticky fastness, "three for a nickel," became a thing of the past. The enraged, thrifty Schmidt bought the building with the intention of forcing Vincente out.

But in the end it was the Home Bakery that quit. And Heinrich's thrift got the better of his rage. Vincente Buongiorno's Shoe Repair Parlor and Hat Cleanery became more and more prosperous.

The children grew and school days were ended all too soon. Katie went to a commercial "college" for six months, then the inevitable career of a stenographer. Ten dollars a week—the wages of a queen—to start, in the office of Izzy Cohen, lawyer, over by the Jefferson Market Court.

And Pietro began to learn the true art—the ancient science of cobbling. He rebelled. The Loscalzo twins were going to high school up on Seventeenth Street. One of them was on the school basketball team, the other played baseball and told of a gigantic gymnasium, even a swimming pool, and the chance sometime in the rosy future to become an electrical engineer.

"We are humble folk from Calabria," Vincente kept telling his boy, over and over again. "We are humble folk, yet I have built up this great business which clears fifty dollars a week. Ah, you wonder! But tell no one. Neighbors are envious.

"Fifty dollars a week. You are our only child. I build for you. Learn the business. Let others go to schools and colleges and put on the imitation airs of noblemen. They will wind up working for you, and you will be rich. Who knows? Perhaps seventy dollars a week!"

"Who knows?" echoed Maria Buongiorno, wife and mother, as she gazed on her Vincente with love and pride.

* * *

DOWN on Avenue A blossomed and grew romance, close to the roar of the Elevated, close to the cooling breezes that came in from Long Island, close to the dark waters of the East River that lapped the docks—romance between Pietro and Katie.

They sat on the stringpiece, peering toward the lights of Brooklyn. "I tell you, Katie, I will not be a shoemaker or a hat cleaner, fifty or seventy or even a hundred dollars a week," he said savagely.

"But your dad knows what is best for you," she said. "It is an honorable business and it seems to be going well."

"Yes, honorable, and so is peddling on the street an old and honorable business, but it isn't interesting," he replied.

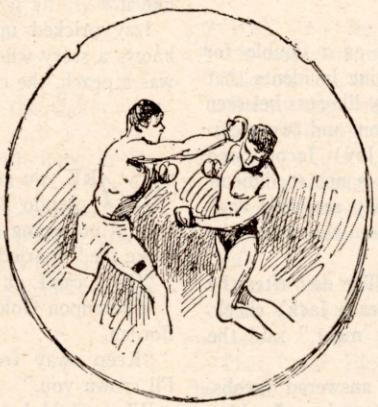
"It's too late for me to start going to school now, but I've got to get away from that *rap, rap, rap* of the little hammer on the old shoes, the half soles and the heels, the old hats 'we turna dis inta good as new.'"

They laughed at his good natured imitation of Vincente's sales talk.

"And look at your father," he resumed. "He doesn't like us Italians, but he likes me worse—calls me that cheap shoemaker. His Katie go around with that shoe fixer! Katie Schmidt, the daughter of Heinrich, of the German Home Bakery! Oh, you know. I don't have to tell you. I've got to have more money. I've got to get out of that shoe shop."

They sat in silence while the stars blinked through the haze of the hot, humid Summer's night.

* * *



Kannel lunged with his left, then shot over a right for the jaw, only to find Bonny elusive

IT all happened down on Avenue A. Summer faded, Fall came and went, Winter nights snapped through January and February, the snows of March thawed and Spring once more smiled on Avenue A.

Katie had been seeing less and less of Pietro. The Buongiornos nodded their approbation. That dark-eyed, smiling little witch Floretta Biancomano would be a better match. From Calabria, too, the Biancomanos—not Germans from the Black Forest.

Katie wondered. Pietro took her to the movies on Fourteenth Street Saturday nights. The Schmidts, too, thought the romance was waning, and they exulted.

"That Louis Schwarzwalder, well, he's the man for our girl. Owns the finest bakery and lunch room on Third Avenue."

Katie wondered, and when Fall came again, Pietro told her.

"You must be trying to make out where I have been spending a lot of my nights," he laughed. "Well, it began at the

A Story About Pietro and Katie, and the Boy from Avenue A Who Became Champion

Boys' Club. I started wrestling and the teacher, he says, 'Kid, you're too light. Put on the gloves and let's see how fast you are with your hands.'

"Katie, that starts it. That opens a new world to me. I am happy at my work—that rotten shoe fixing with its *rap, rap, rap,* and a mouthful of little tacks.

"I take to this boxing like a duck takes to water. Then the teacher sends me up to Harlem to a guy who used to be a champion. And listen. Next week I get my first fight, at the New Star. Four rounds, ten bucks!

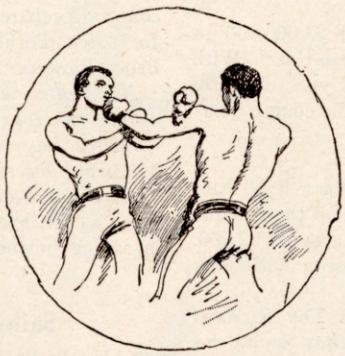
"Now, stop that. I will win, and I won't let that other man hurt me. Give me a pair of gloves, give me a bird to hit at, and I'm as happy as Pietro and Katie used to be in those days when old man Freschi came around with that hand-organ. Remember? *Tra, lal de la, tra la la la lal de la.*"

He was outrageously out of tune. But they laughed. Old man Freschi and the peg-legged organ, one of the notes broken.

* * *

NOVEMBER night in the home of the Buongiornos. Vincente storming. Maria crying. "A common fighter—my son—the son of Vincente Buongiorno, who makes fifty, maybe fifty-five dollars each week, clear profit—my boy a fighter! That settles it. You stick to business and give up this low profession which you say—and I don't believe it—has given you ten dollars for two minutes. You knocked him out in the first round! Heaven knows what that means. To me, it means that maybe you killed a man.

"Did he affront you? If he had insulted you, I would say the blood of the Calabrian Buongiornos never permitted insult. But you say you went into a hall where many men and some women sat and you struck this boy down for, well, you say you got ten dollars. How do I know where you got ten dollars? Are you a hired assassin?"



The end came in the twelfth. Bonny landed a left flush on the button and a new champion was crowned

Maria cried and Vincente stormed. "Business, and no more of this nonsense, or out you go, and no job. My own son bringing such shame to me."

Down the stairs, one flight below, Heinrich Schmidt raved and ranted. "My daughter associates with a fighter, whatever that is!" he shouted, while the florid Mrs. Schmidt quaked at the rage of her over-lord.

"My Katie, one of the Schmidts from the Black Forest, goes around with an Italian fighter. Is he a dueler like the boys from *Alt Heidelberg?* Is he a soldier like my brother's boy Hans? Is he even a policeman like old Schwarz's boy Fritz? No, he's just a common fighter. *Himmel! Gott zoll abhüten,* my girl shall be the friend of a fighter!

"Whatever is this fighter business? I will hear no more, Katie. See this bummer again and I will deal with you like they used to deal with bad children when I was a youngster in the Forest.

* * *

THE romance between Pietro and Katie had hit on hard times down on Avenue A.

He called her on the telephone. "Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll make them come around to our way of thinking," he consoled her.

"I'll not try to see you for a while. Anyway, I'm going away to a camp up in the mountains, where I'll get hard and learn from experienced boxers. I've got to improve that left of mine. And the shift. And the old one, two. What am I talking about? Well, don't worry your blonde head about Pete for a while."

Came the Spring and then the Summer. Love would find a way. Kid Bonny was the sensation of the boxing world. Kid Bonny had scored eleven knockouts in a row and was the greatest of a group called "club fighters"—boxers who drew big crowds at the smaller arenas.

Came Summer, and love kept finding a way. Old Heinrich guessed, and he stormed and threatened. If he could only lay his hands on this professional assassin.

A right uppercut landed with force under Kannel's heart

For once, there was a common bond between Vincente and Heinrich. They sat smoking together in front of the cobbler's shop evenings, bewailing the times, bemoaning their fates with unruly children—one a fighter, whatever that was, the other his sweetheart.

"America!" wailed Heinrich, and the old man actually cried. Vincente took his hand understandingly. He was thinking of his youth in the mountains of Calabria, of the days when he wanted to run off and become one of those gay Carabinieri who policed the section. But a glance from his father, and he had returned to cobbling, his dream shattered. Times had changed, perhaps for the better, who knows? How he would have loved to ride with those gay Carabinieri!

* * *

SUMMER melted into Fall, Winter came again. Kid Bonny remained the lightweight marvel. By this time the sports pages told all about his exploits. Columnists went into his past. The Cobbling Kid, they called him. Up from the shoemaker's bench to a contender for the title.

Winter, and a chance for the championship. The Garden offered him $10,000 and a crack at Joe Kannel, the titleholder.

"What do you say, Jim?" Kannel asked his manager, the wily old Gilligan. "Seen this wop kid? Has he got anything?"

Gilligan laughed. "One of them club fighters—a neighborhood wow. The Garden offers $50,000 and a percentage, and I take the fifty grand. I signed yesterday. No use asking you in little matches of this sort. Just a breeze."

Kannel laughed. "Another Scadrone, eh? Two minutes and that boy was cured for life. How many knockouts did he have out there around Bayonne? About twenty. Left lead, right hook, feint, hook, and out. Softest dough I ever picked up. Now this Bonny, another Italian wonder, what? Come, Gillie, let's go to a show."

* * *

AND so it came about that Kid Bonny of Avenue A was matched with the champion.

Pietro Buongiorno met Katie Schmidt at the Strand that night, and they sat holding hands while a cinema hero slew another heroine with his slick, effiminate ways.

Pietro's eyes were fastened on the screen, but all he could see was the crowded Garden, Kannel leading with that left and Kid Bonny stepping inside with that left hook that had stopped Johnny Ranter in two rounds. And Johnny had gone the limit with Kannel up in Buffalo at catchweights.

January night in the big Garden. Kid Bonny battling Kannel for the world's lightweight championship—Kannel, the Pride of the Cabarets, the (*Continued on page* 41)

Along the Great Fite Way

By ED SULLIVAN

THE conviction grows that Gene Tunney was smarter than he himself knew, when he abandoned professional boxing after the fight with Tom Heeney. With boxing in a general slump, it is obvious at this time that Tunney would have cheapened himself by sticking with the sport until it had foundered, financially.

Tunney is in the position of those lucky speculators who bought land in Miami several years ago, bought it on the fifth or sixth turnover and collected the profits before the boom was punctured by common sense. Tunney, like the first of the Miami land buyers, got the full benefit of the boom era and he got out before fight values tumbled to new lows.

It seems incredible, now, that America paid $3,000,000 to see prize-fighters fight for thirty minutes, doesn't it? With the country pinched by actual want, it staggers you to realize the purses which Tex Rickard offered when the country was punch-drunk with gold.

To-day that is all changed.

You read of San Francisco promoters drawing a $500 gate at Dreamland. At Detroit, the promoters check up the receipts after the Kid Roy-Roger Bernard fight and the gross is $2,500. Jimmy Braddock and Babe Hunt fight at Boston and gross $2,500.

"Them days, them million-dollar days," as Tex Rickard would say, "are gone forever." At least they won't be repeated until a younger generation has grown up.

Tunney, in the meantime, is pursuing the even tenor of his way. Associated with his friend, Sam Pryor, in the odd business of car wheel manufacturing, Tunney seems well content.

For amusement, Gene plays golf. And for a real chuckle, he can turn to the present crop of heavyweights. They represent the height of comicality.

* * *

Berg As An All-American Gridder

SOL GOLD, manager of Jack Kid Berg, is one of the conspicuous football fans of Cauliflower Concourse. Goldie became a football fan in more or less accidental fashion.

In years gone by, before Goldie was in the heavy dough with a big time attraction, he hustled from New York to Chicago, to Detroit, working as a handler for fighters operating out of Gotham.

Generally, his trips about the country meant that he'd handle a fighter on Friday night or Monday night. Either way, he'd have a Saturday lay-off. So Goldie, in self-defense, started going to college football games at Chicago. Then he saw a few games in Detroit. He also saw Ohio State play in Cleveland.

To-day, he'll talk your ear off on football. He finds particular appeal in the conditioning of football players, for that is his own racket.

"Berg would have been a star football player in an American college," he reasons. "His stamina, his courage and his athletic sense would have made him a great halfback."

Goldie's assumption has considerable background, but I believe that Berg has made more in his short career than any college grid star, with the exception of Red Grange.

* * *

The Big Man From the South

JUSTO SUAREZ, the kid from the South American slaughter houses, did more to establish his reputation by whipping little Kid Kaplan than in any previous fight.

Kaplan's style of fighting, his experience and his courage, figured to subject Suarez to a terrific test. That Suarez won is a fine testimonial to the South American's substantial ability.

Suarez is one of the few foreigners ever to arrive in this country prepared and eager to prove his rank. In beating Joe Glick, Perlick, Ray Miller and Kid Kaplan and flattening Bruce Flowers, Suarez cannot be accused of picking his spots.

No fighter has shown greater willingness to go to bat against the tough 'uns.

Suarez has worked himself up to a match with Jimmy McLarnin by sheer effort and ability. In an era when the sport needs every ounce of help possible, Suarez can be pictured as an invaluable recruit to the ranks of those interested in saving boxing from its own greed.

* * *

Sailor Burke Tells of Papke Bout

SAILOR BURKE who, with Willie Lewis, is one of the few fighters of the modern era who figured in a double knockout, recently was seen standing in front of his taxi station in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was asked for a story on his greatest fight, and he replied:

"That's something I can't describe, but I'll tell you of the last round of one of my fights, a round which I'll never forget." And with that, Sailor Burke related the details of the final session of his battle with Billy Papke, one of the most one-sided, yet vicious ever fought in New York.

"Papke, a great two-handed fighter," said Burke, "used a crucifying left to my stomach and ribs and an electrifying right to the jaw that shook me every time he connected. For five rounds the Illinois Thunderbolt showered me with every punch in his repertoire, but he couldn't stop me. I proved a second Joe Grim that night.

"With his reputation as a knockerout at stake, Billy tore into me with everything he had in the final round. He punished me with a tiger-like ferocity that I don't think has ever been surpassed.

"I reeled from pillar to post. I tried to cover my tortured ribs and battered jaw at the same time, but without avail. I couldn't fight back for there was no use. All I wanted to do, because of bets my friends had made, was to last the limit and save their money and this I did, but that piece of gameness and courage on my part, proved mighty costly to me.

"When the final gong sounded, I could scarcely move. My body was sore. My left eye was closed tight and the right almost so. My cheeks were seamed with two big gashes. My nose was badly hurt, my lips were bleeding and cut, and my ribs and stomach were the color of raw meat.

"I lasted, and for my game exhibition I got little money but many cheers. What a difference a few years make!"

The Real Kid McCoy

By A. D. PHILLIPS

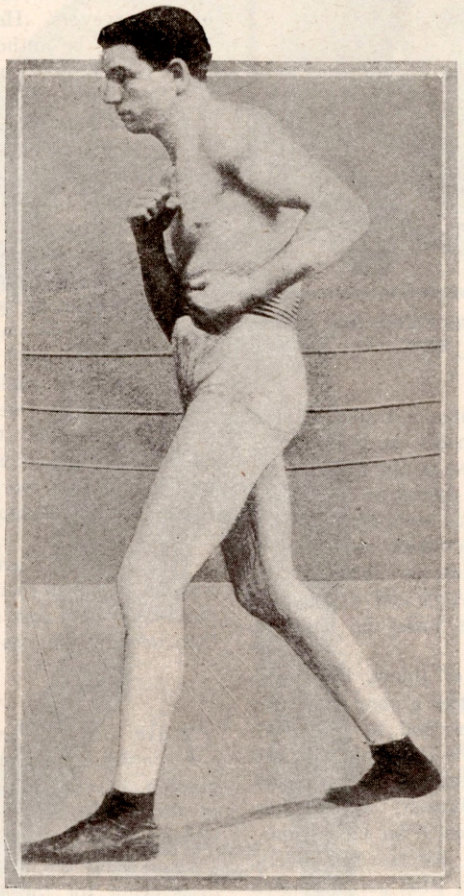
KID McCOY, inventor of the corkscrew punch and one of the trickiest fighters in ring history, got his first real start as a pugilist down in New England. The story of his debut is interesting.

Years ago, as Norman Selby, he drifted into Boston, a rather debonair chap, and declared that he was a pugilist and ready to take on any welterweight who cared to meet him. Howie Hodgkins, then one of the best of trainers and handlers of ringsters, took the young fellow in hand, but Howie at first could make nothing of him. Asked what his name was, the young chap replied, "Oh, call me Kid McCoy."

The selection of the name surprised everybody, especially so, because the chap was a neat appearing, trim fellow of the college type. Asked why he selected such a name, the newcomer replied that he did so because at that time the name of "Kid McCoy" meant about the same as did that of Jessie James of a previous generation.

In fact he got the idea, he remarked, from witnessing a safe blowing act in a melodrama at the Old Columbia theater, in which the original Kid McCoy and Spike Hennessy, two of the leading yeggs of their day, had appeared. Both men had prison records and had shortly before been released from long terms in a western penitentiary.

As more and more became known of the real Selby, that he came from a most respectable family of Rush County, Ill., and that his father had been a minister, the selection of the name of the noted burglar puzzled everybody, until one night he confessed that he had a penchant for reading dime novels and that he had read the "Lives of Kid McCoy and Spike Hennessy," which had been sold during the theatrical performance. He added that McCoy's skill in his profession was what appealed to him and for that reason he picked the name which later became famous in ring circles.



Kid McCoy

* * *

McCOY started off by whipping Jim Scully in five rounds at New Bedford, but according to those who watched the battle, as well as Hodgkins' story, McCoy did not show any too much gameness either before or during the contest. In fact Howie always said that he had to keep McCoy from jumping the ropes by threats of using a blackjack on him.

But if McCoy showed any streak of yellow in that contest he more than made up for it in his later career, for he proved one of the most relentless and cruel ringmen of his time, if not of all time.

After a few minor bouts he was matched with Jack Wilkes, of St. Louis, for 25 rounds under the auspices of the original Suffolk A. C., then operating in the West Newton street armory, Boston. McCoy won in two rounds, and as Wilkes had previously held Tommy Ryan for 76 rounds, McCoy's fame was established. He fought a few more fights around Boston, then went abroad, where he battled in England, then went to South Africa at the time of the discovery of gold in the Transvaal. He finally returned to Boston to fight Dick O'Brien, Mysterious Billy Smith and other stars of the period.

McCoy was originally so slight in build and his hitting was so fierce and effective that the belief was current that he "doctored" his bandages every time he entered the ring. Bandages at that time were just coming into use and the rival trainers were not as keen on examining them as trainers are to-day.

* * *

ALTHOUGH McCoy publicly denied the "doctoring," one of his most intimate friends gave out the story that he used plaster of Paris beneath the bandages and when it hardened, it enabled him to hit with sledge-hammer effect. If true, that was responsible for the terrific cutting up of McCoy's opponents. Whether there was any real basis to this suspicion, has never been decided, but when McCoy was forced to do the bandaging in the ring, as he was compelled both in his fights with Billy Smith and with Dick O'Brien, it was noted that McCoy's hitting fell off and both men were able to hold him to draws over the 25-round distance then in vogue in Boston.

McCoy in all his later battles showed a crafty system of extreme cruelty. That he was a great pugilist there can be no doubt.

In contrast to the evidence of cowardice he displayed with Scully, McCoy's courage against Tommy Ryan, Peter Maher, Tom Sharkey, Dan Creedon, Steve O'Donnell, Joe Choynski and others indicates that his showing against Scully must be attributed to stage fright. I omit mention of the match with Corbett, an affair that caused the repeal of the Horton Law in New York state, a match which often has been referred to as a fake, but which charge was never proven.

The bright lights of Broadway made a greater appeal to McCoy than did Boston and he was a figure for many years in the night life of New York's great White Way until he went to the Coast to act in the movies, not as the hero of any drama in which boxing was featured, but as the foil for the leading man with McCoy on the losing end.

In his heyday, Kid McCoy was the Beau Brummel of the prize ring. He was always dressed immaculately. In the ball room, he not only was among the handsomest fellows on the floor, but as a dancer he had few equals.

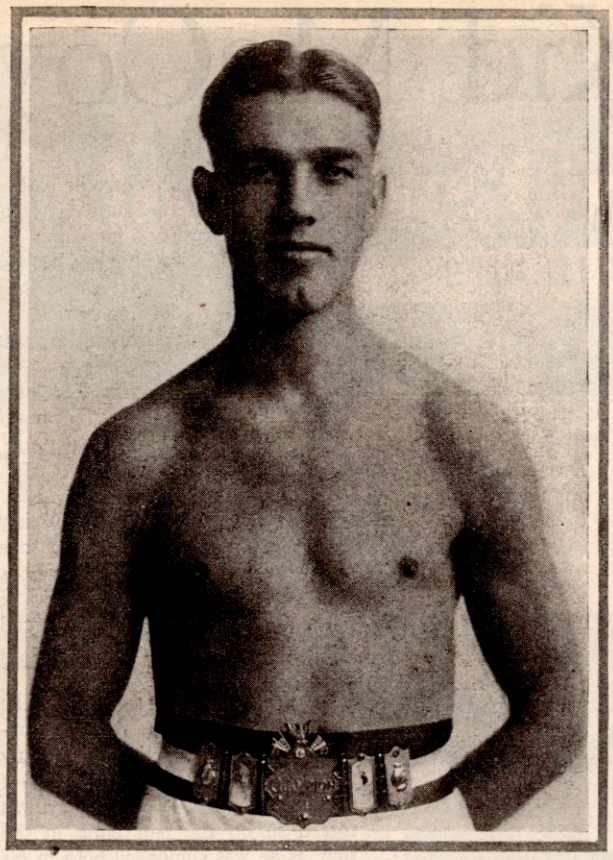
As an after dinner speaker he ranked among the best. In fact, had the Kid gone in for politics, he probably would have rated as one of the leading orators of his day. On the stage, he was equally effective. His fine physical appearance, his mannerisms and his dress always enabled him to carry the day.

McCoy was a great character—a fine actor and a marvelous pugilist, but wine, women and song eventually got him into the unfortunate situation which brought to him the disgrace of a long term imprisonment.

Gift Championships

Most Painless Method of Winning a Boxing Crown

By CHARLES F. MATHISON



Pinky Mitchell, wearing the belt awarded him in a popularity contest. With the belt went the "junior welterweight title"

THE orthodox manner of winning a boxing title is either to defeat the man who holds the honor, or to win a tournament open to those in the class.

With the exception of a few instances, one of the two courses above referred to has been taken by winners of championships. An important deviation was that by John L. Sullivan, who asserted he was heavyweight champion of the world although he was only the American title-holder, and to this day his legion of admirers insist he held the world crown.

Then there was the interesting action of Jimmy Britt, who laid claim to the lightweight title on the ground that Joe Gans refused to make the weight prescribed by the challenger. Gans was the champion, and while the supposed limit of the class was 133 pounds, yet this figure was by no means official and was honored largely in the breach. If the title-holder happened to be a little runt, he insisted on 133 pounds; but if he was heavier, like Gans, Erne, Ritchie and others, he dictated 135 to 138 pounds. However, Britt got his match with Gans later on and was stopped in six rounds but not at 133.

* * *

UNDER London rules, it was the custom for the challenger to post a forfeit with his proposal for a championship bout. If the champion failed to cover the deposit and accept the challenge, he forfeited the title to the challenger. It was in that manner that John Morrissey lost the title to John C. Heenan.

An amusing variation of the painless method of "winning" a boxing title was known as the "gift" championship. The most notable example was the attempt of big-hearted Jim Jeffries to tuck the title into one of Marvin Hart's socks as a Christmas gift. Marvin had barely murmured, "Thank you, Jim," when Jeffries, listening to the loud laughter aroused by the absurd gesture, pulled the string attached to the title and left Hart without a championship to his name.

Several other title-holders, generous in inclination, tried to confer championship honors on warm personal friends, but in not one instance did the gifts stick with the recipients. Yet despite indisputable facts, grotesque distortion of pugilistic history is rampant, and the growing generation is fed with information that has no basis except the imaginings of its purveyors. Herewith is a quotation from a publication supposed to be authoritative:

> "John L. Sullivan, the Boston boy, in 1882 was matched with Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, Miss., for $5,000 a side and the title. This was on February 7, and Sullivan won in nine rounds, knocking Ryan out. This was under London prize ring rules and I cannot see any good reason why John L. should not be credited with the title of world's champion after his defeat of Ryan."

The above naturally misled thousands who thought the writer knew what he was talking about. The fact remains that the articles of agreement for the Sullivan-Ryan fight were signed in the office of the *Police Gazette* on October 5, 1881, and that the second clause reads as follows:

> "This fight shall be for $2,500 a side, and for the *championship or America.*"

Is it reasonable to suppose that if Sullivan and Ryan and their managers and backers thought they had any right to fight for the world's title, they would have inserted the clause "championship of America" in the articles of agreement?

"John L" was a great fighter in his day and he held a title, but not a world championship. He, himself, in his memoirs published years ago in the *Boston Post,* admitted that. He then declared he was the American champion.

* * *

THE presentation of a championship, either through a voting contest or through the whim of a boxing commission, has been frequent in current years. Take the case of Pinky Mitchell, who "won" the junior welterweight title through a voting contest in a boxing publication.

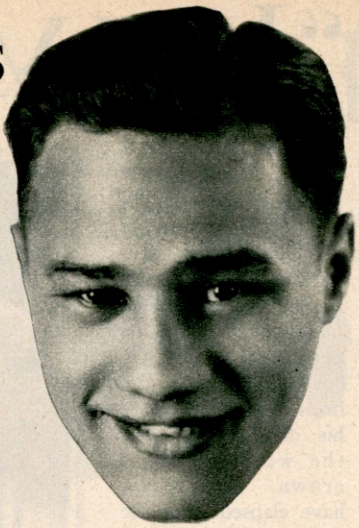
Of course, the fact that several hundred other boys put in a claim for the honors did not affect Pinky's status so far as the editor was concerned, and Pinky reaped a fortune for defending a crown which never existed. When Mushy Callahan went abroad and lost the "title" which he won from Mitchell to Jackie Kid Berg, the British Board of Boxing Control, the National Boxing Association and practically every boxing commission in the country decided that the "title" had lost its value and threw it out of the list of championships. Today, therefore, although Berg won the "championship" from the man who was internationally recognized as the leader of the class, in reality Jackie holds no crown, for all junior divisions have been eliminated.

In the matter of boxing board awards, we have the case of the flyweights as an example. New York and Pennsylvania conferred the title on Midget Wolgast, who advanced to the top through an international tournament, while the National Boxing Association recognized Frankie Genaro as the leader.

All of which demonstrates the folly of awarding crowns. Championships can be won and lost only in the ring and the sooner such procedure is followed, the less confusion there will be in the claim of titles.

NEW YORK BOYS *of* ABILITY

Milton Hutner, New York University's lightheavyweight entry

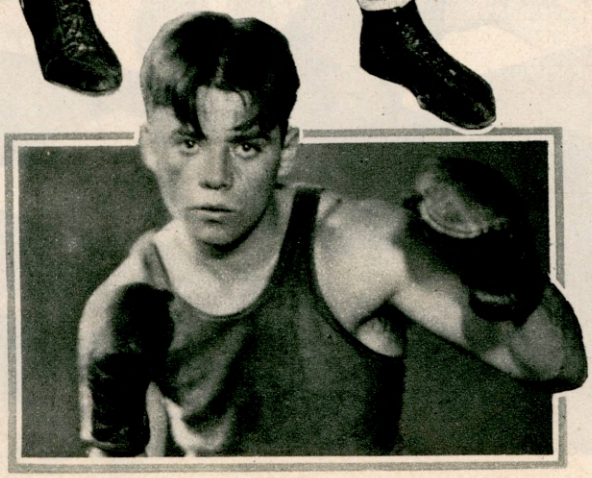


Leo Dazzo, New York's Italian junior-lightweight

Leo "One Punch" Williams, a heavy hitter

Solly Ritz, classy Brooklyn lightweight

Nick Palmer, rugged Brooklyn middleweight



Sammy Gelber, clever New York featherweight

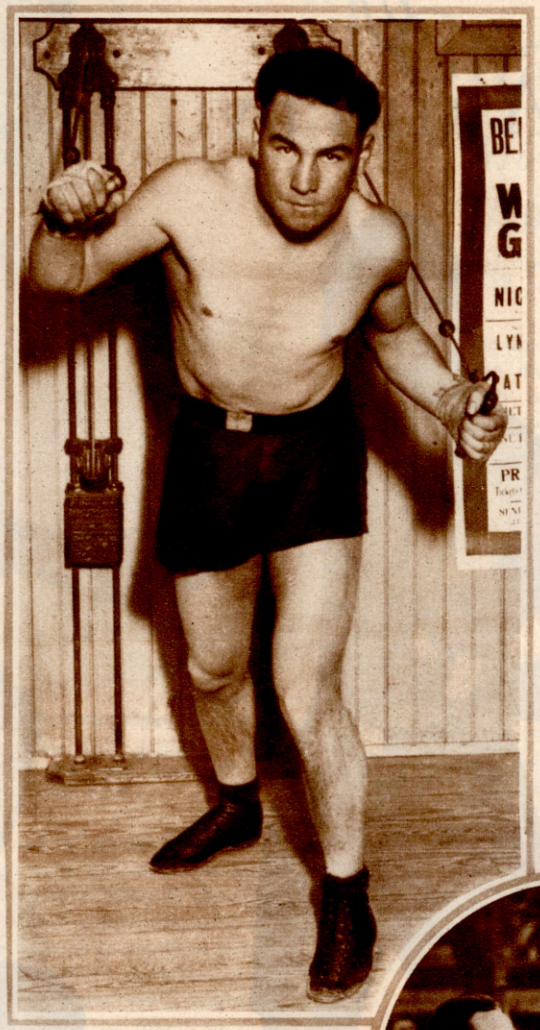
"JIMMY McLARNIN,

THE Irish race is all agog over the prowess of Jimmy McLarnin who, although he has whipped champions eight times, has never won a title yet but stands head and heels over every man in his division, including the wearer of the crown. Many years have elapsed since the Sons of St. Patrick have developed such an outstanding fistic character as this little fellow whose home is in Vancouver, British Columbia.

It has always been a puzzle to historians where the Irish acquired their strength and their fighting spirit. Some say that persecution, the same that brought the Jew into the field of fistiana, was responsible, while others trace it to environment.

According to old legends, Ireland, in the days of yore, was peopled by the Firbolg and the Danun tribes, who eventually were subdued by the Milesians and Gaels, who, after considerable hard fighting, gained supremacy over the island. These wild tribes eventually became mixed more or less with the Gaels, the greatest gladiators of the old Roman Empire, and from them, they absorbed the fighting element which predominated in the make-up of these Roman gladiators.

These soldiers were wonderfully built men who possessed strength, gameness and endurance never since equalled by any race. They were fellows who died, literally speaking, with their boots on. The Irish of to-day, though a peaceful people, have lost none of the courage, vitality and fighting spirit that made the Sons of Erin so famous centuries ago.



Above—With the pulleys. Right—A chat with his ideal fighter, Gentleman Jim Corbett

Touching toes to develop and stretch arm and leg muscles

* * *

IN the field of fistiana, as on the field of battle, they have always been in the forefront. Ring history teems with the names of the great fighters or pugilists who trace their ancestry back to the Irish. From the days of Tom Figg, Father of English Boxing, to our present era, in which the name of Jimmy McLarnin stands forth, the Irish have held a conspicuous place in ring lore.

The United States to-day is the greatest fistic nation in the world, and a close examination of its four thousand or more fighters of note shows that the cream of the talent is Jewish with the Irish leading the Italians by a close margin for second honors. The Jew has advanced by leaps and bounds in the art of fisticuffs during the last twenty years, but prior to the advent of Abe Attell as champion of the featherweight class, the Jew was far in the background.

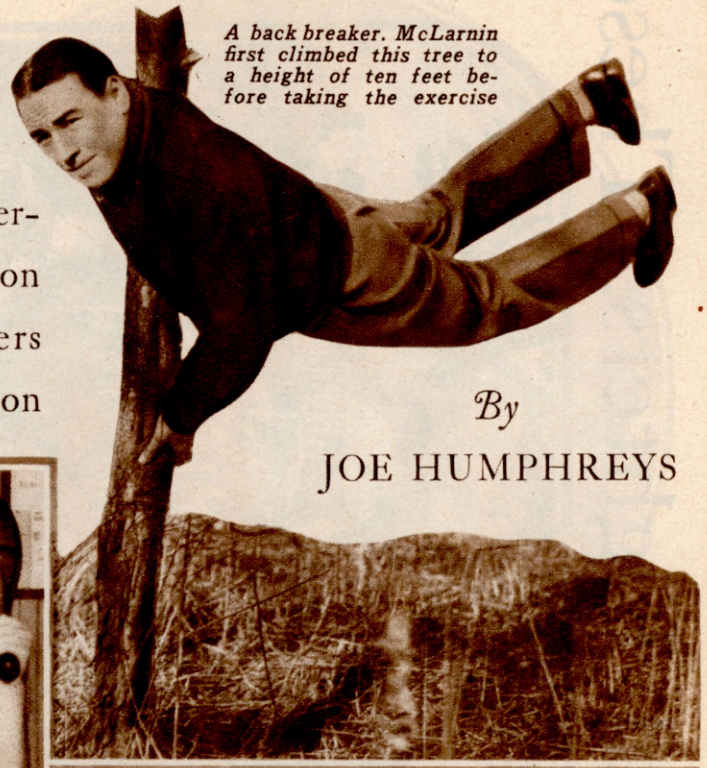
Of the recognized world champions, we find four Jewish titleholders in Benny Bass, featherweight; Kid Berg, junior lightweight; Al Singer, lightweight, and Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavyweight; as against only Tommy Freeman, welterweight king, and Mickey Walker, middleweight crown wearer from Irish descent.

* * *

IN the lighter divisions most of the good boys come from Hebrew parentage, while in the heavier, the Negro and Irish fighters predominate. Of all the pugilists in the spotlight, however, none is so popular, so great a drawing card, as Jimmy McLarnin. His ability to strike with the force that made the Irish fighters of old so famous, is responsible for his rise.

"Skill and punch, an unusual combination, make 'Baby Face' the finished

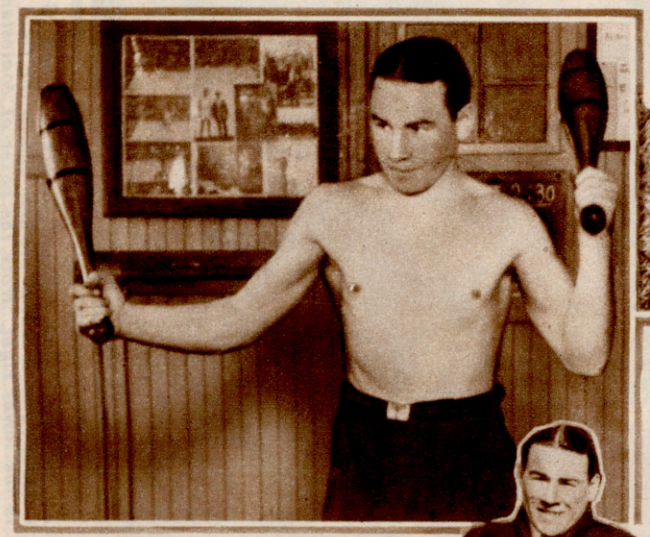
Boxing's *Best* Trained Fighter"



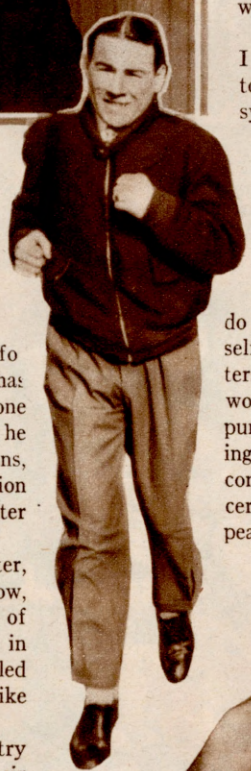
A back breaker. McLarnin first climbed this tree to a height of ten feet before taking the exercise

So says Pop Foster of great welterweight—"Baby Face" puts Erin on the fistic map—Jewish scrappers supplant Irish as leaders of profession

By
JOE HUMPHREYS



Above—Club swinging. Right—Out for a road run



fist fighter he is," says Pop Foster, his manager and instructor. "As a rule," remarked Foster, speaking of McLarnin's terrific hitting power, "stars sacrifice one fo the other, but in Jimmy we find that he has developed both equally. I regard him as one of the greatest of modern fighters, because he possesses all that such great 'uns as Gans, Leonard, Griffo and others had and in addition he is, in my opinion, the best trained fighter I've seen in thirty years."

This, coming from a man like Pop Foster, is a bold assertion, yet Foster should know, for he grew up in the old English school of boxing. He was a bruiser of some note in the old-time British boxing stalls and handled several top-notch men, including Spike Robson.

Foster brought pugilists to this country many years ago and helped to improve their styles by studying the advanced American methods. He took Jimmy McLarnin under his wing when "Baby Face" weighed less than 100 pounds and looked like a consumptive and to-day he has brought Jimmy to the top of his division, even though he doesn't possess a title. He is pugilism's biggest drawing card.

"Training Jimmy is easy now, but it was a mighty difficult task when I first took hold of him," said Foster. "In fact, until two years ago, Jimmy, for me, was a big problem.

"For example, he loves milk with plenty of cream and I had the time of my life convincing him that he had to cut out drinking milk because it tends to clog the system of a growing person with too much fat. Milk is fine for building up, but in Jimmy's case, he requires no building at present. He is growing naturally.

"When Jimmy is not booked for a fight, I let him carry on just about as he pleases. I have no set rule for him, because Jimmy needs none. He is a smart, obedient, sensible fellow who realizes that cutting up will shorten one's career, and Jimmy likes boxing too much to do anything foolish. Like myself, he believes that once he enters the training camp, serious work must get under way. The purpose of working at a training camp is to get into proper condition, and Jimmy makes certain that he reaches the peak (*Continued on page 44*)

An exercise for developing the abdomen and back muscles

Not Circus Freaks—Real Fighters, These

A scene in the second battle between John Gully and Bob Gregson, May 10, 1808, in St. John's, Sebright's Park, England. Gully won this contest and also the one staged a year previously. In this picture Gully is on the left with his chief second, Joe Ward, at his side and to the right of Gregson is his second, Harry Lee. Captain Barclay, chief umpire, is seen with his hat on, in the lower right. Note the poses of contestants and their aides

TRAINING CAMPS of *FAMOUS* FIGHTING MEN

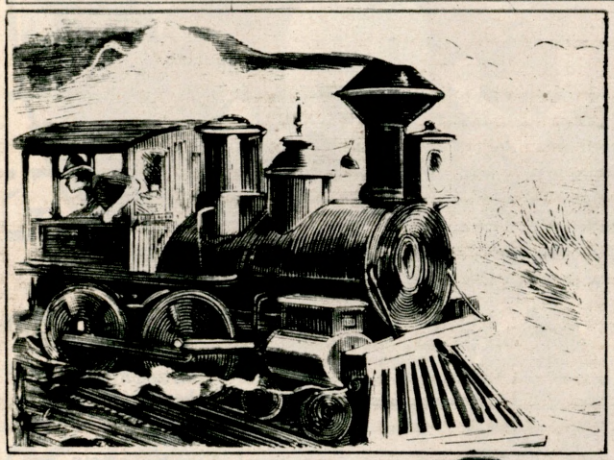
Above: Scene at New Dorp, Staten Island, where great pugilists of the past tuned up. From left to right are (top row) Kid Bernstein and Frankie Madden; (middle row) Eddie Harvey, Johnny Summers, Jack Clifford; (behind Summers) Willie Lewis, Bert Keyes and Alf Weeks; (bottom row) Jimmy Kelly, Harry Lenny, Bant Dorsey and Jack Sirocco. Left: The old Corbett Road House on Jerome Avenue, near the present site of the Yankee Stadium. Jim McCabe, manager is seen standing with some friends outside the famous old sportsmen's rendezvous. McCabe is on the left

Where George Dixon (Little Chocolate), trained for Frank Erne for the world's featherweight championship fight which Erne won in 20 rounds on November 27, 1896. Dixon subsequently regained the crown by taking a 25 round decision from Erne in a return bout on March 24, 1897. Those in photograph on right, standing, left to right, are: Joe Gordon, Dixon's trainer; George Dixon, Tom O'Rourke, his manager and Jack Lynch, another trainer

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

By JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham



Flynn taking the "Flyer" after his rampage

PART EIGHT

THE story of Fireman Jim Flynn is appropriate at this stage of my reminiscences. George Gardiner had gone to Pueblo to fight the comparatively unknown Flynn. It was, from our standpoint, just a match with a sucker and I was amazed when I read in the newspapers that Flynn had held George to a draw. I was further amazed when Gardiner returned.

A close-up of Jim Flynn, the Pueblo fireman

"That was a fine sucker you picked for me," he growled. "I'm lucky he didn't kill me."

Knowing that George had done little or no training for the fight and suspecting he must have made a wretched showing on that account, I thought at first he was trying to alibi himself, but he soon set me right.

"He's a rough, tough young fellow who will bear watching, Jack," he said. "He's crude but he can punch and he can take it. He shook off my punches and kept on top of me, so that if I hadn't kept my wits about me all the time, I would have been knocked out. A draw, hell! If the referee hadn't been impressed with my reputation, he would have given the decision to Flynn."

I began to keep track of the exploits of Jim Flynn.

Very shortly after he became embroiled in an affair that indicated what I afterward learned was true. He was no champion within the ropes, but he need yield to no man that ever lived in a rough and tumble fight and in or out of the ring was no respecter of persons.

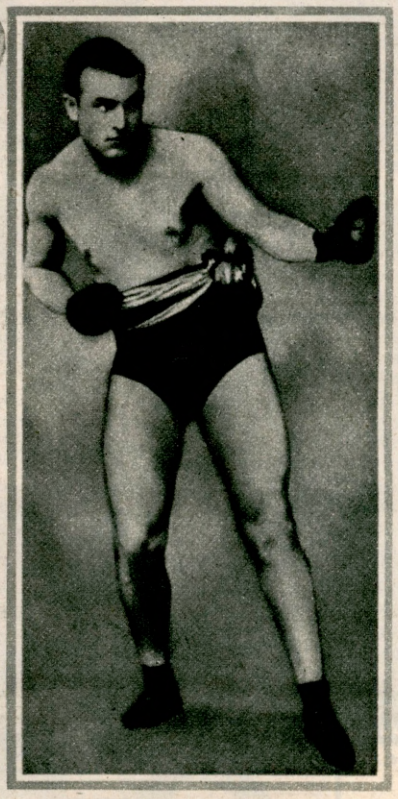
Between fights, Flynn was employed as a locomotive fireman on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad and one day, on his way to work, he passed through a tough section of the town. From one of the houses came the cry of a damsel in distress and Jim, though certainly no Galahad, rushed to her assistance. He found a man beating the damsel about and promptly slugged him.

The woman, as women sometimes will under such circumstances, repaid him for his gallantry by turning upon him and striking at him with a poker, whereupon Jim, nothing loath, slugged her. Now the house was in an uproar and a passing policeman entered to see what it was all about.

* * *

SPYING Flynn, whom he knew for a rough customer, and figuring that Jim had set upon the pair out of pure malice, the cop began to club him. Jim wouldn't stand for that and, wresting the policeman's club from him, he beat the officer into submission and then darted out of the house and down the street.

The alarm spread quickly and the chief of police, accompanied by two of his men, headed for Shorty Adams' hotel which, he rightly figured, would be Jim's goal, for Shorty was by way of being a political power in the town and it was reasonably certain that Jim would apply to him for protection.



Tommy Burns who stopped Flynn in fifteen rounds

The chief, arriving as Jim was panting out his tale of woe to Shorty, made a savage attack upon him and Jim, now seeing red, knocked out not only the chief but the two policemen with him. Making his escape from the hotel, he leaped into the cab of a switch engine near the depot across the street, opened the throttle and steamed out of town in the best melodramatic manner.

Having covered some distance, he ran the locomotive onto a siding, left it and continued his flight across country, winding up eventually in Salt Lake. Back in Pueblo there was great indignation and it was planned that when the culprit was apprehended, he would be charged not merely with assault upon the persons of the damsel, her gentlemen friend, the chief of police and three policemen, but with grand larceny for his "theft" of the locomotive.

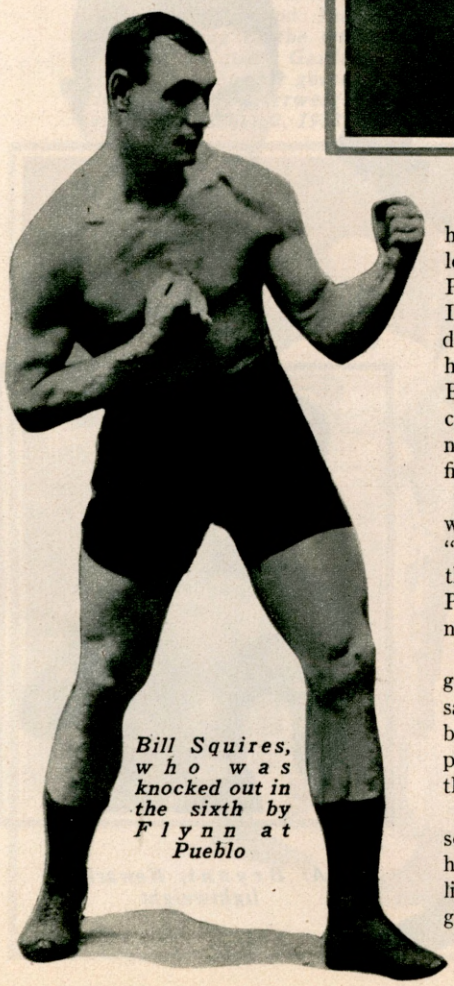
It had begun to look as though, if I were to keep track of Jim, it would be necessary for me to scan not alone the boxing records but the police records as well. However, he did not again get into serious trouble, although his flings at disregarding conventions would have made interesting reading had any one followed him about to chronicle them.

* * *

FROM Salt Lake, Jim went to Los Angeles where, out of condition, he fought Tommy Burns and was stopped in fifteen rounds. He followed this with a twenty-round draw with Jack "Twin" Sullivan and I sent Gardiner on to fight him again. This time he stopped George in eighteen rounds.

I had long since become settled once more in Chicago—for by now it was mid-summer of 1907—and, Flynn having been allowed to return to Pueblo, I took Irish Dave Barry down there to fight him. He knocked Barry out and came to me, grinning, after the fight.

Right: Sam Langford in training for his bout with Flynn. In this contest Sam's right caught Jim on the chin and sent him through the ropes into the lap of "Beany" Walker. Below: Jim Coffroth (left) with Jack Curley in front of Flynn's headquarters



Bill Squires, who was knocked out in the sixth by Flynn at Pueblo

"Well," he wanted to know, "what do you think of the old Pueblo champ now?"

"You're a pretty good man, Jim," I said, with a smile, because it was impossible not to like the fellow.

"You don't seem so bad yourself," he said. "I've licked a couple of guys for you but you ain't sore. I know a lot of managers wouldn't speak to me if I'd licked their fighters.

"Say," he asked, suddenly, "how'd you like to be my manager?"

"Who's your manager now?" I asked.

"I haven't got any real manager but I've hooked up with a lot of bums that haven't been any good to me. If I had a manager like you I'd take care of myself and if I did that I could lick anybody in the world."

The idea appealed to me. There was a dearth of first-rate heavyweights at the time and Flynn, while not as good as he thought he was, was better than most. It wouldn't have been worth my while to devote all my time to him, but I figured I could manage his affairs along with other projects I had in hand, and I entered into an agreement with him.

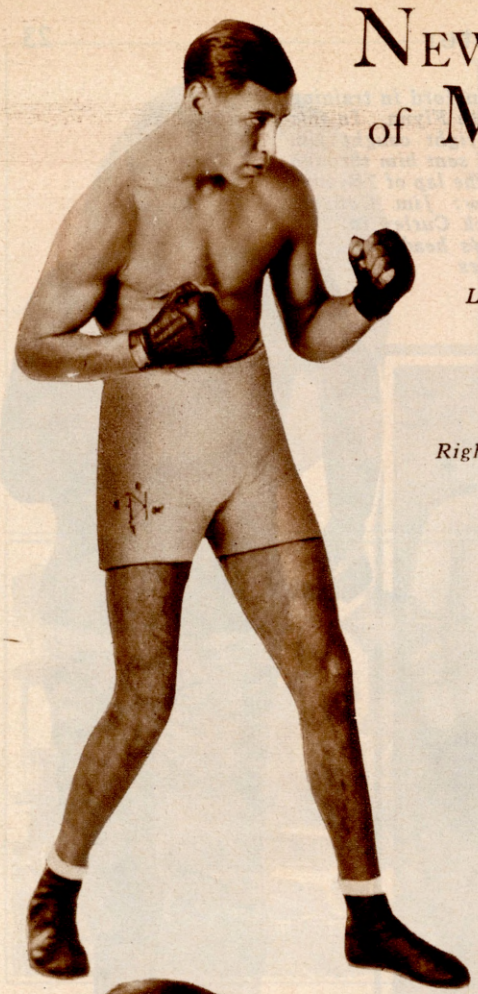
* * *

UNDER my management, Flynn knocked out Bill Squires, the Australian, in six rounds in Pueblo, and I took him to Colma, Cal., to fight Jack Johnson for Jim Coffroth. Flynn had the better of the early part of the fight, but along about the seventh round Johnson got the upper hand and began to punish him fearfully. I wanted to stop the fight at the end of the ninth round, but Flynn wouldn't hear of it. In the tenth, with both eyes nearly closed and his face battered to a pulp, he rocked under one of Johnson's hardest punches but, through his swollen lips, he cursed and jeered at the black.

"Can't you punch any better than that?" he demanded, with profane trimmings.

(Continued on page 43)

New Jersey's Flock of Mitt Wielders



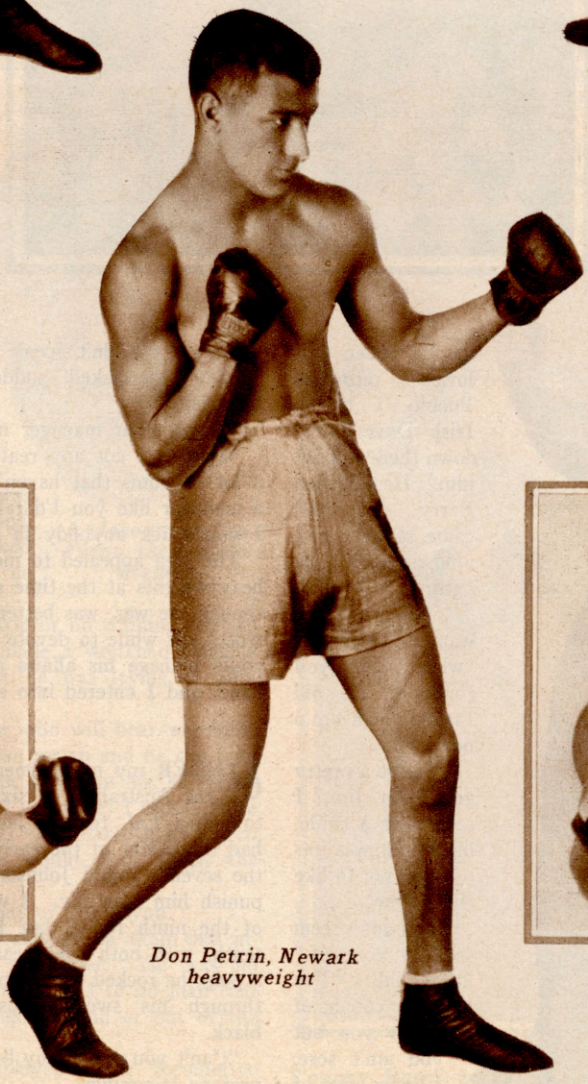
Left: Frank Montagna, Italian heavyweight

Right: Young Zazzerino, Bayonne flash

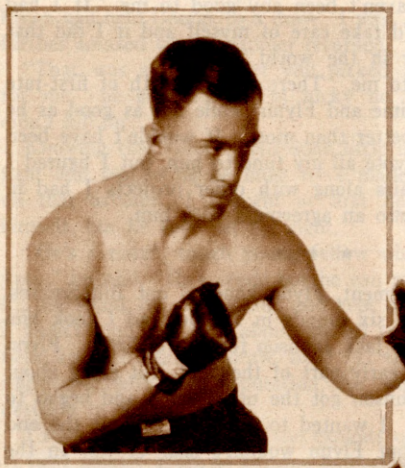
Philly Griffin, coming lightweight

Vince Dundee, crack middleweight

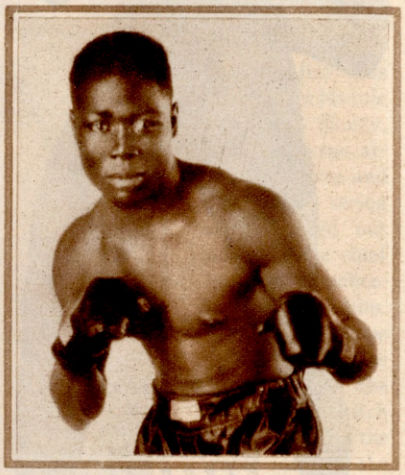
Joe Moresco, rugged welterweight



Don Petrin, Newark heavyweight



Freddy Polo, hard-hitting welter

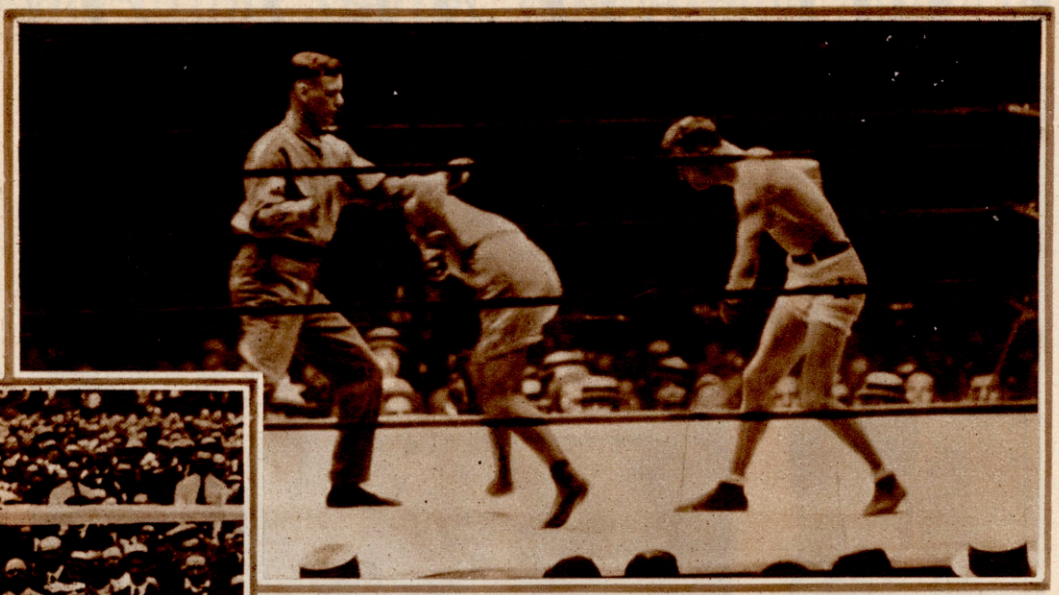


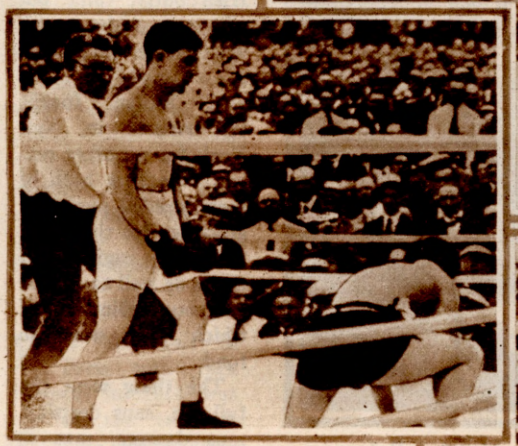
Al Bryant, Newark's lightweight

FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED

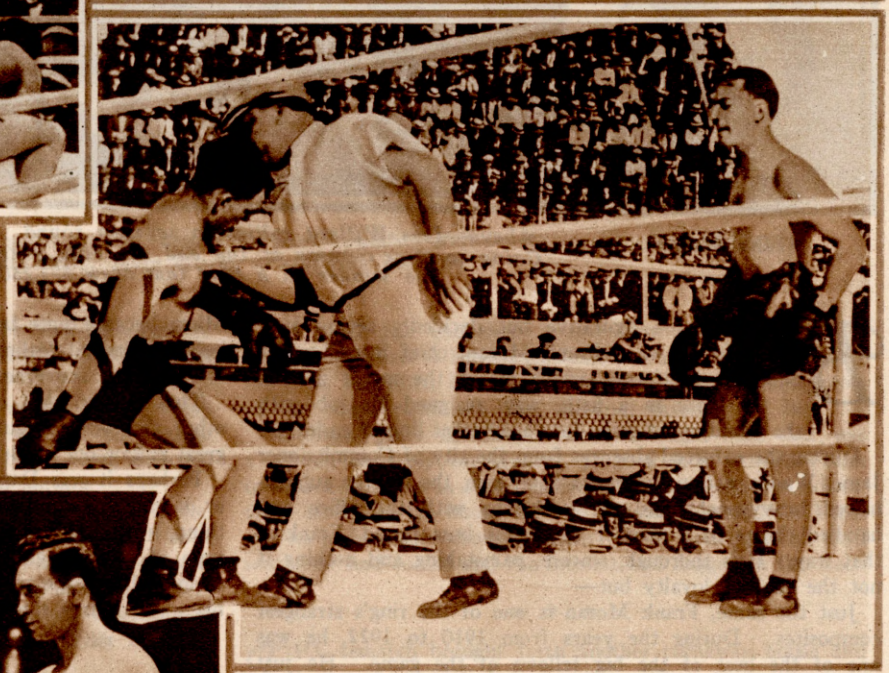
SERIES NO. 12

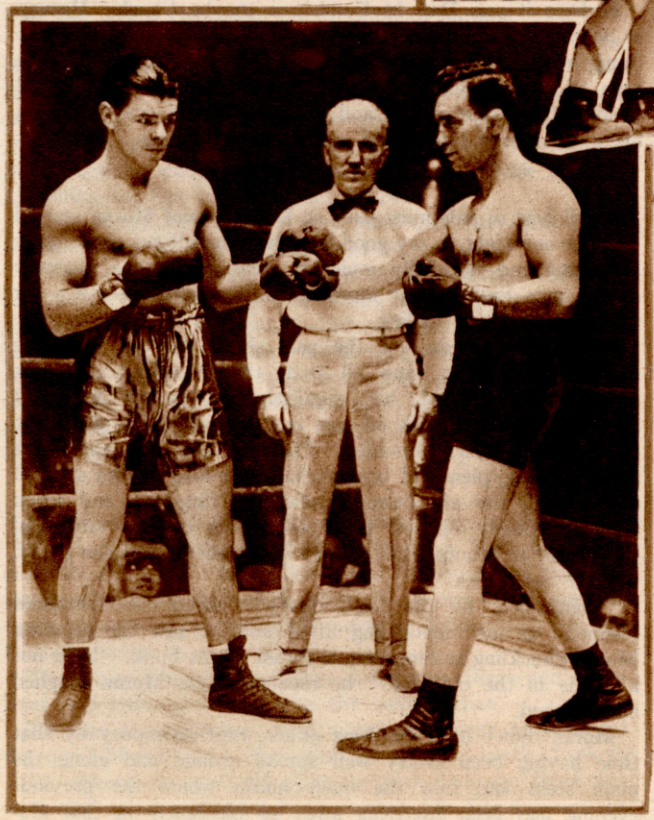
Right — When Eugene Criqui (right) lost his featherweight title to Johnny Dundee. Below—Charley White knocked out by Benny Leonard at Benton Harbor, Michigan, in 1920

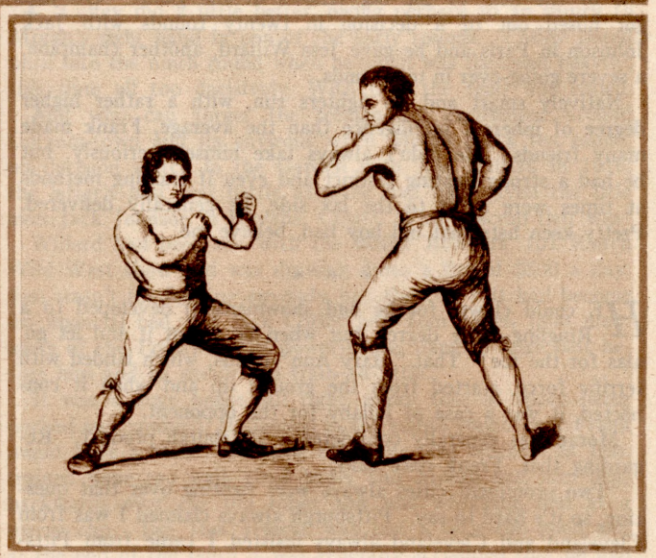




Right—Rocky Kansas taking the count in his bout with Benny Leonard at Michigan City, July 4, 1922, and (below) Mickey Walker (left) and Jack Britton posing in the ring at Madison Square Garden before the fight that gained Mickey the welterweight title. November 2, 1922

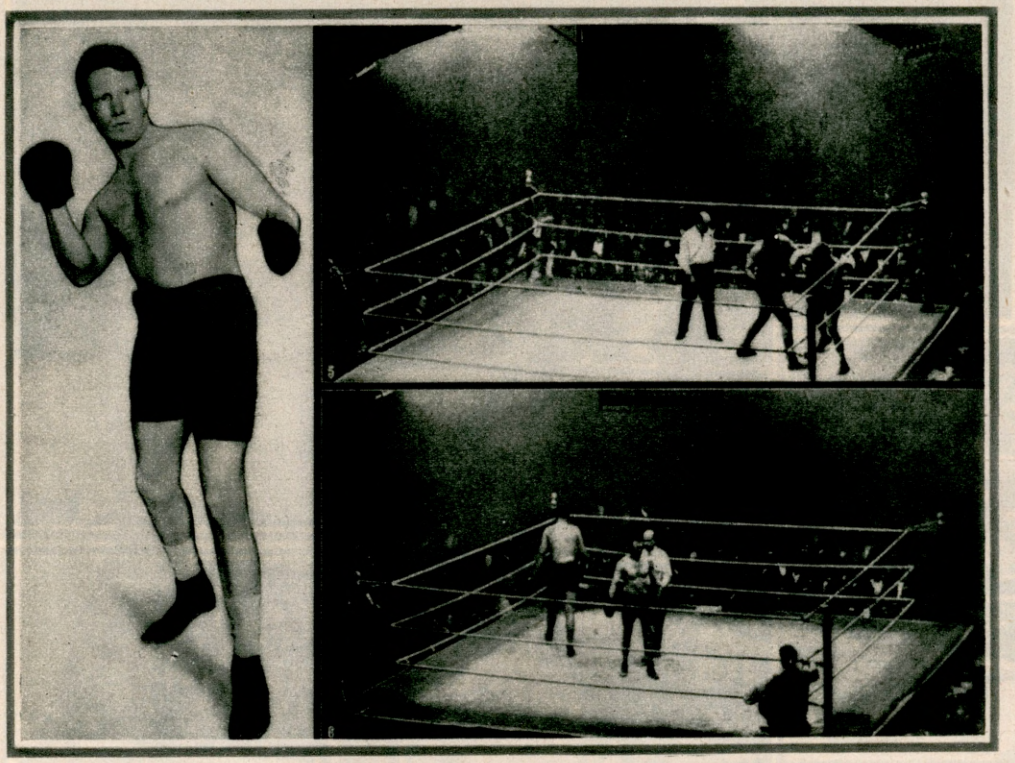






Giant vs. Pigmy. Here we see Tom Johnson (left) and Isaac Perrins in their fight at Banbury, Oxfordshire, England, November 22, 1789

Old "MARY ANN"



Frank Moran

Above—Jess Willard rallies in seventh round. Below—Going to their corners at the end of tenth with Willard the winner in a bout that drew $71,250

By ED. W. SMITH

(Famous Referee of the Old School and Sports Writer)

Back in 1912 or so Tom Kennedy, another Irish burly, came out of the golden west with some reputation as a tough guy. He and Moran fought ten rounds in New York for no other reason than that both of them needed plenty of groceries for those big, vigorous engines of theirs as well as for the gorgeous raiment of which they were so fond.

The thing went the full ten, sans decision, sans damage, sans ill feeling. In fact, immediately afterwards, these two rollicking Micks became quite fast friends and palled around a lot, there being a kindred feeling there that made all the world, so far as they were concerned, akin.

That palship that developed after they had swatted each other vigorously, resulted in a ludicrous incident that got a great guffaw out of Broadway when it became known.

Perhaps it was Dan McKetrick or maybe Charley Harvey or it might have been Jimmy Johnston who suggested the thing, but there was a fine opening in England for the Moran type of heavyweight and pronto came a steamer ticket and a dole of expense money and presently Frank was to be on his way towards the Strand and Piccadilly Circus.

* * *

THE best of pals must part, so Kennedy and Moran started out one night to say good-by. The farewell got to be quite lachrymal and decidedly moist in other ways, the pathway of the pair leading next morning to the ship's gangway for the early morning sailing.

Nothing would do but the pals should see to it before shoving off anchors, and all that, that Frank's cabin was befitting a man of his pugilistic station in life and also, to knock the neck off just one farewell little pint right off the ship's liberal humidor. That and another, topping off a full evening, plenty of breezy chatter, a song or two and lo! and behold, the all-ashore whistle was forgotten and when Kennedy finally opened his eyes to the general situation, the canoe, as Scamp Montgomery was wont to call the liners, was far out to sea.

"Shanghaied, by the Lord Harry!" yelled the distracted Kennedy as his mental fog lifted and he saw the grinning Moran chuckling at him from a corner of his bunk. "And not a nickle in the old kick!" he moaned while Moran laughed and laughed.

Moran didn't have anything either, expense money by that time having been pretty well spread around and along the main stem and into the quiet nooks where the previous evening had been frittering away so pleasantly in that glo-

BOXING got a figurative but decidedly severe kick in California when Frank Moran, chief inspector for Southern California, which means the major portion of the state in a fistic way, resigned his job with the intention of going into a different line of endeavor.

During the enforced absences from the city of Commissioner James Woods, nationally known hotel man, the veteran auburn-haired heavyweight had carte blanche with the office and handled things in a manner to do his boss proud. Frank is that way. He's thorough, sincere, painstaking and nothing if not the soul of loyalty but—

Just the same, Frank Moran is one of the ring's strangest composites. During the years from 1910 to 1922, he was one of the best of the big fellows of the game. He just got nosed out of a decision in twenty rounds with Jack Johnson in Paris and he gave Jess Willard, another champion, a severe going-over in ten rounds.

Natively smart and, as fighters run, with a rather higher degree of inherent intelligence than the average, Frank made many friends. He didn't always take himself seriously, but he had a strong fighting instinct and even if training methods at times were a bit to the lax side, he generally delivered. Pretty keen fists that old boy had, believe me.

* * *

HE could clown, for he had showmanship developed to a Ringling-esque degree, but when he meant it and let go, alas for the foe! That "Mary Ann" of his, which landed with terrific force, started from the ground up and when it connected, it was a case of lullaby for the opponent.

Moran was generally considered a Pittsburgh product. Regarding that, Frank once said:

"Two prominent cities always were fighting over that question, so it's hard to say. Pittsburgh always claimed I was from Cleveland and Cleveland always insisted I came from Pittsburgh, so what's one to do?"

That's the sort of a merry Andrew this chap always was—couldn't even be serious about his birthplace!

A Story About Frank Moran, Who Almost Made It

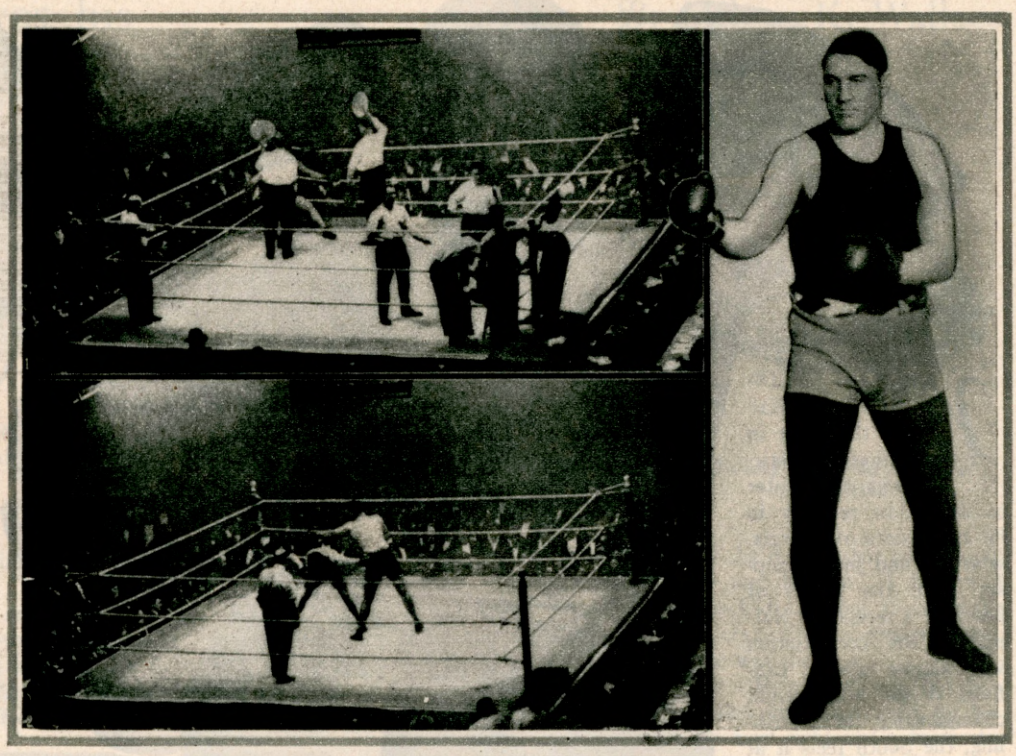
rious farewell party.

Somehow, they squared it with the ship's officials on promise of immediate payment when they hit the faraway shore of England. They were about of a size, hence the matter of clothing wasn't so much of a problem as it would have been, had Kennedy been a Johnny Coulon or a Tod Sloan.

That was about the most elaborate of the pranks Moran delighted in pulling on his friends. Could you wonder that a man of that type ever took fighting seriously?

* * *

YET his affair in Paris with Jack Johnson in 1914 was one of the toughest fights the ebony gladiator ever had in his long career. It went the full twenty rounds and at the finish Georges Carpentier, who had been pressed into service as referee because all of France adored the young man at the time, gave it to Johnson.



Above—A scene in the corners between rounds. Below—A double miss. Note Moran in stooping position

Jess Willard

So when he declared the Negro the winner at the finish of a decidedly lively and albeit, close contest, the nation applauded. There was some talk of Georges being matched with the Negro champion, but it came to nothing.

Incidentally, the fighters were never paid for their battle. War was coming on just then and the purse money, which both fighters were careful to see put in a bank in advance, was immediately impounded. It amounted originally, I understand, to a matter of some $30,000, which by now has fattened into a sizable wad, or should have done so under ordinary circumstances, for that was back in 1914.

Being aliens the fighters were told that they had better scamper home at once! Nothing to do but obey.

Within the last couple of years Moran has received word at different times that the money was still there and would be paid over. Once this news looked so encouraging that Frank packed up and went to New York, prepared to go across and prove his claim. But something came up that wasn't so encouraging and Frank didn't go over, returning to Los Angeles much downcast after that happy little dream. The money is still impounded.

* * *

WHO of the old-time fight fans won't remember Moran's two fights with Jim Coffey, the New York motorman from Roscommon? Billy Gibson had Coffey at the time and exploited him so successfully that almost every Irishman in every borough of the metropolis began to believe that Jim was headed straight to a world's title.

Those were "white hope" days and every village and crossroad was striving to dethrone the colored man.

The old Garden never held a greater throng than it did the night Moran and Coffey met for the first battle, back in 1915. There was much in sight for both men and there was no foolin' at all when that scrap started, but Jim was not the man to combat successfully a smart old scoundrel like Moran.

Jim made just enough of a fine showing in the first two rounds and a half to leave a reasonable doubt as to the ultimate outcome, but when Moran sneaked over a mighty right cross on the other Irishman's chin, the roof caved in on him.

Naturally Jim's new-found friends thought sure that was a scratch and only the greatest of good luck enabled Frank to whack him out in such fashion. So all hands scented another smashing big house for the inevitable rematch. There was no undue haste about it, either, yet it wasn't put off until sentiment had cooled and the interest had flagged in the least.

* * *

THE rematch brought forth another turnaway house and Coffey did a little better, owing perhaps to an injury to Moran's right hand in one of the early rounds. Coffey lasted until into the ninth round when he again was flattened heavily, this time all too decisively. With that the feud was ended.

And who can forget the tremendous excitement around Gotham-town and its environs when Moran got a ten round, no decision match in the Garden with Jess Willard in 1916, the latter's first real battle after he had been given the title over Jack Johnson in Havana, Cuba? What a scrap that was!

Willard had been out with the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Wild West show and was drawing down a flat of $500 a day. Jess wasn't for fighting *anybody* just then, so soft had become his financial bed, but Jack Curley and Tom Jones, joint managers of the Pottawatomie power-house, dangled huge bait before him and he decided to train—a little.

It was a huge house, all right, every foot of space being packed and jammed. It looked in the eighth round as if Frank might have a chance of doing some effective business as Jess, trained none too well, tired badly and Moran had him bent backwards over the top ropes and was whacking him at a merry clip. But Jess' reserve was just a little too good and at the end of the tenth it was generally acclaimed that he had the better of it.

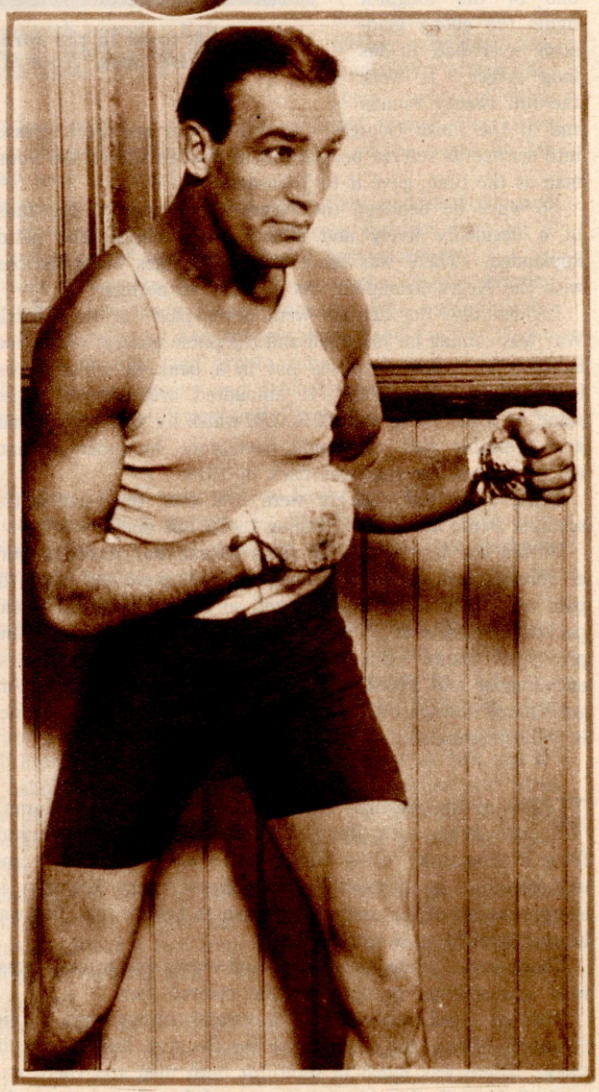
Frank was only 43 last March. He is happily married and has a fine little family. Great old red-head, make no mistake!

"Schmeling *Ordinary* Fighter,"

Primo Carnera, the Freak of Heavyweights

"Chuck" Wiggins, the best all-around fighter Stribling ever met

Jack Sharkey, who Stribling thinks is the best heavyweight — with the exception of himself



Paul Berlenbach, the hardest punisher, according to Stribling

YOUNG STRIBLING, the Man of the Hour in things pugilistic, was the center of attraction recently in his home state of Georgia, where he and Jack Dempsey were the guests of honor at a reception. Naturally the conversation was almost wholly confined to the heavyweight championship, for in Stribling, the South feels it at last has a fighter who is destined to win back the crown for America.

Down in Dixie the fans have a soft spot in their hearts for only two fighters—the erstwhile Manassa Mauler and the king of the southern heavyweights.

Dixie fans swear by Stribling, especially since his knockouts of Otto Von Porat and Phil Scott.

Ask a fight bug in Georgia who is the greatest scrapper of the age and without hesitation he will answer, "Young Stribling." The Georgia Peach has a legion of friends and these friends will go down hook, line and sinker that Stribling, if given an opportunity to mix it with Max Schmeling, will knock out the Teuton Schlager and win back the championship.

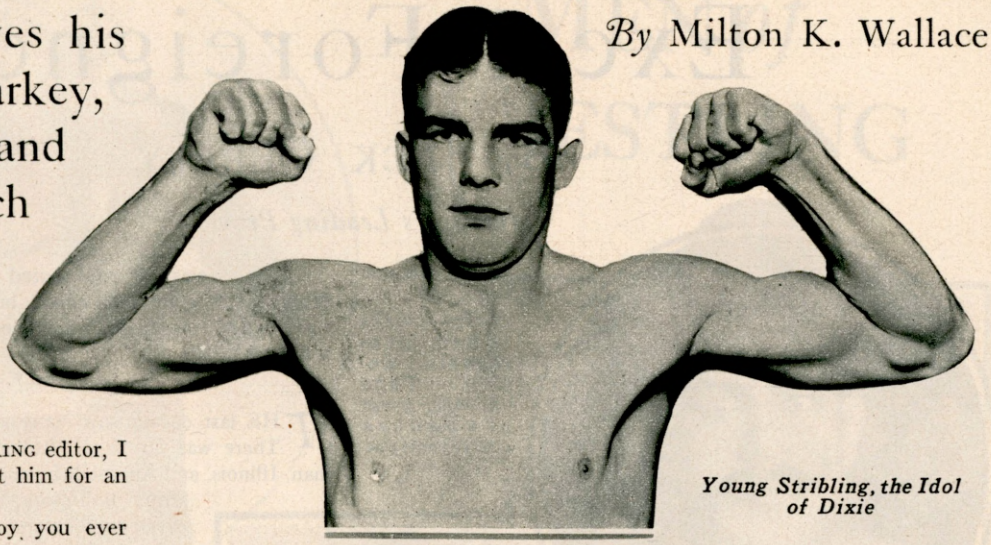
Stribling, like many of the great fight critics, classes Jack Dempsey as the kingpin of all modern fighters since the days of Corbett. He admires Jack greatly, using him as a model.

For the present crop of heavyweights, Stribling has little praise. He says Sharkey, barring himself, of course, is the best of the boys now parading before the public, but insists that the Boston gob would never have faced Schmeling in the last championship fray had he, Stribling, not been suffering from neuritis in the shoulder when he fought Sharkey at Miami.

Says Young Stribling

Georgian gives his views of Sharkey, Loughran and Berlenbach

By Milton K. Wallace



Young Stribling, the Idol of Dixie

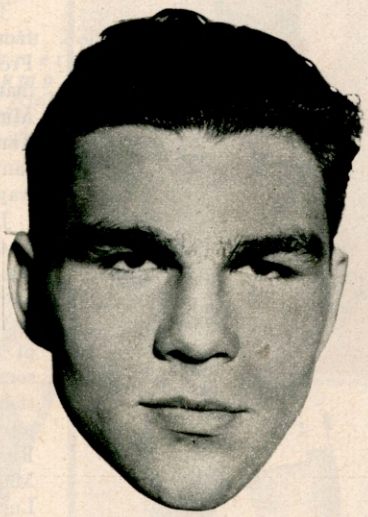
Of Carnera, Stribling says that he has much promise, but that fighters who are fast and shifty can take him into camp.

I recently cornered Stribling in Macon, and following instructions from THE RING editor, I fired a series of questions at him for an interview.

"Who is the toughest boy you ever met?" I inquired.

Without hesitating, Stribling answered, "Frankie Wine.

"He hasn't much class, and I guess there are a lot of heavies who can beat him, but he's got a fighting heart and a jaw of iron. I hit him with everything I had and he came back for more. I don't believe there was a man in the world who could have knocked him out the last time I fought him. Maybe they can now, for I must have softened him."



Max Schmeling, dubbed by Stribling "an ordinary fighter"

Jack Dempsey the greatest of modern fighters, says the Georgian

"Who is the best man you ever fought?" I asked.

"That's hard to say," Stribling replied. "Tommy Loughran had plenty of class, but he wasn't a hard puncher. I had a fractured vertebra in my neck the night he beat me and in the third round I wrenched it. I fought in agony the rest of that contest and they gave him the decision. I believe I would have knocked him out if it hadn't been for my injury. Tommy was good, but I don't think he was the best.

"And Sharkey. He's good, too, but he's no better than they give him credit for being. He's got a hard right and a fairly decent left and moves around fast for a big man. Everybody thought I was preparing an alibi down at Miami when I hurt my arm. Ask Dempsey, or any of the men who were Garden officials at that time, and they'll tell you I fought Sharkey with one hand. I had him out in the third round and couldn't finish him because I had but one hand. I'd like to meet him again. I know I can lick him.

"Berlenbach was a terrific puncher, but he lacked skill. He hit me harder than any other boxer I ever met. His blows landed with a thud.

"You can laugh this off if you want to. I guess Chuck Wiggins was the best all-around fighter I ever met. There was a man who could have been champion if he had wanted to. He just wouldn't train.

"He was a dangerous, two-fisted puncher, a great ring general and had the footwork of a lightweight. They tell me that Chuck would never condition himself before a fight and would usually go on a party the night before. If he had taken care of himself, he would have gone to the top."

* * *

"WHAT do you think of Carnera?" I asked.

"That's hard to say," Stribling replied. "He's a whole lot better than most people give him credit for being, but I don't think he'll ever land on top. He's too much of a freak. He's as big as a locomotive and has strength enough to knock your head off—if he lands, but a good, fast, shifty fighter can make a monkey out of him.

"Against the type of boys they've been feeding to him—big slow boys, scared stiff before they enter the ring—he can murder them. I don't think he could take Sharkey, but I know he would have gotten Godfrey if the big Negro hadn't fouled him, and I'm sure he'd be whipped by Schmeling. I knocked him down twice in my two fights with him and he fouled me to keep from losing by a knockout. He hit me in back of the head after the bell had rung and knocked me down.

"Carnera is a dangerous man, all right, but put him up against a smaller, faster man who (*Continued on page* 44)

Native Born Wrestlers Excel Foreigners

By JACK CURLEY

America's Leading Promoter

Left — Afka Khan, Hindoo star. Below — Taro Myaki, great Japanese heavyweight

IS the foreign born wrestler superior to the native American mat artist?

That query has been fired at me quite frequently by newspapermen seeking interviews on wrestling. It places me in rather a ticklish situation to be asked to answer the question, because of the jealousy that exists among the grapplers and the fact that more than half of the men used by me in the various matches I arrange are wrestlers from abroad.

Yet, to be frank, there can be only one answer—the American-born wrestler has proved his worth against the cream of the world's talent and to date, he has shown a mastery over the fellows from overseas. The foreigners take more readily to wrestling because it is the greatest of all sports in the Orient and in many parts of Europe, but when it comes to absorbing the technique of the mat game, the American is a keener student and becomes proficient in far less time than the foreigner.

That is why American wrestlers, in my opinion, have shown superiority. I think that George Hackenschmidt in his prime and in perfect condition, was the greatest wrestler of all time. Yet there are hundreds of close students of the sport who will dispute my statement by pointing to the fact that Frank Gotch twice defeated Hackenschmidt.

Still others will point with pride to the record of Yousoff, the Turk, and declare in emphatic terms that he was the kingpin of them all. True the Turk was a marvelous wrestler, a powerfully built athlete, as strong as an ox, yet I think Hackenschmidt was a better and greater grappler than was Yousoff.

Tom Jenkins, one of the leading referees of the day and wrestling instructor at West Point, was one of the marvels of the catch-as-catch-can variety of wrestlers and in the opinion of many old timers, Gotch could never have held a candle to Jenkins. Old Tom in his prime was a wonder. William Muldoon will tell you that.

Muldoon was the undisputed champion before Gotch and Jenkins left grammar school, but in his day, Greco-Roman style ruled the field while now catch-as-catch-can is the accepted style.

* * *

THE last decade saw many good American born wrestlers. There was Dr. B. F. Roller, born on a farm near Newman, Illinois, and August Schoenlein, better known as Americus, from Baltimore. Until a year ago, Americus lived in the same house where he was born on East Baltimore Street.

Then there was Charles Cutler who came from the lumberjack district of Minnesota, Fred Beel of Marshfield, Wis., and Henry Ordeman and Jess Westergard of Minneapolis, Minn., and Des Moines, Iowa, respectively. They were not actually born in America but came here as mere youths, Ordeman from Norway and Westergard from Sweden.

Joe Stecher was born in Nebraska; Earl Caddock in Iowa; Strangler Lewis in Wisconsin, but reared in Kentucky; Farmer Burns in Iowa and Dan McLeod in California.

There you have the cream of all the wrestlers of the last twenty years. During that time some of the great foreigners who came from their shores to compete with the Americans were George Hackenschmidt, Yousoff Hussane, Raoul de Rouen, Stanislaus Zbyszko, Yousiff Mahmout, Alexander Aberg, Jim Parr, John Lurich, Madralli, Pederson, Jack Carkeek and Paul Pons.

There is only one answer as to the superiority of the American over the foreign rival, and that is final and complete, as the lawyers say when they sum up a case. In all but one instance, all the foreign champions went home defeated by an American champion. George Hackenschmidt was the only foreigner who ever came here to compete for the world title who sailed back to Europe with the crown. That was when he defeated Tom Jenkins at the old Madison Square Garden.

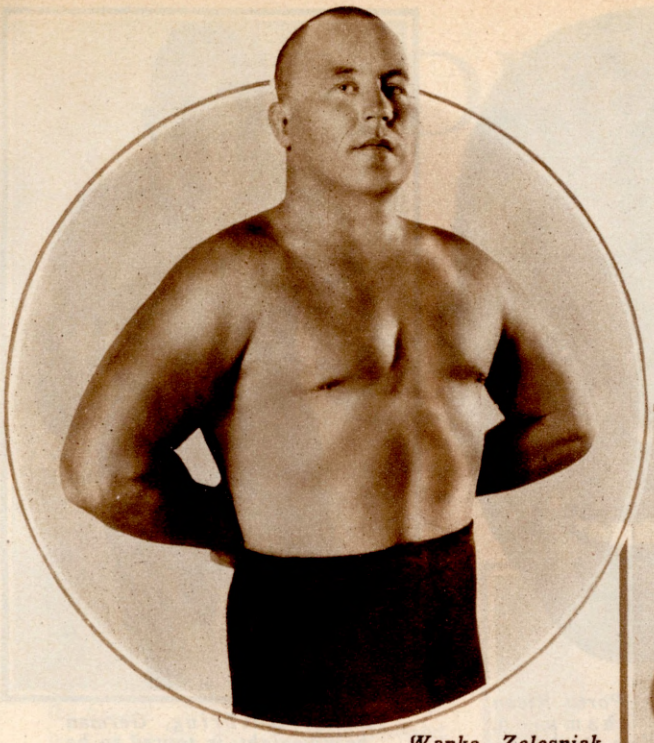
The present day fan has a fine field of wrestlers to follow. Since Frank Gotch dethroned the Great Hackenschmidt at the Stockyards Pavilion in Chicago in 1908, many new faces have appeared, but it is doubtful if at any period in the last twenty years a better crop was on the market than today.

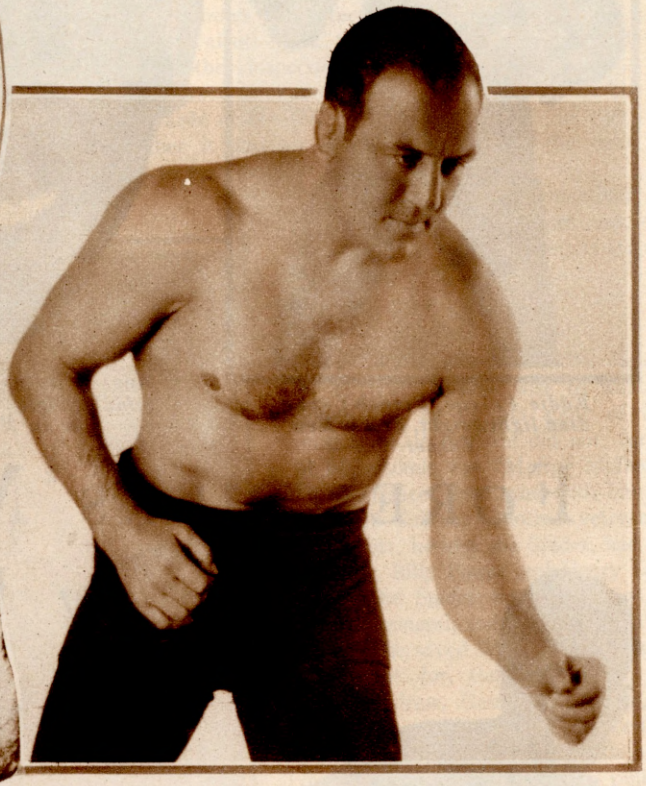
* * *

OUR leader is Jim Londos. He is not American born. As a youngster he came from Greece, but he has wrestled all his matches in America and is accepted as an American in mat circles.

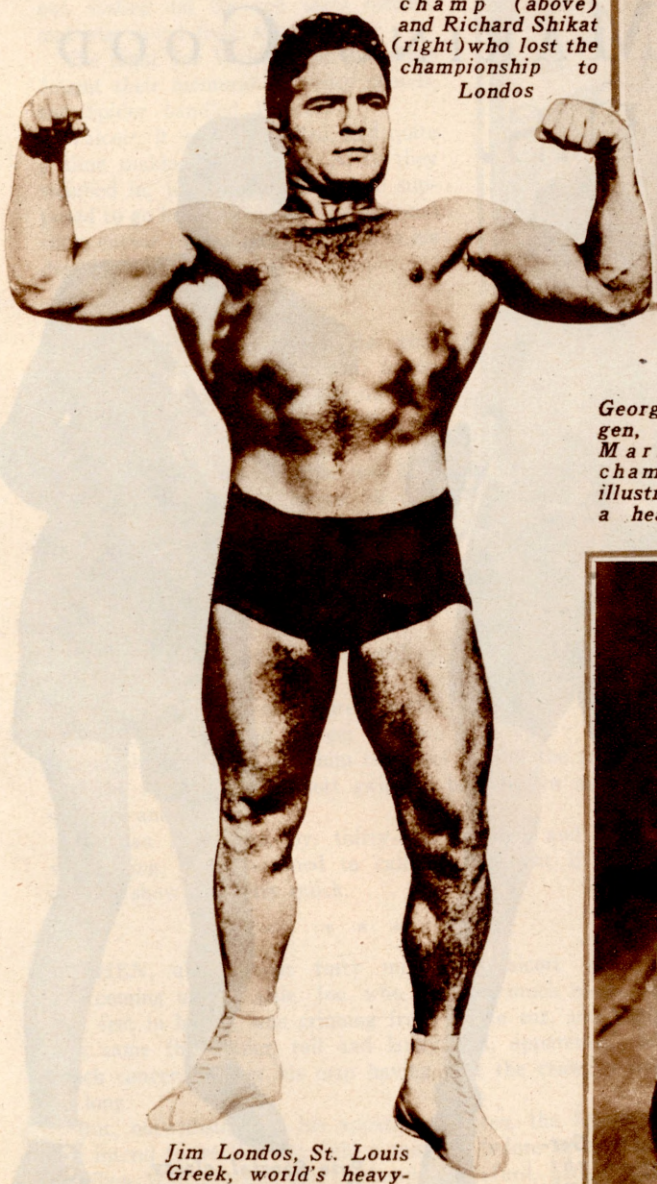
Our crop of real American wrestlers is to-day confined to a bunch of willing and game warriors, but not one boasts of a championship. George Hagen, George Manich, Joe Toots Mondt, Dr. Wilson, Earl McGreedy, Tiny Roebuck, Jim McMillen, Herb Freeman, Bill Bartush, Bill Middlekauf and Rudy Dusek are the Americans booked for the (*Continued on page* 44)

BRAWNY MEN *of* WRESTLING





Wanka Zelesniak, former Russian champ (above) and Richard Shikat (right) who lost the championship to Londos

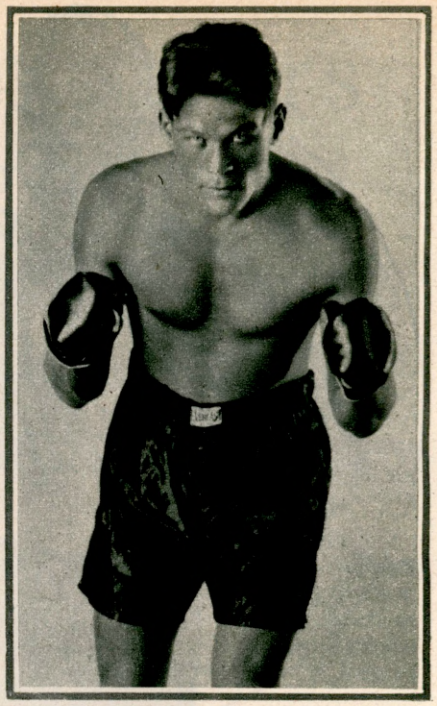


Jim Londos, St. Louis Greek, world's heavyweight champion

George Hagen, U. S. Marines champion, illustrating a headlock

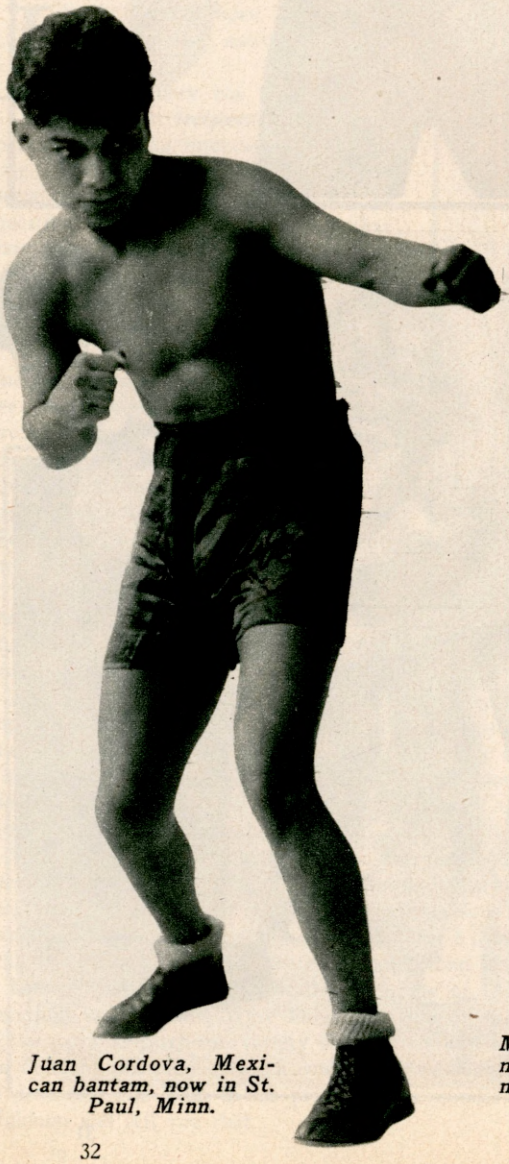
Eddie Provoe, French-Canadian lightweight, now a New Yorker

Angel Cliville, Porto Rican middleweight champion, now in New York



Ernst Guehring, German heavyweight, is touted to be the real goods

FOREIGNERS MAKING GOOD *in* U.S.



Juan Cordova, Mexican bantam, now in St. Paul, Minn.

Michael Maurer, German heavyweight member of Pa Stribling's stable

Pete Sanstol, classy Norwegian bantamweight contender

SPIDER KELLY

By TIM McGRATH

SPIDER KELLY could think faster than any other handler of fighters I ever knew. We were in Oakland one night handling Fritz Holland in a ten-round fight with Knockout Brown of Chicago. Brown had a hard punch in his right hand, but, outside of that, didn't have a chance with Holland, who was a better fighter than he was ever given credit for. The fight had progressed into the seventh round, with Holland outboxing Brown all the way, when Brown let go a straight right and knocked Holland flat. Holland hit the floor hard, and was really out, but at the count of eight the gong sounded, and we jumped frantically into the ring and dragged Holland to our corner. One of the other fellows in the corner shoved the chair into the ring for Holland to sit on, but the Spider kicked the chair out with the remark, "If he sits down he'll never be able to get up." We held Holland up, applied restoratives, and he went out, stalled out the last three rounds, and was saved from a knockout.

The night Joe Walcott and Joe Gans fought their memorable twenty rounds, the Spider handled Walcott.

Walcott, it will be recalled, had quite a time making the weight. After they weighed in, just before they were supposed to go in the ring, the Spider found some excuse to take Walcott back to his dressing room.

* * *

GANS went directly to the ring, where he waited, five, ten, fifteen minutes, with Al Herford, his manager, becoming more and more nervous all the time.

The gallery began to hiss, and Herford, wildly impatient, began to pace about the ring.

Twenty, and twenty-five minutes, went by with still no Walcott, and Dave Barry, that witty Irishman, came out of Walcott's dressing room.

"Hey!" yelled a fellow in the gallery, "where's Walcott?"

"He'll be out in a minute," yelled back Barry, "he had to get another pair of shoes! They sent him two lefts!" But the truth was that the Spider had Walcott swigging beef tea to make him stronger and heavier.

Half an hour went by, thirty-five minutes, and Herford was raging. He threatened to call off the fight if Walcott did not show up pretty quick.

* * *

THEN, after about forty minutes, Walcott was seen coming up the aisle. Joe, who was not much more than five feet in height, was grinning from ear to ear, and behind him came the Spider, tall and lanky and, apparently, very much concerned over his man having kept the crowd waiting so long.

But, notwithstanding his apparent concern, the Spider did not intend to let Walcott fight a moment before he had to.

When Walcott held out his hands, Hereford, with a quick examination, let out an awful roar about the tape on them.

"Why," he shouted, "it's over an inch thick!"

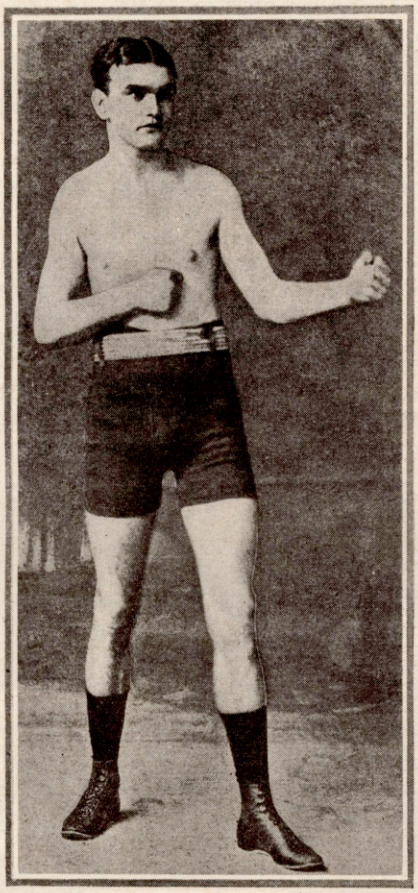
The Spider argued that the tape was all right, but, after about five minutes, he agreed to take some of it off.

He took Walcott back to his corner and then sent him back for another inspection of his hands.

Herford roared some more. The Spider had taken off but two or three yards of the tape.

Altogether it was an hour from the time the fight was supposed to start until it did finally get going.

And let me tell you something. A fighter who is trained down too much can take on a lot of weight and strength in an hour.



Spider Kelly

* * *

I DON'T know whether the handlers of Gans became wise to what the Spider was up to, but some of them must have, if Herford did not, for one of his seconds was "Molly" McDonald, an experienced man, and with him also was Kid Sullivan, another veteran.

Walcott, besides the Spider, had Jack Johnson, Billy Pierce and Henry Lewis.

But the Spider was the brains, the director-general, and I can't help thinking that he saved Walcott a bad beating that night for, though the fight was called a draw, Gans, if anything, had the better of it, and Walcott certainly needed every ounce of strength he acquired in that hour's wait to pull him through.

I've known a great many capable seconds. But if I were a fighter I would rather have had Spider Kelly behind me than any other man I know of. What the Spider didn't know about fighting, or didn't think of, was not worth bothering with.

Many a fighter has been credited with winning a fight, when, as a matter of fact, Spider won it for him.

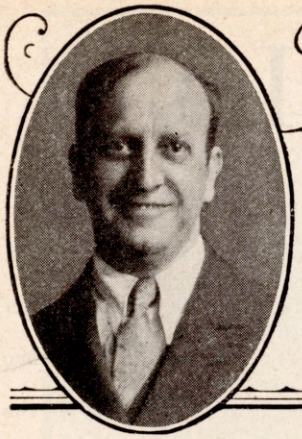
* * *

CONTRAST the Spider with most of the handlers of fighters of the present era. To-day we find, among the so-called seconds, men who never handled a glove before they decided to join the training corps.

I have seen many a fine prospect ruined by seconds who kept sending their man out for a severe shellacking against a far superior boy, when the second should have thrown in the sponge and saved the boy from unnecessary punishment. Needless to say, the prospect petered out into nothing after a few such experiences.

A good second furnishes additional eyes to the fighter. His keen judgment, his knowledge of the human system and his alertness, can often bring a fellow out of a serious situation. Such seconds are worth their weight in gold but, unfortunately, they are almost as scarce as hen's teeth.

The modern ring would benefit considerably by the addition of some "Spider Kellys" to the ranks of the present day seconds.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Carnera's First Setback Blessing to Boxing
Heavyweight Situation Becomes More Complicated
Len Harvey Leads the Middleweight Contenders

PRIMO CARNERA, the giant Italian who has been bowling over setups throughout the country since his arrival from France on a barnstorming tour, met his Waterloo in Boston recently and must now begin all over again if he hopes ever to attain the position of challenger for the world's heavyweight title. With the exception of his contest with George Godfrey in Philadelphia, the public realized, in the twenty-two "bouts" prior to the Maloney bout, that "Satchel Feet" would dispose of his "opponents" in a jiffy, for it seems obvious that in each match, such a victory was prearranged by Carnera's corps of "shrewd" managers.

Twenty-two times Primo took the hurdles without a fall. So popular had he become, especially among his native element, that the Madison Square Garden Corporation was seeking him for a fight with Young Stribling in its spacious Miami arena next October. But the Garden officials failed, apparently, to realize when they arranged for a bout between the Venetian Gondolier and Jimmy Maloney, the Boston Harp, that the rejuvenated Bostonian might upset their calculations. This failure proved rather costly for both the Garden and Carnera's managers, for Jimmy, the pride of South Boston, thrust himself back into the pugilistic limelight by handing the Italian his first defeat in America. In turning the trick, Maloney gave the finest exhibition of his long career.

The tilt, a ten round decision affair, was awarded to Maloney in one of the fiercest fights staged in a Boston arena in many moons, and by his victory, Jimmy furnished the year's biggest upset. It was the first time any fighter had gone more than six rounds with Carnera since he launched his gold-digging campaign here, a campaign that brought into the coffers of his combine more than $200,000. Ace Clark and Bombo Chevalier, both Negroes, each went five rounds with him, and these fights were certainly not fought on their merits. There were many who thought Carnera won from Maloney, but the fact remains that the judges awarded Jimmy the verdict.

* * *

Maloney Stuns Giant Italian's Handlers

Now that Maloney has taken the measure of Carnera, the Italian cannot possibly be considered for a return battle with Stribling at Miami to decide an opponent for Max Schmeling in the next battle for the world's heavyweight championship. A bout such as this would be "just another match."

Had Carnera disposed of Maloney, the public would have been satisfied to see him take the place of Jack Sharkey, but as the Hub fighter, since his knockout at the hands of Sharkey, has been regarded as a second rater, and has not been listed among the first dozen of a decidedly poor lot of heavyweights, Carnera's stock took a big tumble. Even if Carnera had gained the decision, anything short of a knockout would have proved a blow to his prestige.

It is safe to say that had the Italian's managers for a moment thought that Maloney, the reputed washed-out, often defeated Bostonian, would not be a mark for Primo, the match never would have been made. Both Leon See and Bill Duffy figured Maloney another setup who would fall by the wayside in less than five rounds, and the public backed their judgment, for odds of 4 to 1 went begging on the night of the fight. The defeat of Carnera came as a thunderbolt, yet when a close and thorough analysis is made, it is found that Maloney, barring big George Godfrey, was by far the best and most experienced fighter Carnera had met since arriving in the United States.

* * *

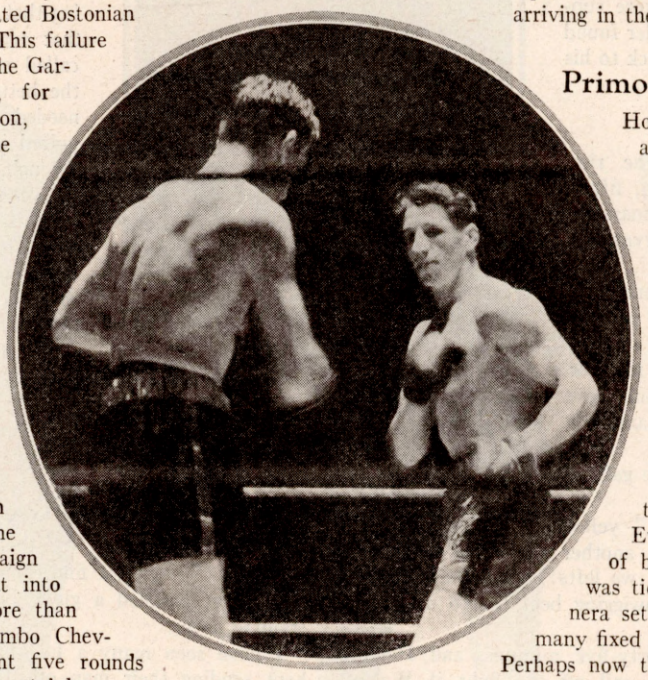
Primo Still a Good Prospect

How the Maloney victory will react, remains to be seen. Maloney does not rank with Schmeling, Sharkey, Stribling, Godfrey, Risko or Campolo, hence his defeat of Carnera by a close margin did not cause the public to fall all over itself. Needless to say, however, it was a most popular victory and one that will help the sport tremendously to regain public esteem. It also gained for Maloney a place back among the elite.

Everybody who has the interest of boxing and its future at heart, was tickled silly to hear of the Carnera setback, and only because of the many fixed bouts in which he has engaged. Perhaps now that he has been whipped and his clean slate has been blotted, his handlers will see the light and pit the giant against the kind of talent he should be meeting.

I still am of the opinion that if managed properly, if matched with boys of calibre, from whom he can learn something. Carnera has a fine chance to come through within the next twelve months. He is still a good prospect, but he has been badly managed.

That defeat by Maloney should not discourage Primo. It should prove to him that he is not invincible, as his trainers have pounded into his top-heavy brain. If he and his man-



Len Harvey (right) and Dave Shade in their contest in London which the Briton won

agers see the light, they will pit him from now on against such topnotchers as they can and develop him properly.

"Satchel Feet" is not merely a circus freak. He can fight.

* * *

Carnera Takes Home Fortune

PRIMO CARNERA and his string of managers don't seem to be worried. While New York and California placed the ban on the Venetian Gondolier, "Satchel Feet" was reaping a harvest in other states. Collecting $1700 for giving an exhibition of three rounds, one against each of his sparring mates, is as much as most topnotchers get in these days of depression for a main event. Barnstorming is a new word in Primo's vocabulary, but it's a cinch he'll always remember it. Primo took back $150,000 to Italy, enough to place him in the millionaire class at home.

* * *

N. B. A. Goes on Warpath

WHEN the National Boxing Association recently voted to place the ban upon all fighters who take part in contests in states not members of the organization, it passed its own death sentence. The association, which aims to rule the sport in America, unfortunately has blundered so often in the past, no one can take its acts seriously.

Taking the championship from Mickey Walker, refusing to recognize legitimate contenders, working in opposition to New York and California to keep the game clean, lifting the ban on suspended boxers every time political pressure was exerted; these among other acts, lost for the National Boxing Association the respect ordinarily due it. And now comes the biggest faux pas—a rule to suspend any fighter who appears in New York, Pennsylvania or California because these states are not members of the N. B. A.

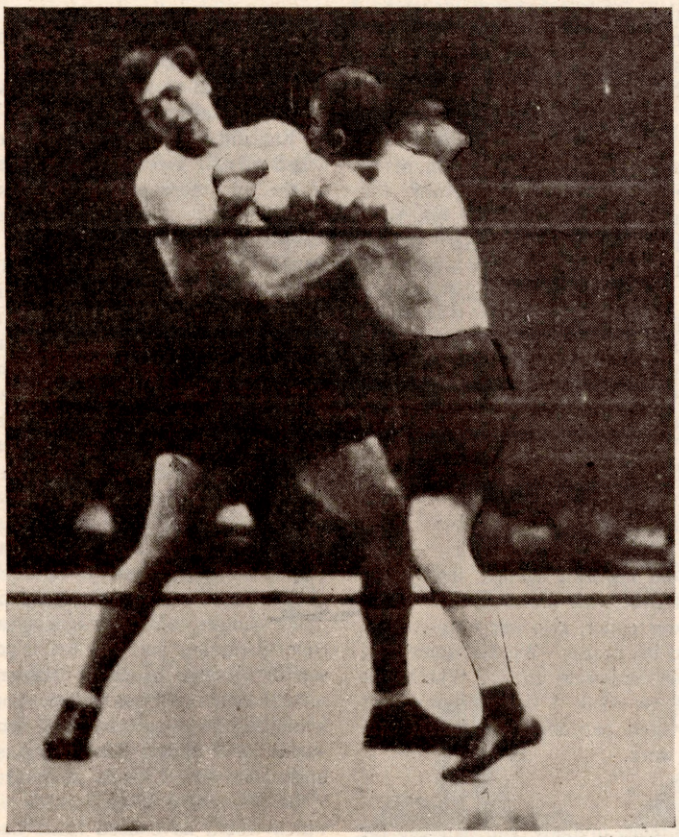
Does the N. B. A. really believe that such a plan will give to it the power it seeks to rule boxing in this country? It doesn't require more than ordinary common sense to predict that such a rule will react against the association and will help the three states against which it is aimed.

A fighter goes where the money can be obtained and every fighter knows that New York is the greatest boxing center in the world.

By far the biggest blunder the N. B. A. was guilty of, was lifting the ban on Primo Carnera after it was proved that his managers had arranged a fake fight with Chevalier on the Coast and for which California and New York threw the Venetian out of boxing.

Rhode Island and seven other states have already declared that they will quit the N. B. A. rather than submit to its new, ridiculous ruling. What chance has the N. B. A. with such open revolt within its own ranks?

The N. B. A. has never meant anything because its measures have been too elastic. Put into effect one day, they were altered the next to pacify a complaining member. The new rule, I feel, will be just as elastic as others which it has passed and failed to enforce.



Scene at the Maloney-Carnera fight at Boston, in which Maloney won the decision

* * *

Great Loss to Boxing

BOXING will lose one of its ablest administrators when James A. Farley, Chairman of the New York State Commission resigns to take up his duties as head of the State Democratic Party. Few men who rule over the sport of fisticuffs guided boxing with so firm a hand as did Jim Farley.

With William Muldoon, for six years he set the pace in this country and abroad in legislation that brought boxing to the high level it now enjoys. The crooks, the gamblers, the manipulators among the fighters, managers and promoters, always found in Jim Farley a deadly enemy. With him politics was ruled out when it came to deciding on a point that involved the future welfare of the sport and for that, if for no other reason, the sport owes much to Jim Farley.

* * *

Len Harvey Advances

LEN HARVEY, British middleweight champion, has earned the right to clash with Mickey Walker for the world crown. Harvey's victory over Dave Shade in London and the defeat of Rene De Vos by Abie Bain on the same night, jumps Harvey into the challenging position so long held by Shade.

That the fight fan will pay well to see plenty of action is evident from the gatherings that greet such fighters as Kid Berg, the Perlick boys, Henry and Herman; Justo Suarez, Al Singer, Jimmy McLarnin and the popular Kid Chocolate.

Speaking of the Perlick twins, here are two lads who are coming along in leaps and bounds.

Their style and peculiar ring magnetism is what makes them popular.

* * *

Muldoon Praises Sharkey

"JACK SHARKEY is still the greatest of heavyweights," is a statement the Hon. William Muldoon made the day after the sailor's fight with Victorio Campolo was called off.

"I think Sharkey would have won from Schmeling, had the battle not ended as it did, and I believe he will win the title if he gets another chance at the German.

"In my opinion there is not a better heavyweight in the world today," the venerable boxing commissioner went on to state.

A good many of the fight experts agree with you, Commissioner.

When Sam Langford

By "Doc" Almy

THESE times of highly scientific matchmaking with days and even sometimes weeks of quibbling as to weights, purse, conditions and such matters, wearisome stuff though it may be, partly mere ballyhoo and as such serving to bring in the money through the gates, takes us back to an occasion wherein fuss and feathers were entirely lacking. It was one of our dips into the sport which, like our selection of Max Schmeling as the chap to receive the award over Sharkey, turned out O. K.

It was an international affair at that—3000 miles of briny water between the various principals engaged—and not lacking in importance, yet the business went forward without a serious hitch—went over the top with a bang that was more or less satisfactory to all concerned.

The happening dates back to 1907, a period when there were plenty of good ringsters around—in our opinion many more than there are at present—with Sam Langford, the colored pugilist of Boston, then a light heavy and but little more to the world at large than just another fighter. It was back in 1906 when Langford traveled 15 rounds with Jack Johnson that I took a fancy to him, for he shaped up then as being close to the finished product.

I saw that fight, an affair staged in Chelsea, Mass., a suburb of the Hub—saw Langford give away about 40 pounds to one of the greatest defensive fighters the world has ever known, and yet come through to the journey's end. Sam lost the decision and got a pounding, but the fight was not one-sided. He put more than one dent in Johnson. As a melee, it was a 100 per cent and plus affair.

To me, the Langford of that night looked invincible in any ring contest wherein the matching was fairly close. I thought he could hold his own against any man in the fistic world at that time with the exception of Johnson and Jeffries. In our paper, also our writings overseas, we were loud in his praise. We had something really worthwhile to crow over, and went to it. Whether it was this attitude toward him, or what, I do not know, but one day in 1907, Langford visited our office, his initial call, and said he was looking for work.

* * *

"I WANT a bout and will fight anybody you can get for me," he said. "What about your manager?" I queried in tones of surprise. It was well known that Sam was tied up with Joe Woodman, at this writing a resident of New York.

"Well, we've parted," replied Sam. "We've broken and I am on my own."

"Sure of it?" I asked.

"Sure," he came back. "Woodman has fired me—told me to get a bout for myself."

"Well, if that is true and you are leg-free, would you care to go to England?" I asked. "You might have to fight somebody over there that neither of us knows. I am not acquainted with the fighters over there."

"Would I go to England," echoed Sam. "I'll say yes. I'll fight anybody—don't care who he is."

"All right," said I, "you may find yourself in a match. Don't squeal when the time comes. Also, if you are merely fooling around, don't bother me. You'd better fix up your affairs with Woodman or go back to him if you want to."

Langford left and I got busy. A letter concerning Langford was "shot" to "Peggy" Bettison, then matchmaker of the National Sporting Club of London, with whom I had become somewhat acquainted. In my letter I said, "I want a fight for Sam Langford of Boston at your club. Match him against any you can find, barring Johnson and Jeffries, and you will see a mill. Clippings concerning Sam's battle with Johnson are enclosed."

Two weeks went by—then we got a bite. It was a cable message from Bettison which read:

"Will give Langford $1500 to fight Tiger Smith 20 rounds, April 22. Cable answer."

Tiger Smith, except that he was a British heavyweight and an army chap, was all new to me, but that made no difference. I felt cocksure that Sam could whip him, whoever he might be—large or small. I cabled back at once: "Fight is on. Send transportation.

That's all there was to that bit of matchmaking—a mere matter of minutes. Bettison came through with the transportation, and as for Langford, when he was told that a fight had been secured for him in London, he was overjoyed.

"England for mine," he ho-hoed. "As for Tiger Smith, he's licked now." I felt the same way about it, but for my part of the job, there was more work immediately ahead.

* * *

FIRST of all, I found that I could not make the crossing. There were family and business objections which could not be waived, so I had to secure a representative—a chap who at that time was managing Al Delmont, the Boston bantam and feather star. Naturally, he wanted to take Delmont along with him. Some letter-writing and cabling did that part of the trick. Evidently Bettison was in a receptive mood, for he matched Delmont to fight Owen Moran, then well out in front as a British feather, the distance to be 20 rounds and the contest the same night as the Smith-Langford affair.

Finally came sailing day—a trip across to England on the *Ivernia* from an East Boston pier. It was a day of days for all concerned, though from different angles. Langford, a great ringster, but at times extremely careless and reckless as regards personal affairs—a real son of his own happy-go-lucky race, having got himself into several legal quibbles, had me worried. I feared a last minute holdup—perhaps at the very gangplank—a happening which would have ruined all our plans and placed me in a most unenviable light both in England and in my home land.

To prevent, if I could, such a happening, I adopted a plan which would have been futile had it been put to a test—but it looked good to me at the time. It was to have Langford come aboard ship a good three hours before sailing time, my bright idea being that once on the liner we could secrete him somewhere and keep him under cover until the boat had left the pier and all danger of civil arrest would be over. Sam was to be on hand at 10 o'clock in the morning. All was set the night before and he fully understood all the directions, whys and wherefors. I put in about half the night with him so that there should be no mistakes.

* * *

WELL, 10 o'clock next day arrived and I was at the pier—waiting at the church—but, Langford was not there. It got to be 10:30, then 11 o'clock and no Langford. My back hair was beginning to stir. I began to feel my spine sweat. The hands of my watch pointed to 11:30, and then 12 o'clock but no Samuel.

The *Ivernia* was due to sail at 1 o'clock. Many persons were boarding the steamer. There was a gang about the plank, all harmless as I later was to find out, but at that time regarded by me as chaps loaded to the gills with various civil processes to serve on Langford.

"It's all off," I groaned. "I'm licked. He is not going to show up. It is too late now to go hunting for him."

Wrecked a British Hope

A Hitherto Untold Story of Sam's First Trip to England

"I saw visions of all kinds of trouble with our "British cousins" and plenty of abuse in the press on both sides of the pond. "Yankee tricks" and yours truly would be put into the pillory together.

It was about 12:30, a moment when my gloom was as thick as the stickiest mud in the Dismal Swamp when I heard a shout from down at the city end of the pier. I rushed to look. It was Langford. By the gods, he was actually in sight! The Ebony Beauty was arriving. He had been celebrating; had been bidding Boston a fond farewell—a wet one in spots—but he was making the grade all right.

And, trailing along with him was a collection of both white and colored admirers, many of them carrying bundles and packages. This was their baggage and a number of them were going to England, too—were going over to help Sam in his training. Yes—they were!

"Here I be," bellowed Sam to us. "I am Sam Langford of Boston, going to England to fight Tiger Smith."

"For the love of the Lord, shut up," I urged.

"Why should I keep quiet?" he roared. "I'm not a crook. I'm a fighter. I'm Sam Langford, I am."

Gee, but it was awful. Talk about sneaking him aboard!

* * *

I GAVE him his ticket, he got to the gangplank and I closed my eyes and felt for my rabbit's left hind foot. I fully expected that he would be pinched—and that in short measure. The steamer officers looked at his ticket. There was no question as to his identity. They passed him and up the plank Sam went, and aboard.

My pal manager, already on the ship himself, got Sam into a stateroom and kept him there for a time. A few minutes later the lines were cast off and 100 feet of deep, cold green water separated Langford from North America. I gave three inward cheers and sang silent psalms of praise for at last Sam was safe on the high seas.

But, meanwhile, the hangers-on! What of them? While Sam was connecting with the *Ivernia,* they were connecting with us. "Where's our tickets?" was the slogan. "Sam said you had them. We're going to England, too." Next they began to yelp for Sam—"Sam, Sam, don't leave us," etc., etc. Langford appeared at the rail and gave them a "ho-ho" and "ha-ha," but that's all the comfort he had to dispense.

From what we could gather from the crowd, Langford, always full of jokes, had promised several of his following to take them with him to England, and they had fallen for his promises. That's all there was to that joke. My end of it, however, there on the pier with the crowd milling about me, was no laughing matter. Finally "Sport" Sullivan of Boston, who had some "piece" of Langford somewhere, or said that he did, came to the rescue. We grabbed a cab and left the mob.

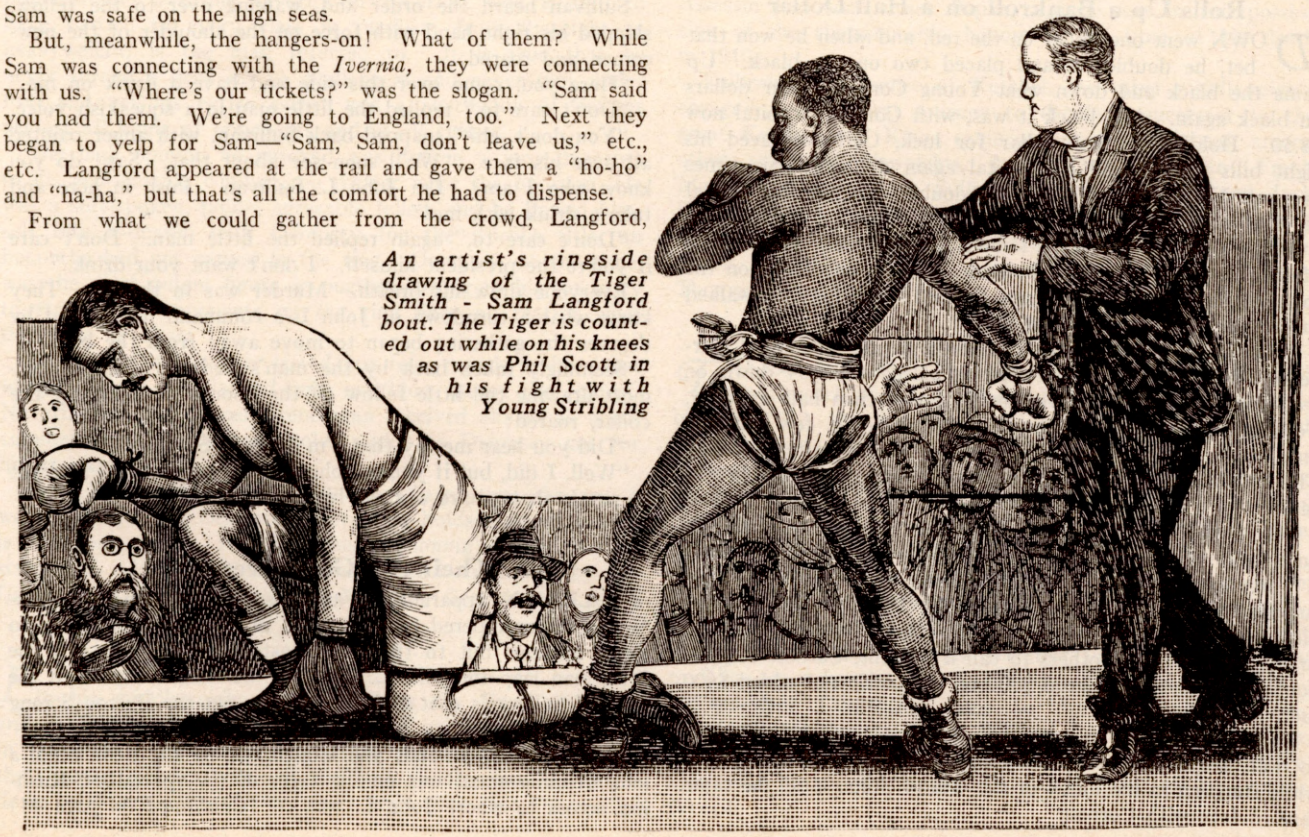
* * *

IT was many-a-long day before we were to see Langford again and much happened in the meanwhile. Sam arrived in England, trained there a few days with Delmont, and then came fighting night. Delmont lost a close decision to Moran in 20 rounds—a fine mill which won both plenty of praise in British sporting journals. Langford finished his man in the first minute of the fourth round—no great surprise on this side of the pond.

As the story of this latter fight—Langford vs. Smith—goes, the British heavy had height, weight and reach in his favor and ruled a big favorite. The Britons would not and could not believe that Langford was a great fighter—that is, until they had seen him in action.

"Our man will make short work of this little Boston nigger," was the word passed around among the staid wearers of the soup and fish that night at the famous "headquarters." The first chapter was a tame one—intentionally so as concerns Samuel. He wanted to feel his man out; to see what he had. Also, betting was involved. A few friends of Langford had wagered on him—Sam's own end of the money was being circulated. He wanted to be on the short end and his showing in the first round helped along the idea immensely.

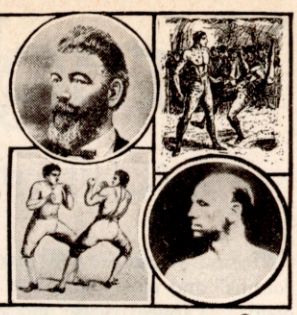
In the second canto, Langford again showed very little. His few admirers kissed their money good-bye and the Britons grew increasingly gleeful. There was (*Continued on page* 42)



An artist's ringside drawing of the Tiger Smith - Sam Langford bout. The Tiger is counted out while on his knees as was Phil Scott in his fight with Young Stribling

FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

A. D. PHILLIPS



DOWN in Miami, the winter playground of America, one of the biggest pastimes of the sportsmen is gambling at the roulette tables. I ventured into one of the smartest of Miami's famous casinos last winter to indulge in a little recreation and also to watch others throw their money away. Standing at my side was a young westerner who in appearance looked the picture of the late Young Corbett, and, like that famous fighter, he seemed to enjoy the roulette sport. While others lost, this chap was gathering 'em in. When I left he had a stack of bills—more than $5,000—as his winnings, yet the next morning I was told he had quit the Casino with only a few dollars left.

And so it was with Young Corbett. He loved his gambling, but he seldom went home a winner. I once saw Terry McGovern's conqueror roll a fifty-cent piece into $4,900, only to walk home that night minus his winnings and the original capital. It was up at Saratoga a few years ago that the former champion entered one of the Spa gambling houses looking for a touch.

He walked over to a table where many of the fast set were throwing down their bills on a turn of the wheel, and after a tough day at the track, Young Corbett found himself in need of help. A half-dollar piece was his sole possession, and he tossed it on the table to play the red. Half-dollar bets not being accepted, the money was returned to him. Corbett was about to leave, when a Broadway sport handed him a dollar and with this as added capital, the one time king of featherweights decided to try for a "turn of luck."

* * *

Rolls Up a Bankroll on a Half Dollar

DOWN went one dollar on the red, and when he won that bet, he doubled it and placed two on the black. Up came the black and down went Young Corbett's four dollars on black again. And black it was, with Corbett's capital now $8.50. Holding his half-dollar for luck, Corbett placed his eight bills on red and his capital again doubled. Six times in a row Young Corbett won on a doubled bet, and his capital quickly rose to $64.50.

Jack Doyle, New York's famous billiard-room keeper who often helped Corbett when in want, kept an eager eye on the former fighter and when he saw Corbett's winnings, he walked to his side and urged him to quit.

"Quit! Not while I'm in a winning streak," answered Corbett. And, instead of quitting, he placed the $64 down on red, and again won. Thereafter for more than half an hour, Corbett kept winning. Sometimes he placed a few hundred on a color, but most often he doubled the bet after winning. This continued until he became the biggest winner in the game.

Soon word passed through the house that Corbett was off on a lucky streak, and those who knew what this meant when it corcerned Corbett, rushed into the gambling room and surrounded the former champion. Bet after bet was won by him, until his roll reached $4,300 and then, after considerable urging by Doyle and others to call it a night, Corbett stopped doubling his bet and placed $300 on the black and added $600 more to his bankroll.

Finding it useless to argue or attempt to persuade Corbett to quit, Doyle left the room and about half and hour later, while standing in the lobby of the Grand Union hotel, he came face to face with Corbett.

"I'm glad you had sense enough to quit," said Doyle by way of starting the conversation. "Any more luck after I left you?"

"No, Jack," replied Corbett, "the damnedest luck ever. But I don't see what you're worrying over. I only lost a half dollar. That's all I had when I entered. I blew the half, that's all."

Such was Corbett's gambling spirit. He was always in want, because he couldn't hold on to money.

* * *

When John L. Sullivan Fooled 'Em

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the man who through his travels made boxing popular in this country, appeared in Chicago for three days' theatrical engagement early in December many years ago, and as usual, when the show was over, he hied himself to the city's most popular sporting rendezvous where he ordered a round of drinks for a gang of satellites. This was one of John L.'s special rights, and he insisted that everyone join him in celebrating.

Champagne was flowing freely and everybody in the house was expected to drink with the champion when the Boston Strong Boy commanded. Just when Sullivan had ordered a second round, in walked a little man in a heavy overcoat, collar turned up about his ears, his hands in heavy woolen mittens, a red handkerchief tied around his neck and his nose red from the biting wind.

The newcomer stepped up to the bar and in a mild-mannered voice, somewhat quivering from the cold, ordered a cocktail.

Sullivan heard the order and, walking over to the fellow, slapped his right hand with force on the shoulder of the newcomer, and roared:

"Here you, come over this side and have a drink on me."

"Don't care to," replied the little man in a squeakish voice.

"You don't, eh?" snapped back Sullivan, with anger painted all over his face. "We'll soon see about that. Say! do you know who I am? I'm John L. Sullivan. Push in here and take a drink with me!"

"Don't care to," again replied the little man. "Don't care if you're the president himself. I don't want your drink."

Everyone drew his breath. Murder was in the air. They knew what a turndown of John L.'s command meant and by degrees the gathering began to move away from the bar.

Seemingly taken back by the man's audacity, Sullivan, almost drawing the little fellow off the floor with a jerk by the collar, roared:

"Did you hear me say that I'm John L. Sullivan?"

"Well, I did, but if you're John L. Sullivan, then all I've got to say is that you're a great big duffer."

* * *

Their Act Goes Over Big

SULLIVAN, apparently in anger, squared off, and the spectators scampered to all corners of the room expecting to see a murder, but to their utter astonishment they saw the little man leap for John L.'s throat. Missing, he grabbed the back of Sullivan's coat and with a jerk, put the Boston Strong Boy off his balance.

Sullivan whirled about and landed against the door while a look of amazement was on the faces of the spectators. Rushing across to where John L. was (*Continued on page* 44)

"Color" in Pugilism

By CLARENCE RIORDAN

POPULARITY in pugilism usually depends on pugnacity, with resultant victories in the ring. Or, as the phrase stylists put it, "color." However, the color must not be yellow, even if the candidate for public acclaim seldom wins a bout. If a fighter is glorious in defeat, he is assured of a hearty welcome whenever he enters the ring. But let him show the white feather and he quickly is forgotten.

John L. Sullivan was a popular idol because he declared with unmistakable emphasis that he could "lick any man that had the hardihood to get into the ring with him." Inspection of the records seems to indicate that several capable heavyweights were afraid to enter the ring with the Boston Strong Boy. It was John L.'s pugnacity, his fearlessness that made him so popular. He was esteemed, especially by Bostonians, as the greatest fighter that ever put up his hands.

James J. Corbett, probably the greatest boxer that ever drew on a glove, and who dethroned the mighty John L., was admired for his cleverness. Yet he never reached the high peak of public approval enjoyed by Sullivan.

Robert Fitzsimmons, who upset Corbett and was with small doubt the ablest fighter in the heavyweight class with the advent of glove contests, never approached the mark of public esteem reached by Sullivan.

James J. Jeffries, because of his size and strength, earned the approval of many ring followers, but owing to a few mistakes in procedure, lost caste with the public.

* * *

YET there was one man who, while not a great fighter, and whose record was anything but inspiring, remained high in the esteem of the public up to the time of his final ring battle. Georges Carpentier, idol of French followers of pugilism and a prime favorite in America, who is said to have battled in every class in pugilism from flyweight to heavyweight, is the man referred to. It is true that he never turned a deaf ear to challengers and never quit under fire, and yet his entire career was a succession of defeats against all kinds of opponents and in all classes.

The high opinion he enjoyed was due in a large measure to his gentlemanly conduct, no matter what the occasion. He was a soft-spoken, polite, agreeable fellow and he bowed himself into a match with Dempsey for the world's title, an honor he had not earned in the ring. Dempsey, at the time, was the most potent figure in pugilism owing to his tendency to stretch his opponents on the ring floor no matter what their size or class.

To be sure, Carpentier lasted but four rounds in his joust with Dempsey, and landed only one blow during the contest. Nevertheless, the dapper Frenchman received almost as much commendation for his one solid punch as Dempsey got for his knockout blows.

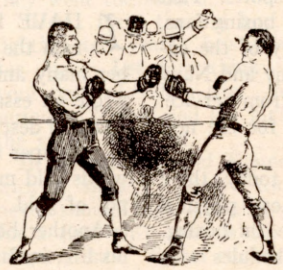
As a heavyweight fighter, Georges Carpentier was not a world beater. The best man Carpentier holds a decision over is Gunboat Smith, the Frenchman winning on a foul in six rounds. It seems that Carpentier had been floored by the Gunner and that the latter struck before Georges was up.

* * *

IT will not be denied that Carpentier was at his best in his middleweight career, holding the European title, and in France at least, being regarded as the greatest man in the class. Doubtless, it was in his middleweight form that Carpentier met some of the best in the class and went down to defeat. It was from 1911 until 1913 that Carpentier flourished as a middleweight, and it was during that period of time that he met Frank Klaus, American middleweight champion; Billy Papke, former holder of the title; and also the Dixie Kid, a Negro named Aaron L. Brown, of Fulton, Mo., who, as a welterweight, took the title from the celebrated Joe Walcott in a bout that lasted 20 rounds.

Dixie Kid arrived in France in 1911, and was matched with Carpentier for a bout that was staged on August 29, 1911. The Kid, who was an expert boxer and a stiff puncher, outboxed Carpentier for four rounds. In the fifth session he landed a right to the body that doubled up the French title holder on the canvas. Carpentier's manager, Francois Descamps, wily Frenchman, yelled "foul" at the top of his voice, and influenced the referee to the extent that he disqualified the Kid.

But the disqualification did not last any length of time, for a number of French sportsmen who were present at the affair and saw that the blow was fair, organized a committee to investigate the matter. The committee, after a searching inquiry, declared that the blow was fair and ordered the referee to reverse his decision or else take the consequences. The referee decided to reverse his decision and escape the consequences. No title was at stake in this bout, as the only championship ever held by the Kid was the welter, he being strictly a 140-pound fighter at the time.



* * *

IN 1912, two notable American fighters arrived in France, looking for fights and francs. They were Frank Klaus, of Pittsburgh, the unquestioned middleweight champion of America; and Billy Papke, the Illinois Thunderbolt, who had formerly held the honors by virtue of a defeat of Stanley Ketchel. But the Michigan Assassin had soon upset Papke, and he was in full possession of the championship honors at the time of his death in 1910.

Following the demise of Ketchel, the other middleweights engaged in a general tourney to decide a successor to the great Ketchel, and Klaus came out on top. He beat, among other crack middleweights, Jack "Twin" Sullivan, Frank Mantell, Montana Dan Sullivan, Sailor Petroskey and Jack Dillon, leading aspirant for the title. While this tourney was in progress, Papke was in Australia, where he lost to Dave Smith, champion of the Antipodes, and Cyclone Johnny Thompson and others.

* * *

THEREFORE, when Papke arrived in France in 1912 and got a match with Carpentier which was decided on October 23, 1912, the American held no title. Papke defeated Carpentier, stopping him in 17 rounds.

However, Klaus not only defeated Carpentier in 19 rounds on June 24, 1912, but also won the world's middleweight championship, and was the first American boxer to achieve that honor.

Notwithstanding the fact that Klaus had Carpentier on the floor and practically knocked out, the Frenchman's manager yelped "foul" at the top of his voice. This time the referee insisted that the blow was fair and gave the decision to Klaus on a knockout.

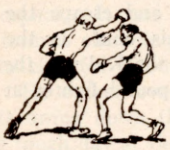
Thereafter Carpentier came to America and won the light heavyweight title from Battling Levinsky, only to lose it by a knockout at the hands of Battling Siki. Yet today Carpentier rivals Jim Corbett as a stage and motion picture favorite.

College Boxing Here to Stay

By EDDIE SHEVLIN
Dartmouth Coach and Former Star Welterweight

BOXING has long been a great activity at both West Point and Annapolis, our government service schools. It has been recognized as a great agent in the development of the soldier and sailor, hence the compulsory courses in the manly art at both of the above named institutions.

When the World War broke out, it was only natural that Army and Navy officials were quick to recommend the introduction of boxing in all training camps as one of the means of getting our boys ready for the strenuous work which came later. Boxing instructors were appointed to all military and naval training camps and stations. Thousands of men who had enlisted found themselves confronted with the task of learning the mysteries of the left jab, hooks, right crosses etc. Most of them never had had any previous experience in any kind of athletics, let alone boxing, a sport regarded by many as the most rugged of all. Yet, strange as it might seem, boxing became the most popular of all service sports. That is what developed so many new boxing fans, and so much new talent. Many of the enlisted personnel of both the Army and Navy were college men and when they were released from service, they brought with them to school an enthusiasm for the new sport developed during war service.



Where before it was a novelty at college, today there isn't a first class institution in the country whose physical education department does not foster a course in boxing. Many colleges form boxing teams and arrange schedules with other colleges as has been done with football and baseball, while still others encourage the sport for intra-college activity.

Yale, Annapolis, Penn State, Penn, Dartmouth and Syracuse are a few of the more prominent eastern institutions who are represented in the ring sport. Harvard, Princeton and Cornell are more inclined to foster it as an intra-mural sport. However, the time is near when boxing meets will be staged much the same as track meets and basket-ball and all colleges will endeavor to put out teams as expert as in other sports.

* * *

BOXING received only passing notice at Dartmouth when I first started it back in 1913. It was looked upon as an interesting experiment and didn't have many friends. In fact most of the college people were of the opinion that it wasn't the right sport for college men. They admitted, however, that the game had great value as a body and character builder.

Dr. John W. Bowler was its greatest booster. The doctor had been an amateur champion himself and felt that there was nothing so good as boxing for physical development. It was due to his influence that I stayed and gave boxing a good trial.

However, after two years, I found there wasn't enough interest in the sport to warrant my staying, so I transferred to Cornell, where I remained as instructor until the war. When my service with the Navy was over, Dr. Bowler asked me to return to Dartmouth to teach boxing and there I've been ever since 1919.

Remembering my previous experience, I hesitated about accepting his offer but when he wrote me again he added that the new president, Dr. E. M. Hopkins, who had come since I left, was very anxious that boxing instruction should be given and that he, the president, would aid it in every way possible. Since the fall of 1919, boxing has been one of the most popular of the winter activities. Each year more than one hundred boys come out for boxing.

Up to the 1926-27 season the sport was conducted as an inter-college activity and competitions with other colleges were not permitted.

But in 1926, Harry Heneage was appointed Supervisor of Athletics. Mr. Heneage, who has had considerable experience in all kinds of athletics, was fond of boxing, due to his war activities. He urged the Athletic Council to make it a varsity sport. In our first year of boxing we won two and lost one meet. In our second year we lost one, tied two and won one. This year's schedule includes M. I. T., N. H. U., Yale, Georgetown, Navy and Syracuse.

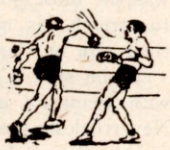
* * *

I HAVE had a great deal of fun in teaching the college men the art of "the grand assault at arms" and can number many amusing and interesting incidents. One young chap wrote an essay, "Punch Drunk," on his experiences as a ringster and described the phenomenon of the knockout; he passed in the paper for his final mark in his English course. He afterwards told me that he wouldn't exchange his experiences for a pot of gold.

Another boy confided in me that he never had a quarrel in his life, in fact never had received a blow of any kind and the thought of being hit, struck terror in his heart. Needless to say, after a season of boxing, he learned to take plenty and his confidence in himself became almost alarming.

Another young chap whom I had in my class at Cornell became so proficient in the game that he earned a large part of his college expenses for over a year through boxing in preliminaries at Syracuse. I would never have learned of it, if it hadn't been for an accidental black eye he received in a bout with Young Fuker, the cave man.

College boxers are a very interesting lot. Their object in taking up the game is varied and amusing. From the fellow who is anxious to give, to the one anxious to receive the knockout, I find the collegiate mit slingers a live, up and coming lot. Contrary to the general belief, the boxers in college are usually very good students.



A great many of my boxing pupils are proud possessors of the Phi Beta key for scholarship. The time is near when we will have our college boxers on a par with your best professionals the same as in other sports. However, I don't think many will take up the game professionally.

The trouble in our colleges to-day is the fact that too few follow the sport of fisticuffs. In some of our institutions, there is still considerable antagonism shown against boxing, but by degrees this will be overcome. I expect within the next few years to see every college in the country establish boxing as a major sport.

I know from experience that the boys who engage in the sport get a great kick out of it, in fact more so than does the fellow who follows boxing professionally, because with one it is a profession, his livelihood, and with the other, it is a source for pleasure.

The Cobbling Kid

(*Continued from page* 13)

Champion who did not care, the friend of the show girls. He hadn't trained much for this fight. "Another Scadrone," he had told his friends, and how they had laughed! Soft dough for the champ.

January night in the big Garden. Katie Schmidt sitting in the first row, flanked by Heinrich and Vincente.

How Pietro and Katie had worked to get the two skeptics to come! How they had cajoled and pleaded, how she had cried: "Just come once and see this grand spectacle in this fine place, and if Pete is beaten, if you decide he ought to give up that life, he will quit," she had told them.

"We will be no parties to a murder, we will not associate with cut-throats," they had repeated time after time.

But in the end curiosity, that most human of human weaknesses, won out.

They really wanted to see the inside of this big arena. What was this fighting business after all? Why, the newspapers had had whole columns about the battle between Kid Bonny and Kannel.

Yes, this Bonny was Buongiorno. If they only knew, chuckled old Vincente. His boy was this Kid Bonny.

Katie, flanked by Heinrich and Vincente, gaping, looking about the big Garden, surrounded by millionaires accompanied by their richly gowned spouses and sweethearts. January night in the big New York arena, and Kid Bonny, from down on Avenue A, fighting for a title and a girl.

* * *

"LISTEN, Gillie," Kannel told his manager in their dressing room. "I have a date with Marie Doe, the movie actress, at the Golden Slipper right after this fight. Invite all the boys, and the gals, too. We'll celebrate.

"I'm going to let this kid stay two heats. Cal Drane comes to me a while ago and says, 'Give the customers a little show, Joe. Loughran sends them out in the third round last week, and now you say it's one heat. Well, lay off a bit.' So I promise him to let this kid stay two."

In the Bonny quarters, Jack O'Hearn was giving the Kid his final instructions. "Remember this—Kannel has had the title for five years. He's old, as fighters go. He's careless. Lives fast. He thinks you're soft and he hasn't trained.

"Well, let me tell you something. If you are the level-headed kid I think you are, you will walk out of this building to-night with the world's title. You have youth, strength, training and, I think, what they call incentive. Know what that means? Well, The Girl. Wouldn't do to lose, would it?"

Pietro laughed. "Not with Pop sitting out there. He'd never speak to me again. Yeh, I've got incentive."

"And remember," O'Hearn continued. "Don't let him talk you out of it. He has the gift of gab. And don't be buffaloed by the fact that he's the champ. All champs come to a night when they become ex-champs. Don't forget that."

The bell clanged. They met for Referee Corey's instructions.

"Well, how long do you want to stay, wow?" the champion chuckled.

Pete laughed, too. "I have no place to go tonight, Joe," he said. "Make it as late as you like."

"Wise guy, this Bonny," said Kannel to Corey. "These kids are all wise-crackers. Well, short and sweet, Corey. Three heats at most, and then join us at the Golden Slipper."

"Say, Joe, I can't join you, and don't think this kid is a sucker," said the referee as he sent them to their corners.

* * *

THE bell, and January night in the Garden. The bell, and they sparred, while 20,000 fans sat tense, keyed up, to watch this boy from the cobbler's bench—the lad who would not be a shoe fixer—fight for the girl and the title.

They felt each other out for a minute, then they began to hit. A cold sweat broke out on Vincente's brow. Heinrich felt his high blood pressure coming on. Katie sat with fists clenched, her finger nails almost cutting into the flesh.

They fought through the first round; they went the second.

"Don't force the old boy. He's been fighting ten years; he's been champion for five. Let him think you're doing your best. Let him tire. When he gets serious, I'll give you the high sign," said the crafty O'Hearn.

In the third round Kannel came out with a smile. "Sorry, Kid, but they never should have signed a guy like you for a fight with me," whispered Kannel. "I got a date. Better stick to them small clubs after this."

Kannel pawed with his left, then shot out a right which was meant for the jaw. Bonny slipped with the punch, then came inside with a left hook to the head. Kannel looked amazed.

He backed away, then came tearing in with both hands. Left for the head, and he hurt the Kid. But Pete took it grimly, then stopped two on the elbows and ripped his left under the heart.

Kannel realized that something was wrong. He lunged with his left, then shot over a right for the jaw, only to find Bonny fast, elusive. The Kid had footwork. He had youth, spirit, ambition, strength.

* * *

BY this time the crowd was in an uproar. Thousands of Italians in that big mob set up a din for the challenger. Kannel came tearing in with two hard lefts to the side of the head, then a right for the nose. He boxed. Two uppercuts.

Bonny took it, and came back for more. Katie was crying. Old Heinrich was berating her.

"Is this a way to encourage your sweetheart, Katie?" he said. "Pietro is strong. The other man looks soft, dissipated. I know men. He will not win."

Kannel answered this with a crashing right to the jaw, and Bonny went down. Seven, eight, nine—then up he bobbed, still boring in. Kannel was bewildered.

They fought through the third. They battled through the fourth, in which Bonny went down for a nine-count again. They struggled on through the fifth, sixth and seventh rounds. Kannel's legs were beginning to feel the strain. Had Gilligan double-crossed him? He had heard of such things. Were Gilligan and O'Hearn in cahoots?

Poor Gilligan stood, watch in hand, under Kannel's corner, mumbling, calling himself names. The watch shook as if he had been seized with the palsy. Why hadn't he seen more of this Kid Bonny? Why had he figured this lad a setup?

In the eighth round Bonny landed a terrific right behind Kannel's left ear. Joe felt himself slipping. He leaned against Bonny's chest and joked with him.

"Think you're going to be a real champ and double-cross old Joe Kannel, eh?" he chuckled, all the while recovering from an actual knockout. Had Bonny known about Kannel's condition, he could have knocked him out with one punch. But old Joe always was wily. He had talked Bonny out of the title.

They battled through the ninth, they went through the tenth. Kannel's legs were getting wearier and wearier. Gilligan and his men massaged those legs feverishly, and O'Hearn took in all the signs and portents.

"Now is the time, Kid," he whispered to Bonny. "See them working on those stems? Well, Kannel is finished. Cut loose."

* * *

IN the eleventh, Bonny rushed from his corner like a tiger, and began to rain blows on the champion. A right uppercut landed with force under Kannel's heart. Kannel stood astounded, then called on all his cunning. He began to talk again. But Bonny only laughed.

Left, right—the telegraph instruments clicked. The veteran boxing writers saw the old act all over again. Leonard whipping Welsh, Singer knocking out Mandell, Kannel taking a beating and putting on that fake smile.

The end came in the twelfth. Joe Kannel, king of the cabarets, felt his knees sag. Bonny landed a left flush on the button, and the Garden went stark mad. Pietro Buongiorno, son of Vincente, the Calabrese cobbler, was the new lightweight champion of the world.

* * *

"I have a letter from Pietro. He says they have been to this Niagara Falls, where the big water rushes down, and they are going to Chicago," said Vincente to Heinrich some months later. "It was wonderful, wasn't it, Heinrich? The crowd—and the ten thousand dollars. And I hear he will get $40,000 the next time. This wonderful America!"

"Yah, ten thousand, and forty thousand—and listen, Vincente, I hope it's a boy."

"May we both have our wish, Heinrich," said old Vincente, as he pulled on his smelly calabash, and Spring again laid its soft hands on old Avenue A.

When Sam Langford Wrecked a British Hope

(*Continued from page* 37)

nothing to it at all. Smith just couldn't lose don't-cher-know. Sam showed better in the third, though he continued to box carefully. He let Smith do the forcing—let him have the cheers.

"How's the bets?" Sam whispered to his handlers between the third and fourth rounds.

"Everything is all right," they whispered back. "Fine," said Sam. "I'se goin' to start fighting."

On the bell they came out for the fourth. Smith opened with a rush to quarters, letting go both fists. Sam easily evaded him. They sparred for a few seconds and then Smith rushed again. Sam had drawn him in—something unknown to the average ringster of today—and, as Smith swallowed the bait and got close, Langford, having him exactly where he wanted him, uncorked his left hook—a short punch for which he was famous.

Sam put his whole weight back of it—he hit from the heel and not from the shoulder—his whole poundage in the swat. The blow took Smith over the right eye, ripping a gash fully an inch long and knocked him into the air, to drop him down and out close to his own corner. The fight was over and the house, which a moment before had been wildly cheering for Smith, went dumb with astonishment.

* * *

IN that fourth round the British sporting folks saw the real Sam Langford of Boston—one of the greatest fighting machines for his weight the world has ever known. Few Britons up to that moment had ever seen anyone like him. Charley Mitchell, their own man, had been the nearest approach to him. Other matches had been arranged for Langford in England, Scotland and Ireland, but his wrecking of Smith wrecked these contests.

Cold feet became epidemic. Finally one Jeff Thorn took a chance, but he lasted only one round. The trip was over. There was nothing left for Langford to do but return home. June found him back in Boston, later to reunite with Joe Woodman, his former manager.

Such is the story—a bit of a personal one—which until this time has remained unwritten. Of Langford, too much in praise of his great fighting qualities cannot be said. In my eyes, also those of many Bostonians, at his best he was more than a match for any fighter at the front in his day, barring Johnson and Jeffries. Much has been written from time to time about Langford and Johnson. There has been much talk and conjecture as to what Langford would have done had they had a second meeting.

I, who saw them fight once—that 15-rounder in the old Pythian rink at Chelsea—also saw both meet other contenders afterward and I stick to the opinion formed in 1906 that barring Johnson and Jeffries, the "Ho-Ho" boy in his best days, free of any entanglements, could whip any fighter in the world.

New Faces in Boxing

(*Continued from page* 5)

opportunity I will bring him East. He should do considerable towards making new fight fans. Tait Littman of Milwaukee has been winning all of his bouts around the Middle West and is about ready for an eastern invasion. Men of this type help to bring the sport back.

* * *

AMONG the younger heavies, Babe Hunt seems to have dropped suddenly. He looked great until he lost consecutive bouts to Angus Snyder and Jack Renault. No one can be too certain about the heavies, particularly in view of the disastrous defeat suffered by Primo Carnera at the hands of the suddenly rejuvenated Jim Maloney. This victory puts Maloney right into the running again and he and Griffiths should attract.

Frank Cawley of Wilkes-Barre, who recently came through with victories over Tom Heeney and Pete Latzo, has improved a great deal. With proper handling by Joe Smith, he should make good.

Ernst Guehring, German heavy, hasn't made an American appearance but is said to have plenty of fighting ability. If so, he should be a fine attraction.

Al Morro, Jim Jeffries' protege, looks like a real comer, according to reports I've received. I would like to bring him East if only for the sake of seeing Grizzly Jim again.

Dick Daniels of Minneapolis startled the fistic fans when he defeated Al Fay and Marty Gallagher in battles only three days apart, and Al Fay redeemed himself when he whipped Les Kennedy on the Coast. Both are ready for the big show.

* * *

MAX BAER, a Coast sensation, was whipped by this same Kennedy. Ernie Schaaf is good enough to be given a chance here, although his work at times is inconsistent and not wholly dependable.

From the above, it is obvious that there is plenty of good material to select from for the indoor campaign now in full swing.

Where Modern Fighters Excel

(*Continued from page* 6)

giant, Jim Jeffries, the Boilermaker weighed 218 pounds.

The impression has been created that Jim Corbett was also a light-heavyweight, and the assertion has been made that he scaled 173 pounds in his fight with Sullivan in 1892.

This is one of the many errors that have crept into boxing literature through the failure of writers to carefully investigate the facts.

In order to clear up the subject of the weights of Sullivan and Corbett in their championship battle at New Orleans on September 7, 1892, the writer herewith submits a copy of the letter sent by Charles Noel, President of the Olympic A. C., of the Crescent City, in reply to a query by Nelson Innes, a prominent writer on boxing, of Boston, Mass., and the pioneer in the collection of boxing history.

* * *

THERE had been considerable discussion as to the weights of the men, and one month after the fight, Innes wrote to Noel asking for the official figures of the weighing in. The letter follows:

New Orleans, Oct. 7, 1892.

Mr. Nelson Innes,

Dear Sir,

President Charles Noel has directed me to reply to your letter and to inform you that he was present and attended personally to the weighing in of Sullivan and Corbett a few minutes before their contest of Sept. 7, and that Sullivan tipped the beam at 212 pounds, and Corbett at 178 pounds. The exact time of weighing in was 8:45 p. m., Sept. 7, 1892.

Yours Truly,

W. D. Ross, Secy.

The 178 pounds above mentioned was probably the lowest weight made by Corbett during his career in the heavyweight division. In his barge fight with Choynski on June 5, 1889, Corbett weighed 180 pounds. When Corbett boxed Jake Kilrain, Gentleman Jim weighed 183 pounds. When Corbett met Peter Jackson, the white man weighed 182 pounds. Hence it is obvious that the great Corbett weighed little more than a light heavyweight for his greatest bouts, yet today the New York Boxing Commission refuses to grant permission to Maxie Rosenbloom to clash with the heavyweights.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page 23*)

By way of reply, Johnson nailed him with a terrific uppercut and knocked him out.

He fought ten rounds to a draw with Sam Langford and frightfully abused Referee Charley Eyton for not giving him the decision. Lacking though he was in the skill that makes a champion, Flynn decidedly was not lacking in either courage or self-confidence.

His fight with Langford led to another which ended disastrously for him and which included an episode that has become famous in ring history. Jim did not train faithfully for his fight, while Langford, who wanted very much to win—partly because of a personal dislike of Flynn and partly because he wanted to show up H. M. "Beany" Walker, fight expert of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, who had cast aspersions on him as a fighter and predicted Flynn would win—was in superb condition. In the opening round, Sam maneuvered Jim until he got him squarely in front of where Walker sat at the ringside.

"Now, Mr. Walker," he said, grinning from ear to ear, "here comes your champion!"

One of his bone-crushing hooks landed on Flynn's jaw and Jim catapulted through the ropes, landing in Walker's lap!

* * *

I HAVE said that when I took Flynn under my management I had several other projects in hand. To these, which had largely to do with the ring, was added in 1909 the post of athletic director of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle.

Two years before, while visiting Otto Floto in Denver, I had become acquainted with the late Harry Frazee, who, having had his first connection with the theater—if I may call it that—as a bill poster in Peoria, Ill., in his youth, had prospered as a producer of musical shows through the middle and far West. Frazee and I formed a friendship that was to lead us to the joint promotion of sporting events later on, including the Willard-Johnson fight in Havana in 1915.

By 1919, we frequently were together in Chicago and on the morning of a wrestling match I was promoting there between Frank Gotch and Yousiff Mahmout—whom we called a Turk but who really was a Bulgarian—I dropped into his office to give him the tickets I had reserved for him.

* * *

"IF you were dressed respectably," he said, "I might invite you to breakfast downstairs in Rector's to meet a friend of mine who is very eager to meet you."

I glanced down at my attire in surprise and realized, for the first time, that beneath my coat and vest I wore only an undershirt. I began to laugh.

"Have you suddenly gone balmy?" Harry asked.

As soon as I could stop laughing, I explained to him that Billy Murphy, sporting editor of the St. Louis *Star*, had arrived that morning to cover the wrestling match, accompanied by Mrs. Murphy, and as he had been informed he could not get a room at my hotel until later in the day, I had given up my room to him until he could be accommodated. Being in a hurry to quit the room and having so many details of the match on my mind, the fact that I had neglected to put on a shirt and collar had escaped me. Much relieved to find that I neither was balmy nor had joined a shirtless cult, Frazee sent one of his clerks out to buy me a shirt, collar and tie and, when I was properly garbed, took me to the restaurant downstairs.

* * *

HIS friend was John Cort, already widely known as a theatrical magnate on the Pacific Coast. He and his partner, George Marmaduke, had charge of athletics at the Seattle exposition and, some time before, when he had confided to Frazee that he was looking for a practical sporting promoter to act as director, Harry had recommended me. The offer which Cort made to me was a splendid one and I lost no time in accepting it.

Required to make no investment of my own and accorded every assistance in the working out of any plans I might conceive, I was guaranteed $6,000 for three months' work on amateur events, plus a generous split on the receipts of all professional shows I could schedule. That looked mighty sweet to me.

To this day it is with a great deal of pleasure that I look back on my experience at Seattle. We had a magnificent enclosed arena at the head of the "Pay Streak," as they called the main avenue or midway of the exposition grounds.

One of the attractions in the theater that was built into the arena was a daily boxing exhibition between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, with Frank Hall acting as referee. I frequently enjoyed seeing their act but, most of all, I enjoyed sitting around listening to John L. tell stories. Without exception, John was the greatest raconteur to whom I ever have listened and a chuckle escapes me, now as there flash through my mind some of the stories I heard him tell.

(*To be Continued in Next Issue.*)

Around the Clock with a Champion

(*Continued from page 9*)

lots of people who want to see and talk to him, and some are too well known to be avoided.

When Tunney was training at his swanky country club outside of Chicago for the second meeting with Dempsey, he invariably spent an hour of this time with Eddie Egan, the Rhodes scholar, being tutored in literature and current events. Most boxers are not so ambitious. Their reading outside of the sports pages of the newspapers, which is done with avid interest, is confined to magazines or books of mystery and adventure.

Dinner is the big meal of the day. Roast beef or lamb, chicken, plenty of vegetables, salad and light deserts such as custards comprise the menu. Milk is a standard drink, though an occasional cup of tea is sometimes taken.

There still remains three or four hours before bed-time. Cards—preferably poker, pinochle, hearts or dummy—are played. Tunney and Loughran had a turn for bridge. Dempsey liked hearts better than anything else.

* * *

SOMETIMES the manager and trainer and newspapermen sit around kidding and chatting. The talk is nearly always fight talk, though seldom of the approaching contest. Stories of old battles and queer happenings are rehashed. Plenty of talk and laughter is necessary to keep the mind of the warrior off the impending conflict.

Every camp has its quota of practical jokers. The "hot foot," whereby a burning match is surreptiously inserted in the sole of a man's shoe; the "hot seat," where he gets a shock of electricity from a specially wired chair, telephone calls at four o'clock in the morning and other tricks are always immensely popular. But none of them are perpetrated at the expense of the champion. That would be lese majeste.

It is the job of his entourage to see that the champion is not bothered, but that wasn't true in the case of Jess Willard when he was training at Toledo for the Dempsey fight. He was continually annoyed and pestered but that was because he wanted to run everything himself. Most fighters are not so ambitious.

At 9:30 the warrior rises, stretches, yawns and announces to the world that he is going to bed.

Then, at 6:30 a. m. the alarm goes off and the day starts all over again.

Watch for this Interesting Series

Beginning with the next issue, THE RING will start a series of articles on the great centers of boxing. How the game got its start in New York, Chicago, Boston, New Orleans and California, and stories of the thrilling encounters in the old days in those localities, will be featured. Don't miss them.

"Jimmy McLarnin, Boxing's Best Trained Fighter"

(*Continued from page* 19)

before time to go into the ring for the fight.

"Jimmy has developed a series of exercises all his own. In addition to following the usual procedure, he seems to find a keen delight in discovering something new in the way of exercise which will develop certain portions of the body, and he never gives up until he has perfected it.

"While most fighters of to-day have abandoned entirely the club swinging and the rowing machine, Jimmy is an ardent worker on these. He can swing the clubs like an expert and thinks the exercise is a great shoulder developer. Jimmy goes in for only a little weight lifting, just now and then, but he is keen on chinning the bar and climbing trees and hanging onto a limb or throwing his body outward perpendicular to the trunk.

"There are few fighters who can tumble as can Jimmy. He is a marvel at this. He can do a triple backflip and can touch his toes from a sitting position twenty times without one miss. Try that and you'll soon learn what a feat it is.

"The ideal athlete, that's what I call my Jimmy. He loves his profession, is a keen reader of good books and is a credit to his race and to the sport in which he is so popular," wound up Pop Foster.

"Schmeling Ordinary Fighter," Says Young Stribling

(*Continued from page* 29)

can punch, and such a fellow will give him plenty of trouble."

Then I inquired about Schmeling.

"He's an ordinary boxer," Stribling said. "It's too bad that Sharkey had to lose by fouling him. Jack would have disposed of Maxie, otherwise. Give Schmeling a year more with the proper coaching and he may make a real champion, but right now I think he is just ordinary. I know I can knock him out and Sharkey can also lick him."

"Who, in your opinion, is the greatest champion ever produced?" I asked.

"It is a toss-up between Jim Corbett and Jack Dempsey," Stribling answered without hesitating. "Gentleman Jim was undoubtedly the greatest boxer who ever lived, judging from statements made by persons who saw him in his prime, and Dempsey is by far the greatest fighter of them all. That would have been a great match—Corbett and Dempsey—had they been coming along at the same time. I would hate to have had a bet on either one. Dempsey is the greatest since Corbett's day."

Out of almost three hundred battles, Young Stribling has lost but one on a foul.

"There's no necessity for a man fouling another," he said. "If he's getting licked, he should go ahead and take his medicine like a man.

"Sometimes fouls come from just plain carelessness on the part of one of the fighters, but there is no excuse for that.

"Over in England, I didn't claim the foul when Carnera hit me after the bell. The referee ruled immediately for they are very strict in England and fouls mean disqualification."

Fights and Fighters

(*Continued from page* 38)

trying to keep his balance, the little man let fly with his left boot, catching the Bostonian on the seat of the trousers, sending him sprawling on all fours.

With a look of satisfaction, Sullivan's opponent walked calmly back to the bar, turned down his collar, removed his overcoat and handkerchief, rubbed the paint off his rummy nose and with a sweep of the hand, asked all to join him in a drink.

Sullivan let out a roar of laughter as he joined the party and all hands recognized in the little man, Frank Daniels, his assistant in a stage act.

Daniels and John L. that afternoon had spent two hours rehearsing the scene enacted in the bar room and they decided to try it out first on the sports before putting it on before the spotlight and so realisic did the act appear there was no further doubt about its going over. It did, with a bang.

Sullivan was a great admirer of Daniels. Even when he no longer had the sawed-off thespian as a partner, he had Daniels frequently as a guest. It was Daniels who first uttered the remark that became famous:

"Let me shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan."

Native Born Wrestlers Excel Foreigners

(*Continued from page* 30)

indoor season to battle it out for the mat supremacy with the invaders. Among the leading foreign representatives on hand for the season's matches with an eye on Jim Londos' title, are Sawdo Szabo of Hungary, Taro Myaki of Japan and Otto Huhtanen of Finland, in addition to those who were in the field last season.

* * *

CHIEF among the star heavyweights who feel they can dethrone Londos are Richard Shikat, who held the title and expects to be a repeater; Hans Steinke, one of the most dangerous of foreigners, a German with a huge, massive frame and the possessor of every trick of the trade; George Calza of Italy, Gus Sonnenberg, whose chief effort seems to be in side-stepping real matches; John Pesek, an in-and-outer; Ray Steele; Paul Jones; Carl Pojello of Lithuania; Ivan Vakturoff and Matros Kirilenko.

Strangler Lewis and Joe Malcowitz, who have been furnishing food for the caged Sonnenberg, are out of the picture. They no longer figure as dangerous opponents.

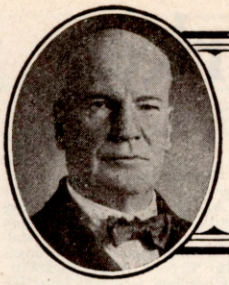
That wrestling has taken a strong hold on the public, is evident by the crowds who packed the arenas throughout the country. While boxing is having its hard times, the mat sport has come into its own again and primarily, as I pointed out in the last issue of THE RING, because plenty of new, high class talent has been imported by me. The fans want new faces and they are getting them.

Among those I have brought here are Taro Myaki, who has returned to this country after touring the Orient. He reports that the Souma style of wrestling is drawing crowds of 100,000 in Japan. In the new stadium at Osaka, where he lives, Myaki says that while Jiu-jitsu and boxing are drawing a fair quota of enthusiasts, Souma wrestling is the craze and that thousands of persons attend the matches. Boxing is a new sport there and is making great headway. The best heavyweight boxer is Busashiyama, who weighs 274 pounds and has scored twenty-four consecutive knockouts. He will soon migrate to this country.

Likewise in India, despite the unrest and business depression, wrestling is going over with a bang. India, with its wealthy Maharajas supporting the sport, has many fine wrestlers. Gama, who had a great record twenty years ago, is now fifty years old and no longer can stand up against the younger talent.

* * *

THE old timers invariably speak of the present day wrestling as a parlor game compared to that of the past, but I am one of the dissenters. I believe that wrestling to-day is on a higher plane and that the talent is better fitted and more versed in the intricate tricks than were the old timers. A better class of mat stars has been developed primarily among the collegians, both here and abroad. Of these I shall write in the next issue.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Reader.

Q.—Please give me information regarding George Bush, "The Maine Giant," who battled Joe Choynski out on the Pacific Coast?

A.—George Bush and Joe Choynski met in the ring in San Francisco, Nov. 14, 1888, and Bush was knocked out in the second round.

Q.—What were his measurements, occupation, real name, home town and record?

A.—The report of the Bush-Choynski fight is the only reference to Bush that appears in any record book. It is evident that he never did enough in the ring to warrant the inclusion of his name among the leading fighters.

W. J. F., of America.

Q.—Why is it that Jem Driscoll, Freddie Welsh and Jimmy Wilde are always referred to as Englishmen when their real nationality is Welsh?

A.—Webster defines a nation as "a people living in the same country and under the same government." Wales is but a principality of England, and not a separate nation. All English record books refer to Driscoll, Welsh and Wilde as "Champions of England."

Bob Fitzsimmons was born in Cornwall, England, but spent the greater part of his life in Australia and America. He won three titles in America, and while he was frequently referred to as a Cornishman, he was known pugilistically as the middleweight, light heavyweight, and heavyweight champion of America.

Tommy Burns was born in Canada, but pugilistically was known as the heavyweight champion of America and of the world. Therefore it would seem that the nationality of Driscoll, Welsh and Wilde is English, despite the fact that Wales is their birthplace.

Q.—Compare Dixon and Driscoll. Did they ever meet? Who was best?

A.—Dixon was best as a bantam, and deteriorated as a featherweight. Dixon and Driscoll never met. Driscoll defeated Attell, at the time the latter was American champion.

Reader, New York.

Q.—What are the records of Johnny Marto and Danny Lee?

A.—Not carried in any of the record books. Marto is a referee under the State Athletic Commission, and you can reach him at No. 2 Lafayette St., New York City.

RING Reader, Brooklyn.

Q.—Who, in your opinion, was the greatest heavyweight from 1880 to 1910, and from that date to 1930?

A.—Peter Jackson, and Bob Fitzsimmons were the greatest in the early period, and as Fitz was averse to meeting the Negro, it would seem Jackson was the chief figure. Although Corbett fought Jackson a 61-round draw in 1891, the former, after winning the title from Sullivan in 1892, declined to meet Jackson in a championship contest.

Dempsey and Tunney were the leading heavies of the later period, with Dempsey in poor form when he lost his title to Tunney in 1926. Sharkey has yet to show first-class form as a title contender.

219 Mill St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—Is it true that Dempsey and Tunney ducked Harry Wills?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Could Tunney have defeated Harry Wills?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If Tom Sharkey were in his prime, could he have defeated Jack Sharkey?

A.—I doubt it.

Q.—If both were in their prime, who would win between Peter Jackson and Jack Johnson?

A.—Jackson.

Q.—If Jim Jeffries was in his prime, could he defeat Primo Carnera?

A.—Easily.

Q.—A match between George Godfrey and Max Schmeling, who would win?

A.—Schmeling.

Frank Pennington, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Q.—Do large ankles and calves affect one's boxing?

A.—No.

Q.—Who holds the present k.o. record?

A.—Stribling.

Q.—Is it necessary for me to change my name if I become a pro.? Where can I get a good manager in Los Angeles?

A.—No. Write to Theron Fiske, 5007½ South San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—What are the weights in the various divisions?

A.—112, 118, 126, 136, 140, 147, 165, 175 and heavyweight.

Q.—Could Carnera whip Stribling and Sharkey?

A.—I don't think so.

Rouy Morrier, Montreal.

Q.—My age is 16, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 140. I am interested in boxing, but have not had much experience. What class am I in and what do you advise as the best course for me to pursue?

A.—You are a welter at present but should take on much weight in the next five years, probably up to 175 or 180. As to the future, the first thing for you to do is to learn the rudiments of boxing science. You will have to pay an instructor. Get into touch with Armand Vincent, 802 St. Catherine St., East, Montreal. He would be able to name a competent instructor. Dempsey's office address is the Burnham Building, 160 North La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Suggest that you get "Training for Boxers," and "How to Box, from THE RING. Price of each is $1.

Stanley K. Gilmour, Foxboro, Mass.

Q.—Which of the middleweights is considered to be the best constructed from the physical standpoint, and what are his measurements?

A.—Mickey Walker, the title-holder, appears to be the most compact and symmetrical. On August 29, 1929, when he defeated Ace Hudkins, his measurements were: Weight 160, Age 25, reach 67, height 5 ft. 7 in., chest 36-41, neck 16½, biceps 15½, forearm 13, wrist 8, waist 32, thigh 23, calf 16½, ankle 8¼:

Q.—What is the best way to harden one's hands?

A.—Use a solution of brine. Get "Training for Boxers," from THE RING. price $1, which will give you all desired information.

J. S. Schwenk, New York City.

Q.—Why doesn't the New York Boxing Commission join the National Boxing Association?

A.—Not authorized under the law to join any other organization.

Q.—What boxer has won the most titles? How many?

A.—Bob Fitzsimmons, three; Kid Lewis, three.

Q.—Who would win a Rosenbloom-Braddock fight, Campolo-Paulino, Campolo-Schmeling, Christner-Stribling?

A.—Our choices would be Rosenbloom, Campolo, Schmeling, Stribling.

W. Kaddatz, Lubback, Texas.

Q.—I am 17 years old, weigh 162 pounds, reach 72 inches, height 5 ft. 9 inches. What will my weight, height and reach be at 21 years. Am I built up to be a boxer? What class would I be in?

A.—Probably 180 pounds, 6 ft. tall, 76 inches reach. You have the physical qualities, but learn to box before engaging in contests.

H. Rush.

Q.—I am 16 years old. Should I take heavy exercises now and train later and is Training for Boxers good for my age or is it for fellows aged 19 to 20.

A.—Avoid heavy work until older. Get a copy of "Training for Boxers"; excellent for young or old. Price $1.00.

Q.—How can I harden the muscles in my body?

A.—Pulleys and bending exercises.

Q.—I am 5 feet 3 inches tall, weigh about 118 pounds. What will my full weight and growth be?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 8 inches; 150 pounds.

Q.—I am a little heavy around the hips and legs. Should I take off weight? How?

A.—Brisk walking, with occasional sprint will suffice.

Teddy Kervin, Duke Center, Pa.

Q.—Which one of these four is considered the best—Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling, Primo Carnera or Young Stribling? I'm thirteen years old and weigh eighty-seven pounds and four feet eight and one-half inches tall. What should my height and weight be and what class will I be in at maturity?

A.—Sharkey first and Stribling close second. You should weigh around 120 pounds and stand five feet two inches when you reach your majority.

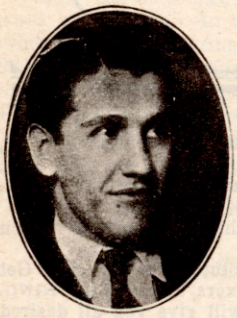
Guy Bremer, Mt. Vernon, Texas.

Q.—Was Tom Heeney ever knocked out before he fought Gene Tunney?

A.—Not according to his record.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



BOXING is getting its share of upsets this year. In fact, to date, the year has been an unusual one in this respect. This, in addition to the arrival of new faces, many of them of exceptional ability, is what is keeping up the interest in the sport in a period of financial depression. It is only natural that some of the newcomers should find their way into the monthly ratings of THE RING, but with so many promising boys popping up monthly, those who are honored one month, frequently find themselves out of the rating in the second because some other lads have gained the fistic limelight to take their place.

JIM MALONEY came through with the most startling upset of the month when he gained the verdict over Primo Carnera, and Tommy Loughran furnished quite a surprise when he defeated the fast-rising Dick Daniels, from Minneapolis. Abie Bain came to the fore with a victory over Rene De Vos but was stopped by Maxey Rosenbloom in eleven rounds when he was pushed into a titular bout. Len Harvey gained the verdict over Dave Shade in London, which was another stunning feat. Mike Dundee, outpointing Benny Bass, gave the fans a shock, and Allen Whitlow, a newcomer from the Coast, whipped Eddie Shea and is deserving of recognition in the ratings.

Among the heavyweights, Tuffy Griffiths flattened Emmett Rocco in two rounds. Rocco came back to whip Tom Heeney, who was also beaten by Frankie Cawley. Paulino Uzcudun scored a kayo over Maurice Griselle in five rounds.

Ralph Ficucello has made wonderful strides. During the month he kayoed Marty Fox in eight rounds, Andre Castano in two, and defeated Ted Sandwina. King Levinsky, too heavy for the 175-pounders, kayoed Tom Kirby in two rounds, as a heavyweight.

Jack Renault, veteran heavy, is beginning to show some life. He whipped Babe Hunt and Stanley Poreda. Hunt defeated Frankie Simms but was whipped again by Angus Snyder. Snyder won on a foul from Otto Von Porat in the first round. Jose Santa scored kayos over Tiny Heffner in one round, Gordon Munce three rounds, and whipped Riccardo Bertazzolo.

Jack Gagnon beat Al Friedman and Con O'Kelly. O'Kelly scored over King Solomon. Al Fay beat Les Kennedy on the Coast. Jack Dorval flattened George Cook in seven rounds. Ernst Guehring, German heavy, made his debut in this country at the expense of Mike Sankovitch winning the decision. Al Morro defeated Hans Birkie. Buddy Howard kayoed Andre Castano in three rounds. Benny Touchstone stopped Andy Shanks in the third.

IN the light-heavyweight class, Maxey Rosenbloom was held to a draw by Battling Bozo in Birmingham and stopped Albie Bain in eleven rounds in defense of his title. Bozo defeated Tony Marullo. Larry Johnson kayoed Salvatore Ruggirello in the first round. Tait Littman continued his winning streak by whipping Pete Latzo. Tiger Thomas scored over Billy Jones and kayoed George Keysock in five rounds. Jones disposed of Ralph Kid Wagner in the second.

Bob Olin scored over Willard Dix of the Coast, in the Garden. George Manley bested Charley Belanger. Roy Wallace whipped Len Darcy. Edgar Norman won from Chick Rainex and kayoed Frank Clore in eight rounds.

MICKEY WALKER has been spurred into activity in the middleweight class but as yet has shown no keen desire to defend his title. Mickey scored victories over Paul Swiderski and knockouts over Mike Mandell, one round; Del Fontaine in four rounds; Johnny Cline, two rounds, and Homer Sheridan in one round. Harry Smith kayoed Bremer Eddie in five rounds. Rene De Vos won on a foul from Joe Anderson in eight rounds. Harry Ebbets whipped Henry Goldberg and kayoed Manus Hartman in one round.

Roy Williams scored knockouts over Jimmy Jones and Johnny Alberts. Eric Holmberg was beaten by Angel Cliville and Ricardo Alis. Cliville also licked Billy Tosk. Johnny Roberts kayoed Buster Newberry in the first round.

YOUNG CORBETT took part in the most important welterweight match of the month. He defeated Sammy Jackson in a tough fight in which Jackson showed himself to be a real comer. Jackie Fields started his comeback campaign and defeated Jackie Horner and stopped Irish Tommy Jordan in three rounds. Baby Joe Gans scored over Vincent Hambright.

Bucky Lawless was held even by Jackie Brady but whipped Jack McTiernan. Pete Suskey kayoed Joe Dundee, former champion, in three rounds.

Tommy Kid Murphy won over Frankie Hayes. Battling Dozier defeated Larry Brignolia. Artie De Luca bested Freddy Huber and Willie Garafola. Ignacio Ara whipped Izzy Grove. Young Terry bested Jack Gallagher. Eddie Murdock stopped Young Harry Wills in six rounds. Joey Harrison drew with Pee Wee Jarrell and was beaten by George Daggett. Abe Lichtenstein stopped Gene Cardi in seven rounds.

BATTLING BATTALINO does not seem to have much luck with the featherweight title. He was beaten by Louis Kid Kaplan and also lost on a foul to Young Zazzerino in three rounds. Zazzerino also kayoed Andy Sackovitz in three rounds. Kid Chocolate returned to activity by kayoing Benny Nabers in one round. Eddie Shea was beaten by Lew Massey and Allen Whitlow but returned to knock out Johnny Datto in four rounds.

Bud Taylor drew with Santiago Zorilla. Jimmy Slavin kayoed Koli Kolo in the fifth round. Koli defeated Maxie Leiner and Jackie Cohen. Phil Zwick defeated Frankie Porto and Eddie Cool. Tony Leto kayoed Frankie Minerva in one round. Soldier Dombrowski kayoed Joey Thomas.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

The following are my ratings for the month ending October 22:

Heavyweights	Light Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxie Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Tommy Freeman	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Young Stribling	Larry Johnson	Len Harvey	Jimmy McLarnin	Manuel Quintero
2—Jack Sharkey	Jimmy Slattery	Dave Shade	Young Corbett	Billy Townsend
3—George Godfrey	Lew Scozza	Rene De Vos	Jackie Fields	Sammy Mandell
4—Tuffy Griffiths	Tait Littman	Harry Smith	Y'g J'k Thompson	Johnny Jadick
5—Johnny Risko	George Courtney	Harry Ebbets	Johnny Indrisano	King Tut
6—Paulino Uzcudun	Pete Latzo	Gorilla Jones	Baby Joe Gans	Joe Medill
7—Jim Maloney	Joe Banovic	Roy Williams	Sammy Jackson	Stanislaus Loayza
8—Primo Carnera	Al Gainer	Vince Dundee	Paul Pirrone	Mickey Cohen
9—Angus Snyder	George Manley	Joe Zelinsky	Ruby Goldstein	Joe Glick
10—King Levinsky	Bob Olin	Jack McVey	Bucky Lawless	Herman Perlick

Lightweights	Junior Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Al Singer	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Al Foreman	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Justo Suarez	Roger Bernard	Earl Mastro	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Louis Kid Kaplan	Pete Nebo	Fidel La Barba	Joe Scalfaro	Willie Davies
4—Billy Petrolle	Mike Dundee	Lew Massey	Pete Sanstol	Kid Anslem
5—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Bud Taylor	Archie Bell	Phil Tobias
6—Sammy Dorfman	Johnny Farr	Allen Whitlow	Vidal Gregario	Happy Atherton
7—Tony Herrera	Maurice Holtzer	Eddie Shea	D. Bernasconi	Marty Gold
8—Lew Paluso	Cecil Payne	Tommy Paul	Newsboy Brown	Art Giroux
9—Steve Haliako	Jimmy Slavin	Bushy Graham	Harry Fierro	Jackie Harmon
10—Ray Miller	Santiago Zorilla	Phil Zwick	George Nate	Black Bill

JACK KID BERG held his junior-welterweight title intact by defending it against Billy Petrolle and winning the decision in a gruelling battle. King Tut was beaten by Johnny Jadick. Manuel Quintero whipped Spug Myers, Joe Cordoza and Charley Feraci. Billy Townstad defeated Andy Di Vodi.

Sammy Mandell scored over Spug Myers, Joe Trippe and Tommy Herman. Mickey Cohen bested Tommy Grogan, Herman scored over Eddie Anderson and drew with Mickey O'Neill. Joey Goodman whipped Harry Kid Brown and Joey Kaufman. Jack Pilkington was whipped by Bobby Mays and Young Firpo. Mays beat Armando Aguilar. Firpo also licked Lud Abella. Jackie Shupack beat Harry Gorin and drew with Jay Macedon. Gaston Le Cadre whipped Pat Igo.

AL SINGER engaged in one bout over the lightweight limit, defeating Eddie Mack in Chicago. Justo Suarez gained decisions over Ray Miller and Louis Kid Kaplan. Sammy Dorfman defeated Steve Haliako. Lew Paluso whipped Willie Siegel. Tony Herrera and Joe Glick battled to a draw. Tod Morgan scored over Hector McDonald. Tony Caragliano defeated Billy McMahon and Petey Mack. Spud Murphy kayoed Judy Ruddy in five rounds but was beaten by Patsy Ruffalo.

Danny Delmont beat Lew Terry. Maxie Strub won from Georgie Day.

BENNY BASS suffered a surprising defeat at the hands of the veteran Mike Dundee. Al Foreman kayoed George Rose in six rounds and won the Lord Lonsdale belt. Al is going fine. Pete Nebo scored over Joe Barbara. Roger Bernard kayoed Steve Nugent in six rounds and Leo Kid Roy in two rounds.

Freddy Miller defeated Johnny Farr and Farr drew with Rosy Stoy. Maurice Holtzer whipped Goldie Hess. Cecil Payne defeated Ignacio Fernandez.

Yamie Katz drew with Steve Smith and whipped Johnny Datto. Smith beat Johnny Cook and was beaten by Erwin Berlier. Fay Kosky kayoed Leon Lubrico in four rounds.

AL BROWN defended the bantam title against Eugene Huat in Paris and had no trouble in winning. He also drew with Jose Girones, a featherweight, in Spain. Harry Fierro was beaten by Kid Francis and drew with Georgia Nate. Pete Sanstol lost and drew with Joe Scalfaro and whipped Davey Adelman. Archie Bell defeated and drew with Johnny Pena.

Domencio Bernasconi scored knockouts over Sid Torres in three rounds and Blas Rodriquez in six. Newsboy Brown won over Clyde Varner. Benny Sharkey defeated Kid Socks and kayoed Terence Morgan in England. Bud Walley whipped Joey Eulo and Danny London. Petey Hayes scored a one-round kayo over Solly Brown and whipped Danny London, Mauro De Los Reyes and Al Peters. Johnny Peters defeated Cuthbert Taylor. Mickey Cohen kayoed Tony Canzoneri in two rounds.

WILLIE DAVIES defeated Johnny Goodman in the flyweight class. Black Bill whipped Bobby Zimmerman but was beaten by Happy Atherton. Marty Gold scored over Tommy McBeigh and Johnny Goodrich. Frenchy Bellanger whipped Frisco Grande and Malcom Mathewson. Freddy Lattanzio outpointed Herman Wally and kayoed Routier Parra in three rounds. Bert Kirby won from Frankie Ash in England.

The ten best prospects of the month are:
Flyweights—Pep Jennings, Des Moines, Iowa.
Bantamweights—Vincent Renta, Porto Rico.
Featherweights—Max Koshover, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Junior lightweights—Joe Belair, Worcester, Mass.
Lightweights—Prince Saunders, Chicago, Ill.
Junior welterweights—Mickey Diamond, Philadelphia, Pa.
Welterweights—Walter Palm, New York City.
Middleweights—Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg, Canada.
Light-heavyweights—Milton Hutner, New York City.
Heavyweights—Max Glickman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FREDDIE MILLER, Cincinnati's southpaw junior lightweight contender figured in the two outstanding fist menus of the past month. In Miller's first, he defeated Cecil Payne, while in the other Freddie won a close one over Johnny Farr. Both bouts were staged under the auspices of the Parkway Club, Herman and Maxwell Katz, promoters.

Johnny Farr, the Cleveland barrel-bodied boy, gave Miller the toughest fight of his life at the Freeman Avenue Armory. Roughing the local boy about the ring, Farr took everything Freddie threw but returned the compliment with terrific body punches which were rapidly wearing down the Cinci southpaw in the closing rounds. Only Miller's early lead which he amassed, together with the nine-count knockdown in the fourth round, enabled the judges to return the verdict in favor of Miller.

Young Ford of Miami, Florida, and Jimmy Neal of Cinci, staged one of the greatest battles in moons in the semi-final. Ford won the decision. Joe Dragon kayoed Jack Coogan in two; Max Koshover wrote finis over the body of Dick Craty, a wild man from the Hoosier state, in two; Ted Graham knocked out Otis Williams, and Chris Fenton shaded Vince Coogan.

Pete Petrosky, the Punching Pole from Muskegon, Mich., returned to the wars after a long layoff and won a great decision over the veteran Tony La Rose in six rounds; Joey Bensiger and Kenneth Schenck drew in six; Mutt Morsch knocked out Bruce Redd in four, while in another, Maxie Koshover knocked out Jim Luzader in two after flooring him for two counts previously.

The 147th Infantry staged its initial indoor show with Long Tom Hawkins, San Diego Negro heavyweight, knocking out Jack Townsend, Chicago giant, in the first round. A right cross to the chin sent the veteran Windy City heavy to the showers. In the semi-windup, Young Baldomero, Mexican featherweight, kayoed Jimmy Ryan of New York in the second round. Morris Gruber knocked out Red Morgan in one; Eddy Meyers shaded Frankie Mieners in four; while Young Heebe won on a knockout over Lefty Hatzell in five.

Springfield, O.—Ollie Bartlett, Toledo, outpointed Irish Mickey Cone, Kokomo, Indiana, in ten rounds.

Vincent Hambright, Joe Anderson's Filipino protege welterweight, made a great hit over in Leiperville, Pa., by taking a bout from Baby Joe Gans, California Negro contender. On three days' notice he gave the latter a hard fight of it for ten rounds, only to lose the decision. The Filipino welter is improving with every start. Among some of his most notable wins are, Spug Meyers, two; Benny Burns, Tony Sanders, Tony La Rose and other leading welters.

Bobby Paul, Sioux City manager, wants to show his heavyweight sensation, Big Jack McCann, in these parts. McCann, with wins over Mike Mandell, Tom Derry and Man Mountain Erickson, would like nothing better than a shot at Long Tom Hawkins in this city. The writer will represent McCann in this city. What do you say, Cole Parks? A Hawkins-McCann bout in either Music Hall or the Armory would fill the rafters.

The "Silver Lining Fund" was staged in Middletown, O., at the K. of C. Hall before a fair crowd in which Howard Mitchell. Cincinnati, won on a technical knockout over Charlie Court, Cincinnati, in the fifth round. Mutt Morsch stopped Harley Washburn in the fourth. Buddy Bezenah knocked out Cliff Cassidy in the fifth. Chip Selby won from "One Round" Darcy in four; while Jim Kilbane and Joe Harris fought a draw in the opener in four rounds.

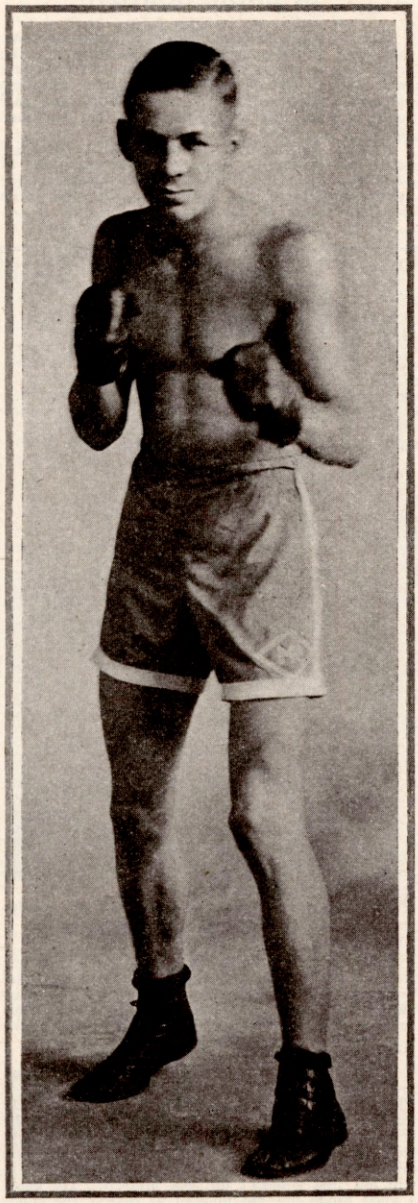
Danny Davis, Cincinnati manager, is keeping his boys busy these days. From as far south as Florida to northern Michigan, Danny has his boys working night after night. Among his stable can be found such good boys as Freddie Miller, ranking junior-lightie; Jess McMurtry, Mutt Morsch, Danny O'Keefe, Joe Dragon, and others well-known in these parts. Among Danny's latest importations are Jackie Vaquero, a San Blas Indian, who holds the lightweight championship of Panama and Central America, and also Battling Griffin, a Panama Negro junior-lightweight who has amassed a wonderful record in the States.

Joe Dragon, local slugging bantamweight, has run out of opponents, judging from his recent fights in the heavier division. Every time Joe is set for a bout a flaw comes up from the opposing bantam and then Joe goes on to tackle a featherweight or lightweight. Dragon is one of the greatest crowd pleasers in the game today.

The mat game is going stronger than ever in these parts Living up to Jack Curley's prediction in a recent RING. Millard Rauh staged three successful matches to open the indoor season. Hugh Nichols retained his title against Francisco Aguya only after a hard struggle in which the Mexican ace came within a hair of scoring a win.

In the semi-windup, George Gable of Cincinnati won his bout with Joe Domar, the Texas Battering Ram, when the latter was disqualified for using rough tactics. Humberto, of Spain, threw Dick Routt, light-heavyweight contender from Iowa Silent Olsen, Cinci light-heavy added Fred Kupter, Memphis, to his list.

Elmer Bezenah, Cincinnati junior middleweight, knocked out Ginger Jernigan, Florida welter, in the fourth at Orlando, Florida.



Ken Disch heads all the simon pures in Cleveland in the lightweight division. Handled by Manny Robins

Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati, and K. O. Kelley, Akron, fighting in the junior-middleweight division, fought a slam-bang battle for ten rounds before one of the largest crowds of the season at Kenyon, Ohio. The decision was a favored draw. Ernie Dugan, Fostorria, 127, knocked out Jerry McPherson. Lima, 127, in the seventh round. Harry Kriendler, Cincinnati, 138, easily defeated Nick Walker, Akron, 138, in a six.

Newark, O.—Nordi Smith, Newark's outstanding middleweight contender, won on points over Tommy Ryan, Ft. Snelling, Minn., in the ten-round feature bout before a large crowd at the Newark A. C. Ray Ganshaw knocked out Billy Monroe in three; Ernie Payne and Bull Delancey drew in four; Monk Ruhlin beat Red Kirk in four; Mutt Shotts drew with Young Genard in four.

The monthly rating for Southern Ohio according to the scribe are as follows:

Heavyweight—Long Tom Hawkins (Cincinnati); Joe Sekyra (Dayton); Roy Williams (Dayton).

Light-heavyweight—K. O. Husk (Zanesville); Henry Firpo (Columbus); Ted Graham (Cincinnati).

Middleweight—Joe Anderson (Cincinnati); Joe Walters (Springfield); Nordi Smith (Newark).

Welterweight—Vincent Hambright (Cincinnati); Pete Petroskey (Cincinnati); Jim Kelly (Dayton).

Junior-welterweight—Billy Rose (Cincinnati); Midget Guery (Newport); Jess McMurtry (Cincinnati).

Lightweight—Young Ford (Cincinnati); Johnny Curtain (Dayton); Howard Mitchell (Cincinnati).

Junior-lightweight—Freddie Miller (Cincinnati; Al Gann (Columbus); Charlie Baxter (Columbus).

Featherweight—Mike O'Dowd (Columbus); Max Koshover (Cincinnati); Ray Kietz (Cincinnati).

Bantamweight—Cowboy Martin (Columbus); Mike Kelly (Dayton); Johnny McPherson, (Cincinnati).

Flyweight—Young Heebe (Cincinnati); George Liddy (Cincinnati); Johnny Edwards (Columbus).

Canton, O.—Gorilla Jones of Akron, O., outpointed Cowboy Willis of San Francisco in ten rounds.

Information in these parts can be had by writing to the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue. Cincinnati, O. For a prompt reply, please enclose return postage. Boys of any weights without any strings attached will do well by getting in touch with the writer. Heavyweights take notice.

Ernie Music, German heavyweight, proved no match for Long Tom Hawkins, Cincinnati's Negro heavy contender, in their bout at the Milford American Legion arena. The bout ended in the fourth round when Hawkins tiring of his less experienced opponent's play, shot out a terrific right to the jaw to end the mill. Ted Graham, Cinci's rising light heavy colored star, punched the veteran Phil Hergert into submission in the second session. Graham is a comer. Young Tiger Flowers won over Young Craig in a four, and Young Baldomero, Mexican, made short work of one Lajos Huszar in one heat.

Billy Rose, Cincinnati junior-welterweight, lost a hard decision to Jackie Purvis, Kokomo, Ind., at Indianapolis. In the added ten-round attraction Charlie Baxter, Columbus, O., punched Joe Lynn, Terre Haute, Ind., about the ring, flooring him for three nine-counts during this distance to win an easy decision.

At Zanesville, Knockout Husk of that city, clinched the Southern Ohio light-heavyweight ranking of first place by winning a ten-round decision over the hard hitting Heny Firpo, of Columbus, in the main go. Lou Weidig, Zanesville, 158, and Nordi Smith, Newark, 154, fought a hard eight-round draw.

The "Avondale Avalanche," Max Koshover, came through with colors flying in his first three pro bouts. Maxie's record to date is W-K Dick Craty, two; Jim Luzader, two; and W-D Calvin Baker, four. We are predicting a bright future for this colorful Jewish lad, who has more following in this city at present than any one fighter. Only 17 years of age, Koshover waded through the amateur ranks under the L. B. Harrison colors to annex the state feather weight title and now we take this time to prophesy that in one year, with the proper experience, Koshover will be sitting on top of the state pro title.

George Gable defeated Yaqui Joe in a two-of-three, two-hour limit match at Music Hall. Charlie Carr, New Orleans, won a thirty-minute decision over Joe Domar of Texas; Humberto, Spain, pinned Silent Olsen in 25 minutes, and Blacksmith Pedigo wrestled Walter Achui, Chinese sensation, to a draw in thirty minutes.

Springfield came to the fore during the past month with two wrestling cards. The results were as follows: Glen Wade, Gulfport, Miss., winning from Joe Banaski, Chicago. Jack Gorman, New York, won by disqualification from Alex Williams, of Philadelphia, in 20 minutes; Pat Finnegan and Merle Dolby wrestled to a 30-minute draw.

The second show staged by Promoter Jacobs in the Reaper City was the Charlie Grip-Jack Gorman welterweight match. Grip took two of the three falls after a demonstration of fighting, wrestling, football, soccer and other well-known sports.

Wrestling news in this section can be had by addressing the writer a line at his old domain, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Enclose return postage for a prompt reply.

Notice! Southern Ohio wrestling promoters and matchmakers. Get your dope and results to the scribe before the 15th of each month.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of October furnished many upsets and surprises, the most noteworthy being the defeat suffered by Primo Carnera at the hands of Jim Maloney in Boston. The defeat of Carnera, although by a slight margin, can be attributed to only two factors—that the Venetian is really a false alarm or else that he entered the ring with a false security in the belief that Maloney was a pushover as have been all his other opponents.

Maloney has seen his best days, yet the victory placed him in a spot that will enable him to secure one or two good shots before he falls by the wayside. It is only a short time ago that Johnny Risko flattened him in four rounds and Armand Emanuel whipped him on the Coast. Miracles do happen occasionally but to call Maloney a rejuvenated fighter is far-fetched.

One good thing about Maloney's victory, however, is the fact that it restores faith in the boxing game. Some of the New York critics were picking the round that Maloney would take the flop and when it failed to materialize, they covered themselves by saying that Carnera was finally shown in his true colors.

Harry Gordon, prominent bantam of six years back, has now grown into the middleweight class. He is training Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion. Gordon has moved to Chicago and is busily occupied in bringing Sammy back to public favor.

Billy Shaw was credited with an eight-round technical kayo over Pee Wee Wilson in Flint, Mich., but according to the papers, Wilson was forced to retire during that session due to a fractured arm. Wilson was leading by a slight margin at the time of the accident.

Barney Karliner is around town boosting the cause of Jack Corprew who is a middleweight of excellent prospects. He has lost one decision in two years and Barney expects his charge to create havoc around the big city.

A coincidence that is worthy of more than passing comment is the fact that two world's champions left their managers immediately after losing their titles. Sammy Mandell left Eddie Kane to handle his own affairs, while Jackie Fields switched to the eminent Jack Kearns for solace.

Yamie Katz, youngster from Buffalo, added a fine victory to his string when he defeated Johnny Datto, a hard-hitting Filipino, in Buffalo a short time ago. Bert Finch is handling the kid and expects big things of him in the future. Katz weighs around the 130-pound mark.

Lew Raymond is destined to return to New York in a blaze of glory. He has been biding his time in the Middle West, seeking likely looking prospects to bring East. In the past few months he has concentrated his efforts on Mickey Cohen, of Denver, and judging by reports, his efforts will finally bear fruit. Cohen outpointed Joe Glick and Tommy Grogan in his last two starts in impressive style and it is more than likely that he will finally make his debut in the Garden shortly.

Maurice Holtzer skipped to the Coast without informing Manager Eddie Walker of his intentions. Walker spent two good years nursing him along and just when it looked like he was getting a break, Holtzer took the runaway route. If a contract means anything at all, and Walker has him officially bound, it will merely create trouble and a waste of valuable time.

There is very little opportunity for unusual publicity angles to be carried out in the Metropolitan district due to the scarcity of space but in the outlying districts where news is more scarce it can be carried out more successfully.

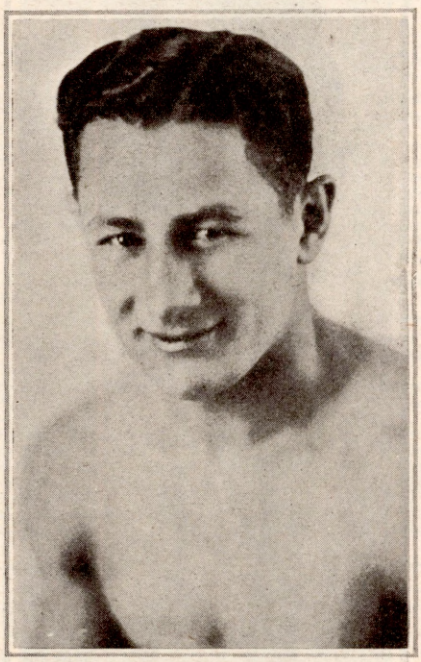
Some weeks ago the Perlick Twins made an appearance in Des Moines, Iowa, facing Eddie Anderson and Charley Lupica. They struck up an acquaintance with the manager of one of the leading restaurants in town and this was the result the day of the contest. A huge sign was planted in the window with pictures of the Perlicks profusely illustrated.

THE PERLICK TWINS WILL EAT HERE AT 3 P. M.
THEIR MENU
One pound Tenderloin steak
One pound Spinach
One pint Orange juice each.

Needless to say the sign attracted the attention of many pedestrians who were struck by the novelty of the advertisement.

Maurice Cain is now making Chicago his headquarters. Conditions on the Coast were going from bad to worse so Maurice hied to Chi with Jack McVey and brought Sid Torres, Philipino bantam, as the extra attraction. Torres is said to be a good hitter and the type that the fans adore.

Dummy Burns is now managing Frankie Kid Igoe, no relation to Hype, a former amateur of some prominence. Burns used to excel in the boxing profession and is tutoring his charge in the finer points of the game.



Ruby Greenberg, Brooklyn's lightweight, handled by Ben Embinder

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Sonny Barry, who made the trip with Maxey Rosenbloom to Birmingham, turns in the information that Maxey was treated unfairly when they awarded a draw to Battling Bozo after their conflict down south. "The champ won all the way," sez the honorable Barry.

The whims and fancies of the pugilistic mind are hard to determine. Joey Kaufman went to Cleveland to battle with Joey Goodman. He trained faithfully and declared that he was in the best shape of his life and would surely win. He stepped into the ring and from that moment his mind lapsed. He wanted to fight, he wanted to win but just couldn't untrack himself. He made a good finish but not enough to justify the confidence that he exuded before entering the ring. There is no reward for the solution of this query but enlightenment would be satisfying.

Murray Waxman, publicity agent for Joe Jacobs and Billy McCarney, is around extolling the praises of Prince Salah-El-Din, Egyptian National heavyweight champion. The Prince is a splendid physical figure and during his short reign in the ring has scored four kayos in four encounters. Walter Friedman brought him to the U. S. A. to garner the elusive dollar and Waxman has been delegated to sell him to the press and public.

Sidney Pressman and Frankie Doyle have doubled up in their training duties at Stillman's and are handling quite a group of boxers. Among them being Pinky Kaufman, Joey Kaufman, Juan Cruz and Mickey Terry. It seems to be the fad for trainers to double up nowadays. Whitey Bimstein and Ray Arcel and Nick Florio teamed with Manny Seaman, make up the double shifts at Stillman's.

To the uninitiated, the powerful popularity enjoyed by Jack Dempsey is hard to understand. From all sources of the country come reports of the ex-champion's magnetism and ability to make new friends. This tale, thoroughly authentic, will prove in a small way his hold on the public.

Dempsey is making a tour of the country, refereeing boxing bouts in which he gets guarantees, percentages or sometimes both. When he began the innovation last year offers came flying in from all directions and it was only a question of accepting the most profitable.

He contracted with the promoter at Sioux City, Iowa, Bert Cavanaugh, to referee the feature event there on a certain date and was to get $2,500 guarantee, privilege of 50 per cent of the receipts and transportation for two. With Dempsey as the magnet, it is customary to provide a mediocre program using the name of Dempsey as a nucleus to bring out the customers.

Unfortunately, a heavy blizzard struck the town a day before the fight. It was six below zero and it looked like the show was to be cancelled. But civic pride prevented that and the promoter decided to go through with the show at a heavy loss rather than cancel.

Dempsey arrived the morning of the fight. He was met at the station by an enthusiastic throng and in spite of the miserable weather, was given a splendid welcome party. He passed the day with the reception committee, making speeches, talking over the radio and feted by the town's best citizens.

At night Dempsey performed his duties and after they were executed went to the promoter's office. The receipts reached the figure of $2,144. Dempsey was slated to get $2,500 and transportation. Without mincing words Dempsey asked for carfare back to Chicago and said "forget about the other thing."

Paul Hamilton is still running his gymnasium in Cleveland. He also promotes at the Public Auditorium whenever he can secure a date and expects to have several dates this winter. Running boxing shows in Cleveland is a tough assignment with the enormous overhead exacted by the city commission. Mickey Cohen is the best looking prospect in the city at the moment.

The unusual spectacle of two champions losing their titles on the same night is worthy of comment. Eddie Benson, heavyweight champion of the National Guard, was ousted by Billy Freeman and Willie Garafola lost his welterweight crown to Artie De Luca.

It's pretty hard to determine just how good or bad a fight can be in advance. Take Tony Caragliano and Petey Mack as examples. They fought in the Ridgewood Grove and the referee heaved them in the sixth round for not trying. They were ordered to clash again for the original purse only. Their second meeting resulted in a miniature Dempsey-Firpo brawl. Petey floored Tony twice in the second round and Caragliano turned his heavy artillery on Mack and dropped him two times in the same round. Caragliano came on to win the decision after a vicious bout.

Eddie Shea seems to be an unfortunate warrior where Philadelphia is concerned. Twice he entered Quakertown and whipped Lew Massey but the first time was forced to be satisfied with a draw and the other victory they took away and gave it to Massey. Chairman Frank Weiner is busy advocating the reformation of the boxing game but seems to have overlooked the most important medium in his vicinity and that is—capable officials.

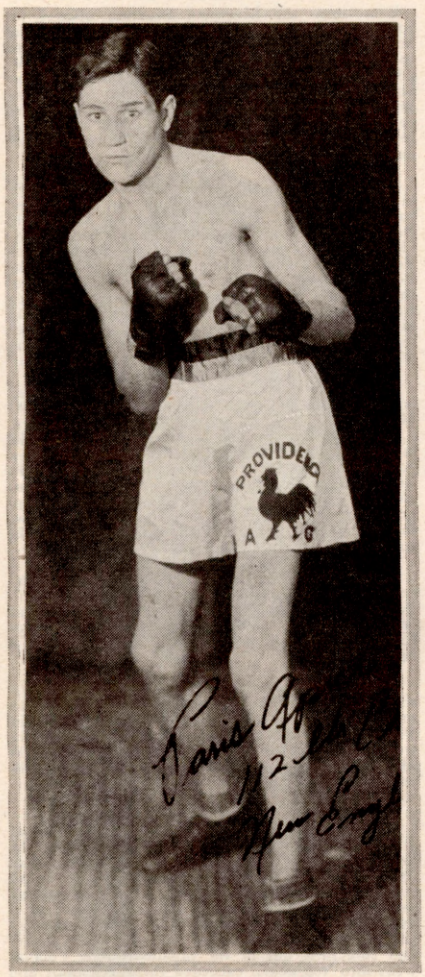
Nel Tarleton, British featherweight, who fought some great fights in this country, is meeting Johnny Cuthbert for the British featherweight title. Nel has profited to a great extent through American contact and his knowledge should return him the winner over Cuthbert, who is a hardened campaigner and doesn't seem to be getting better.

Al Foreman gained the Lord Lonsdale belt emblematic to the British lightweight championship when he stowed George Rose away in six rounds in London. Foreman holds the Canadian lightweight title and with the added glory attached to his embellishments it is likely that he may get a match with Jackie Berg who holds no British championships but has otherwise proven that he can really fight.

Jose Santa, super-giant Portuguese, is resuming where Carnera left off and is stowing away his opponents with monotonous regularity. Although he lacks the color and pomp possessed by the Gondolier, Santa is coming along and is bound to work his way into a profitable match providing he continues winning.

Justo Suarez, South American entry, officially opened the Garden season by banging out a victory over Ray Miller in ten interesting rounds of battling. Suarez is a rough, tough, awkward and somewhat tricky specimen and will be a hard assignment for anyone in his class.

The balance of the program furnishes some unusually hectic scraps. Joe Scalfaro outpunched Pete Sanstol in a classy punching repartee that contained many thrills while Archie Bell and Johnny Pena staged a gruelling, biff-bang swatfest that went ten rounds to a draw. It was the general verdict that Pena was entitled to the award.



Paris Apice, former Providence amateur, now making good in New York

Record among the best scraps of the year. An eight-round mixup between Harry Fierro, of Chicago, and Georgie Nate, of South Bend. They met at the Chicago Coliseum and did everything but tear one another to pieces. Knockdowns were exchanged on both sides and for clean, clever and scientific fisticuffing it was a classic. The bout was rightly called a draw.

Benny Seaman has supplanted Bob Levy as the head of the St. Nicholas Gym, located on West 66th St. The St. Nicks, Stillman's, Pioneer and Grupp's are about the leading headquarters for the professional boxing fraternity in New York.

Suarez made his second appearance in the Garden in two weeks when he clashed with Louis Kid Kaplan, former featherweight titleholder. On this occasion Suarez did not fare so successfully. In the eyes of the fans and majority of the newspapermen, Kaplan was clearly entitled to the award. His cleaner hitting, fighting at close quarters and making his opponent miss many well-intended blows, earned a shade for Kaplan and the decision was booed by the fans. Kaplan made a remarkable fight against a tough opponent of Suarez' calibre who weighed 137½ pounds and enjoyed every physical advantage. Suarez was 11 to 5 favorite entering the ring but did not look like it at the finish.

Archie Bell redeemed himself against Johnny Pena in their return match, winning easily. Bell was too smart and crafty for the plucky Pena who fought right into his hands.

Jimmy Slavin established himself as a potential Garden attraction when he stopped Koli Kolo in the fifth round after a sensational mixup all the way. They staged the real fight of the night and Koli Kolo, although losing, did not disgrace himself. He was thoroughly game and with a little added experience should develop into a first class fighter. He took a terrific body licking before the bout was stopped.

After reviewing the Kaplan-Suarez decision, one cannot but join in with the theory that New York State boxing officials give the outsiders and foreigners more breaks than are enjoyed by the local fraternity. Would Kaplan have received the same treatment that was accorded to Suarez if he were fighting in Suarez's back yard? That supposition seems unlikely and further reflection only brings out the fact that the South American has received plenty of protection and influential support to further his American campaign.

The public announcement that Jimmy McLarnin was matched with Suarez for November 22 in the Garden several days before the Kaplan match took place was poor policy on the part of the Garden officials. Undoubtedly it hurt the attendance and more or less may have influenced the officials in their judging of the Kaplan-Suarez battle.

The current business depression has injured the receipts of boxing shows irreparably throughout the country and there seems to be no relief in sight. Shows that ordinarily draw ten and twelve thousand dollars are lucky to do five and the expected four and five thousand houses have dwindled to twelve hundred. No remedy for the solution but give them good fights, develop new faces and less rules by the various state commissions.

Kid Chocolate, Cuban marvel, returned to American soil and engaged in a tuneup scrap against Benny Nabors that lasted one round. They met at the Olympia A. A. and Chocolate showed what an attraction he was by turning people away from the clubhouse. For an ordinary opponent with present conditions, it was a remarkable feat.

Jack Kid Berg, English lightweight, gave the New York fans something to remember him by for a long time to come by the thrilling ten-round battle that he waged with Billy Petrolle in the Garden. It was one of the most desperately staged conflicts seen around these parts and Berg strengthened the belief of his admirers that he possessed more than courage in his makeup by the remarkably tenacious struggle that he put up against the only man who ever knocked him out and the only man who ever whipped him in this country.

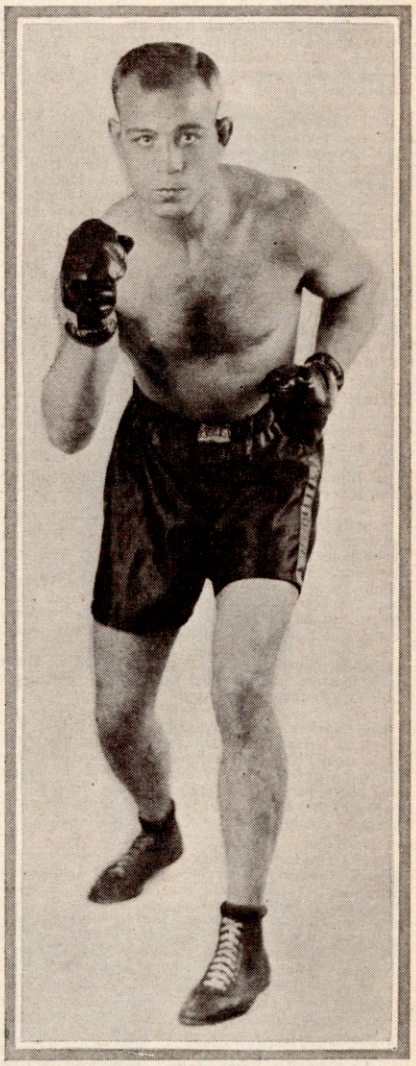
Berg fought aggressively and relentlessly against the most dangerous hitting lightweight in the country—the man who floored him ten times in one round in Chicago two summers ago—and by the fury of his unceasing attack and forcefulness, Berg came through the victor.

Petrolle disproved the rumors that circulated that he was all through. He waged a brilliant battle but did not have enough ability or hitting power to keep off the dashing, aggressive, courageous Englishman. Billy re-established himself in these parts and is good for a return match with Berg or a meeting with Suarez.

Berg sailed for England a week after the battle to visit his parents in England where he will remain for two months. He was accompanied by Willie Berg, his brother, and Frank Jacobs, one of his managers. There is also a possibility that he will play the music halls for a few weeks as the British people are eager to see the only redeeming member of their country in the pugilistic market.

Sammy Dorfman outboxed Steve Haliako in the semi-final while Patsy Ruffalo proved too strong for Spud Murphy in the other ten-rounder on the same card. Raul Landini, a newcomer from the Argentine, outpointed Murry Kezd in a bitter six-round bout.

The panic in boxing was never stronger than it is to-day—Some recent sure shot bets that went wrong—Kaplan to whip Suarez and Sandwina to defeat at Ficucello. Sam Pian outguessed Sammy Wolff in a recent preliminary wager in Chicago and is one up. Bill Miller is living in Cleveland. Rubber Goldberger is handling the Clermont Tent Cafe and promoting shows as a side line in Cleveland. Charley Bennett has taken over Billy Kelly, Scranton bantamweight. Jackie Berg actually cried on the boat as he departed for England with brother Wuzzie and Jay. Joe Jacobs sailed for Germany the day after. That Genaro-Wolgast flyweight title bout is getting plenty of kicking around. Earl Mastro is still vacationing on the Coast. Since his marriage it has been nothing but a perrenial honeymoon for the pair.—But, unfortunately, his occupation is prize fighting. Three promoters are fighting each other in Milwaukee.—Tom Andrews, Billy Mitchell and Joe Schweitzer. King Tut got a lucky break when his defeat at the hands of Johnny Jadick was concealed from the papers because they fought on a Saturday night. Quite an upset and very few people heard about it. Better late than never Eddie Shea stepped into another raw decision when they gave Lew Massey the palm over him in Philadelphia. Ted Kid Nelson, former boxer of note, is now handling Walter Palm, an extraordinarily good prospect. Phil Selznick, owner of the Club Madrid in Cleveland, is one of the best fight radio announcers in the country and for further proof listen in on one of his broadcasts. Dave Fidler and Pinky George



Ricardo Alis, Spanish middleweight, now in this country

are alternate promoters in Des Moines, each running one show a month. Those seeking enlightenment on the ingratitude of some fighters will look up the case between Maurice Holtzer, French featherweight, and Eddie Walker. Eddie Long is on the Coast with Bud Taylor where the Terre Haute Terror is booked for three engagements. Al Sweeney is working with Long on the Chicago end. "Silent" Jack Tierney cannot be convinced that Irish Mickey Gill is not the greatest bantam in the country. Frank Dane taking Harry Fierro's part and Tierney fighting for Bill should make quite an argument. Max Waxman and Nick Kline are running shows at the Laurel Gardens in Newark. Ace Hudkins is expected to come to Chicago and fight under the management of Ray Alvis. Alvis is the busy bee of the boxing industry. Good judgment was lacking when they put Johnny Pena right back with Archie Bell after a tempestuous ten-round struggle. The kid wasn't ready for two tough fights following one another and suffered accordingly.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

BOXING in Europe, particularly in England, is taking on a decided improvement. The slump which hit the sport through the outdoor season is now over, judging by the throngs that have packed most of the clubs since the first week in September. The reason for the big improvement may be traced to the new blood in almost all divisions except the heavyweight. Colorful fighters, plenty of good, sturdy, fast boys among the fighters in the lower classes, is largely responsible. In addition, the new promotion blood has aided considerably. By far the biggest strike made in England was the acquisition of Jeff Dickson who has instilled new life into the sport in England.

Len Harvey received a points decision over Dave Shade after 15 very interesting rounds of boxing. Many good judges disagreed with the decision and quite a lot thought that the fight was won by a 'shade.'

Jeff Dickson was so impressed with the clean and sportsman-like methods of the American, who received a wonderful reception from the vast audience at the Royal Albert Hall, that he immediately got in touch with Jack Hood, our popular welter champion, and speedily fixed the latter to meet Shade on October 28 at the same rendezvous.

Benny Sharkey, who recently beat Kid Socks and kayoed Terence Morgan, since decisively defeating Teddy Baldock, has been signed up to meet Dick Corbett on the Hood and Shade card. Corbett has a genuine claim to the championship, and is finding it a difficult task to get opponents at his own poundage.

There is a possibility of Al Brown being seen in a London ring, shortly and Benny Sharkey may probably be his opponent. If negotiations now pending are satisfactorily settled, the contest will be staged at that popular 'fight factory,' The Blackfriars 'Ring.' I am inclined to think that Brown is 100% better at 122 pounds.

Johnny Peters, who has just returned from Australia, was on view at the Albert Hall on the Shade and Harvey bill. His opponent was the tough Welsh bantam, Cuthbert Taylor, and Johnny scored a stylish victory over the Welshman. Spider Pladner was offered a match with Peters, to be staged in Paris, but the Spider's terms did not fit in with Jeff Dickson's ideas.

Charlie Smith easily defeated Reggie Meen at Leicester, and this only goes to show how 'unhealthy' the present crop of heavies are.

The National Sporting Club has at last decided to 'cruise in furrin parts.' For the first time since the establishment of the Lonsdale championship belts they have decided to stage two bouts for these trophys outside of London. One for the lightweight and the other for the feathers championship.

Al Foreman, the lightweight champion, meets George Rose in Manchester for Lord Lonsdale's championship belt and this should be a good thing for Foreman, who clouts very hard upon occasions. Harry Corbett, the legitimate challenger, who won the European title, was passed over because he was classed as 'dangerous material' by certain advisers of Foreman.

Nel Tarleton, who made many friends while in New York, has been matched up with Johnny Cuthbert, the featherweight champion and in this bout the Lonsdale belt for the feather's division will also be at stake. This fight will be staged at the Stadium, Liverpool, on November 7. As Liverpool is Tarleton's home town, excitement there is already great. Should Tarleton succeed where Dom Volante narrowly failed, it is safe to bet that the famous seaport will be painted 'red' by the Liverpudlian's followers.

Desmond Jeans, the monocled boxer and former actor, stepped into the game less than a fortnight ago and won his first two bouts by the K. O. formula; No. 1 fight in London, and the other in Paris. He has now been placed under the watchful eye of Francois Descamps. His style is not at all bad but the man who chaperoned Georges Carpentier to eminence must polish up the rough spots. This new heavy is game and full of ambition, but it is too early in the day to phophesy.

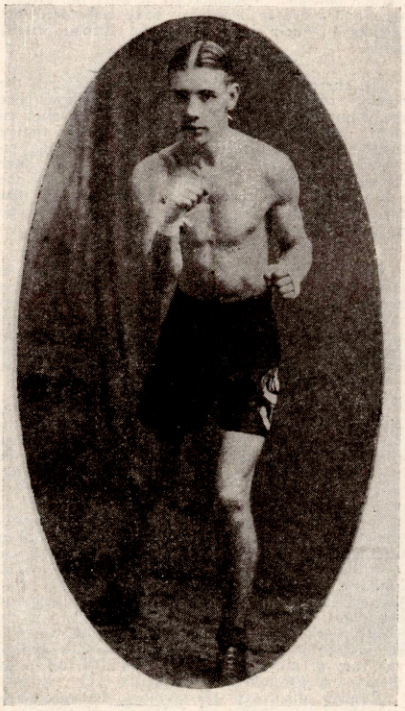
Harry Mason, the best welter in this country now that Jack Hood has decided to 'associate' with the middleweight gentry, is determined to bask in the limelight. He has signified his agreeableness to meet all the most promising welters or middles in their own respective towns. When fit, Mason is the 'aristocrat' of all fighters and 'tis a pity that he does not take the game more seriously.

Jeff Dickson's Promotions, Ltd., intend to give the wrestling game a trial in London. In conjunction with Henry Irslinger, he will stage a series of bouts of the all in style at the Royal Albert Hall on October 30.

Sam Russell, the popular referee, started in the promoting ranks at the Stadium Club recently but was 'handcuffed' by the club directors and consequently got off to a bad start. Give Sam a 50-50 break and he will 'loom big' in the promoting stunt.

Premierland, the scene of many hectic fights, may have to close its doors very shortly owing to the lease expiring. The very numerous East End supporters are hoping that Manny Lyttlestone, the promoter there, will be able to find a suitable 'shop' in the near district. Manny is very popular since he has been in sole charge at Premierland, but for a long time he has been misunderstood owing to his tendency to call a 'spade a spade.'

We have all heard of the 'seven wonders of the world' but I am certain that little Dick Corbett will subscribe to the belief that the number should be increased to eight, since his



Nel Tarlton who is one of England's leading featherweights. He is matched with Champion Johnny Cuthbert in a Lonsdale Belt contest

contest with Young Johnny Brown at Premierland. How the referee managed to arrive at a draw decision is a mystery which even a 'Pinkerton' would be unable to fathom.

The M. C. is deserving of some recognition for his bravery in conveying the referee's decision to the crowd, for Dick positively 'wiped the floor' with Young Johnny. The latter was knocked 'silly' by the frequency with which Dick straight-lefted him, and when Brown heard the verdict, he was dumbfounded that such a slice of luck could possibly be his.

Fred Austin, having run off two or three of his weekly promotions at Kilburn, is now beginning to establish a good class clientele and the confidence that he placed in Jack King, his matchmaker, has been fully justified. Make no mistake, this King is better value than most of the so-called 'aces' at the matchmaking trick.

Teddy Baldock has gone back considerably. He no longer is the fine little fighter he was. Teddy is ducking the good boys but he'll soon be compelled to come out and fight. When this does happen, I will vouch for it that terrier Dick Corbett and his kennel companion, Johnny Peters, will be on hand if the Poplarite is disposed to show battle. The Lonsdale belt does not now fit Teddy nearly so well as it formerly did, and there are other genuine bantams who could wear the 'bauble' to much better advantage, and who would consider it an honor whenever they were called upon to defend it because the retention of the trophy by victory is the symbol of supremacy.

Johnny Best, the Liverpool promoter, has no sinecure of a job. He has to find attractive tit-bits each week all the year round. It is one thing to be able to find the right material and another thing to be able to mix the 'ingredients' so that they make attractive 'dishes.' That Johnny succeeds in the dual task is evidenced by the frequency with which the house-full boards appear.

Ever since the Liverpool Stadium opened its doors 20 years ago, it has managed to lure the field-marshals of the mitt-slinging army into the ring there. It has been the favorite battle-ground Jimmy Wilde, Johnny Basham, Johnny Summers and scores of other eminent 'punchers,' and as a consequence, the habitues there are epicures with a very sensitive taste and none, better than they, can differentiate between 'blood' and the 'dud.'

Several of our title holders have been seen in action during the past month but in no case has the title been at stake. At West Bromwich, Bert Kirby, the flyweight 'guvnor,' was scheduled to box a dozen rounds at 114 pounds with Boy Edge, a fellow Brum. It appears that the Boy was most 'rude' to the champion and had the audacity to burst that personage's nose as well as 'open,' in more senses than one, both his eyes. Edge won every round by a large margin and was greeted with a tornado of cheers when the 'third man' named him as the victor.

Johnny Cuthbert, the 'cock of the feathers,' is surely our most industrious champion. At Manchester he was opposed by Roy Berrisford, a climbing boy in the same division, but the latter was obviously outclassed by the Sheffielder. Johnny did not extend himself unduly during the first half dozen-rounds, but he 'rolled up his sleeves' in round seven and hammered his opponent to such good purpose that in the following round one of Berrisford's handlers skied the towel in token of defeat.

Harry Crossley, our cruiser-weight 'monarch,' crossed swords with a fellow 'Tyke,' in Frank Fowler (York) at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and it was only toward the close of the 12-round duel that Crossley just got his nose in front to gain a narrow win.

Frankie Ash, who is so seldom seen nowadays, was induced to climb off the 'shelf' to oppose the present flyweight champion, Bert Kirby, at the Pier Pavilion Plymouth. Ash showed that he was far from being a spent force and taught Master Bert many useful things during the bout. Kirby secured the verdict by a very narrow margin.

Dom Volante registered a meritorious win at Johnny Best's Stadium in Liverpool when he kayoed a very clever and capable Frenchman by the name of Raymond Desnoulet in the ninth round. Dom was at considerable disadvantage as he was suffering from the after-effect of a very severe cold. During the early stages of this bout, the Continental showed superb skill and ringcraft, but in the middle round, Volante went into 'top-gear,' exceeded the speed limit and in the following round he connected with his right hand, the Frenchman 'hit the deck' and the referee sounded the 'last post.'

Volante's next engagement is on October 23 at the Liverpool Stadium, when he is due to meet a prominent Continental by the name of Quadrini. Dom is rapidly recovering his old form and those who know him will agree that when he is all levelled up, he takes some stopping.

Ever heard this one before? A certain heavyweight boxer, whilst on a mountaineering tour, had the misfortune to lose his headgear owing to a sudden and unexpected gust of wind. Upon relating the incident to some of his cronies, the boxer claimed that he had been the victim of a 'foul-blow.' Where was his protector?

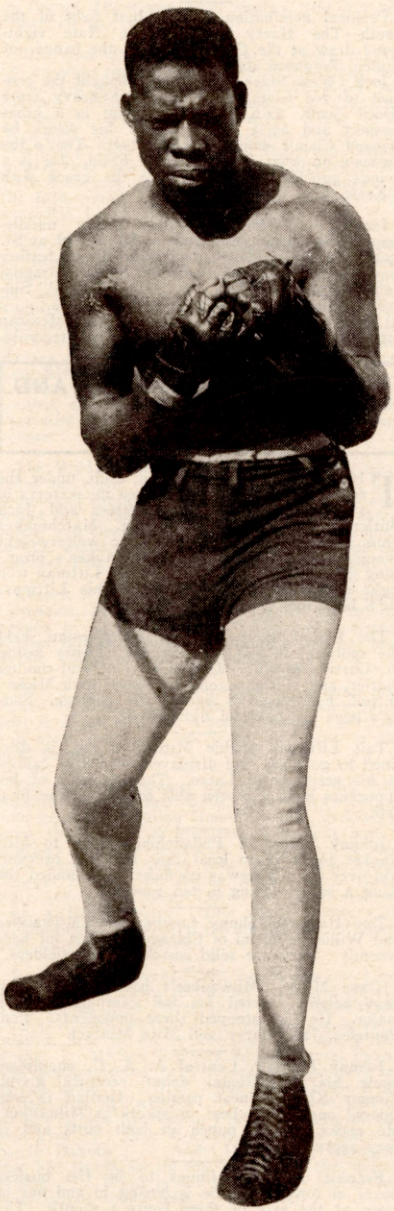
Latest news is to the effect that Joseph Morris and his protege, Teddy Baldock, have thought fit to 'break' with the British Boxing Board of Control, and ere this, their respective licenses may have served the useful purpose of pipe-lighters. Mr. Morris claims that they have acted in this manner as a protest against certain rulings which have reacted against himself and Baldock. Some little time ago, the B. B. B. C. ordered him to pay the sum of $100 as compensation to Tommy Brown, the boxer, for breach of contract, and he, Morris, made known his intention to appeal against this penalty. It would appear now that the board will not budge, hence Joseph's decision to revolt.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE fall boxing season in Paris had a most auspicous opening with the Salle Wagram headliner ten-round bout between featherweights, Nick Bensa, the French champion, and clever Bobbie Tassin. It was a great battle from start to finish with Bensa winning. I doubt if there is a better featherweight in Europe than Bensa.

The Velodrome d'Hiver opened up with the championship fight between Al. Brown and Eugene Huat, the French bantamweight. The fight, which went the full fifteen rounds, resulted in a victory for Brown. The French boy, however, put up a very good bout.



Goyito Rico, heavyweight champion of Cuba

Where will Max Schmeling defend his title? The Germans are very anxious that he should do so at home. Of course his next fight, if against Young Stribling, will probably be the last crack that he will have at the big affairs and he will probably follow the money. I know that Schmeling would prefer to defend in Germany and if he can obtain as good a guarantee from some promoter to fight in his home country, as in America, his defending contest will be in Germany.

At Algers, Andre Regis in a ten-round bout defeated Jean Joup on points. Sauvage defeated Schmidt on points in ten rounds. Pernot knocked out Kaddour in two rounds.

The Belgian featherweight, Francois Machtens, who is a very clever boxer, met Dom Volante, the Liverpool boxer, in a fifteen-round bout. The bout was a hummer from start to finish. In the last round the English boxer made a great rally and gained so many points that he got the decision.

Desmond Jeans, the actor fighter, who outside of the ring always wears a monocle, has been flattening the third-rate heavyweights of England and France quite frequently. He has a hard punch in both fists. When he went to scale for his bout against Compere, of France, which was given at one of Dickson's entertainments, he stepped upon the scales wearing B. V. D's and a monocle.

Many new heavyweights are coming to the surface in France. At a recent entertainment Alf Sauvage defeated Kramps; M. Hugan defeated F. Hubert; Benee defeated Stincheniko, and Jeans defeated Compere.

Blaouis and Vinosky, two lightweights who have recently come to the front in France, put up a rousing ten-round battle at the Central Sporting Club of Paris, which went to the first named on points. Flyweights Filhol and Heddebaut, at the same entertainment, went ten slashing rounds to a draw. In another ten-rounder at the flyweight poundage, Coutrey received the decision in the seventh round on a foul.

Maisons-Alfort, a small town outside of Paris, is a great fight town. Almost every man, woman and child in town can talk intelligently on the art of self-defense. Boxing bouts are held weekly there in the Gymnase Municiual and the entertainments attract good attendances.

After the Shade-Harvey fight in London, Dave Shade and his wife spent a few days in Paris. Dave was under the impression that the verdict of the referee was a wrong one.

Al Brown will probably have a fight in Paris against the French featherweight champion, Nick Bensa. The latter is one very clever fellow.

Brown is now very popular with the French fans. He receives as much applause as if he was a native.

Barcelona, where Jeff Dickson is now promoting is a fine fight town. The bouts there do not start until midnight and the programs end up about 3 a. m. As a usual thing the natives go to bed about seven in the morning. Our night is their day.

From present indications 1930-31 Paris boxing seasons will result in being the biggest ever known for the "Gay City". Dickson, so far, has been playing to capacity houses at both the Salle Wagram and the Velodrome d'Hiver. The latter place holds about the same number as the New York Madison Square Garden does.

Nick Bensa, the French champion featherweight, defended his title successfully against M. Delobelle, in a bout held at the Salle Wagram. It was scheduled for fifteen rounds, but Delobelle, at the end of the tenth round, decided that he had enough. He was pretty badly battered up and he did a wise thing when failing to respond for the eleventh bell.

The supporting bouts to the above fight were first class. Bantamweight Lefebre beat Hamond. Light-heavyweight Loriot defeated Godfrin on points. Lightweight Dujardin stopped Pomelle in the second. In a scheduled 8 "threes" between bantamweights, Alvaro and Gerdal, the latter retired after the fifth session. In a ten-round heavyweight contest, Herzoviz, of Poland, knocked out Mitchel who hails from somewhere in France, in the first round.

There is a fine crop of fly- and bantam-weights in France this season and the feathers are also very promising. The French boys are very conscientious in their training and most of them are ready to jump in as fillers at very short notice. The English promoters are using many French preliminary boys in their entertainments.

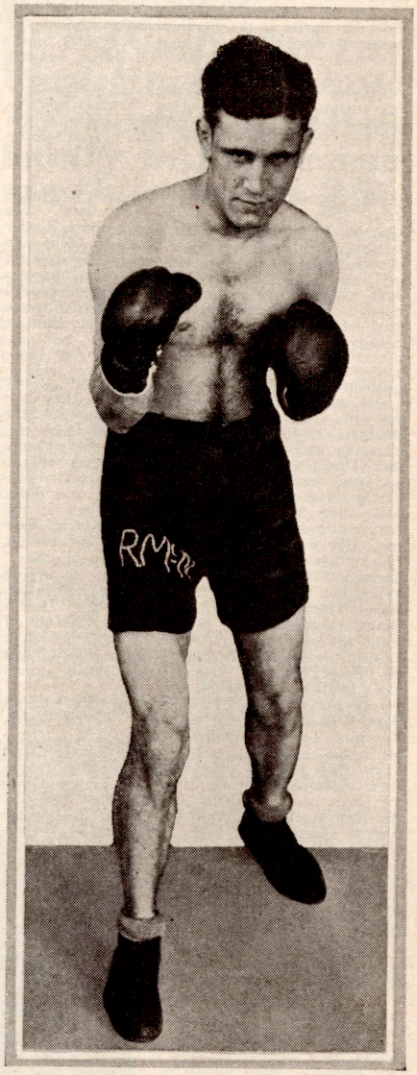
Len Johnson, the English Negro middleweight, in a return match against the French boxer, Pierre Gandon over fifteen rounds, gained the verdict.

Bernard, a lightweight, knocked out Noel at the Central S. C. In a welterweight bout, Manhes defeated George Curney on points.

Obrecht, of Lens, defeated Gourdy, of Paris, in five rounds at Paris, the bout being stopped by the referee to save Obretch.

Jeff Dickson has done away with judges and he is giving the one-man referee a try-out. In the Brown-Huat fight there was only one man, the referee on the job. The official had no trouble finding the winner. The French rules permit either the one-man or judges and referee to officiate.

German heavyweight, Schoenrath, successfully defended his title in a match with Wagener, which was held at Cologne. The latter retired after the tenth round. At the same entertainment Eder, of Germany, defeated Barbotteux, of France, on points; Pfitzner, of Germany, drew with Petit Frevez, of Belgium. Tobeck, of Germany, defeated Leopardi, of Italy, on points, and Neusel, of Germany, defeated his countryman, Schemann, in the fifth of a scheduled 8 "threes".



Ralph McNaughton, Quebec City, featherweight contender

Henri Bernstein, who referees in most of the bouts held in France, favors the one-man official.

Harry Mason, the English battler, made a return to the ring against the Belgian, Camille Desmat. The bout terminated in the fourteenth on a foul.

Paris fight season opened up with the receipts about 30 per cent more this year than last, and 100 per cent more than five years ago.

This season is going to be a record one for boxing, not only in England and France, but in Spain, Italy, Germany and Belgium. In Spain, boxing is beginning to take the place of bull fighting to a great extent and bull ring managers all over Spain are promoting boxing. A new arena at Barcelona, where boxing bouts will be given, will seat over 70,000, and Dickson will provide and stage all the principal bouts given there.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

MIKE MURPHY, *Chicago Daily News* boxing writer, must have been reading Earl Mastro's mind, according to a hot story he grabbed from somewhere. Here it is:

"Earl Mastro will no longer make his home in Chicago. At least for some time to come. The little Italian, who rose to fistic stardom over night, has departed for the great open spaces of the West, and there is no telling when he will return.

"Earl, accompanied by his wife and 8-months-old-baby, left in his auto some days ago for Los Angeles, where he expects to make his permanent residence. Mastro has been to the West Coast several times for fights and he has grown to like it so much that he has decided to make his home there.

"One reason why Earl is leaving Chicago is because he isn't treated properly in his local battles. The one he particularly refers to is his fight with Fidel La Barba at the Stadium here in which the former flyweight king hit him low several times. Earl wants another fight with La Barba, but not in Chicago."

Regardless of numerous rumors to the contrary this correspondent wants to say Earl is not dissatisfied with his present managers, Art Winch and Sam Pian, and will have them continue to do his business.

Barney Ross, Roosevelt Road lightweight youngster, "stole the Singer-Mack production." He appeared in a preliminary against Sammy Binder of New York and won a technical K. O. in the second round after showing one of the niftiest left hooks in the business. Winch, who manages Ross, along with Pian, says Barney has developed a left hook like the star of the stable, Earl Mastro. Ross looked so good some of the experts said he looked better than Singer.

About local sportswriters—Lou Diamond, *Daily Times*, picked all of the winners before their battles, in the Singer-Mack boxing show at the stadium. Charley Dunkley, Associated Press editor, was one of the many who thought Young Jack Thompson was robbed of the welter title in his bout with Tommy Freeman. Marvin McCarthy is the youngest sports ed. in this town. And Mike Murphy of the *Daily News* is the youngest fight scribe here. Frank Korch, *Collyer's Eye* weekly, must have written the article, "Jack Sharkey has served his time in big-time." Kenneth Fry, *Evening Post* boss, has no boxing writer but handles the job in good style himself. Harry Hochstadter, in his widely read "Hoch's Blues," quotes Singer as saying he had an off night against Mack or he would have scored a kayo in the first two rounds. Walter Harris takes his "Prep Potpourri" very seriously, Dick Axman p. a., is always on the go.

Joey Foley, in his "This Sporting Life," thinks Barney Ross is a great prospect. Rocky Wolfe, "Keeping Tabs" columnist, is clever and is creating a host of readers for his stuff. Howard Mann warns Joey Hangor, in print, never threaten to strike a boxing inspector after Joey drew a sixty-day suspension for doing same. Betty Eckersall and Ann Mack, alias Ann Armstrong, are the two women sportswriters here. Warren Brown, in his "So They Tell Me," says "This week's welter title-holder, Tommy Freeman." Harry McNamara, *Herald-Examiner*, is one of the gamest boxing scribblers we have in Chicago. Archie Ward and his constituents, Wilfrid Smith, Howard Barry and Jimmy Segretti, among others are kept busy on the *Tribune* desk. Clair Kelly and his superior, Ed Geiger, are interesting writers.

A succession of misfortunes followed Tom Kirby's knockout by King Levinsky here. Kirby, who fell on his face after catching a terrific right-hand wallop from King in the second frame of their ten-rounder, was rushed to a local hospital at the suggestion of the Stadium physician. He was found to have a slight dislocation of the vertebra as a result of the kayo. The Boston heavyweight recovered from this injury but reported a severe pain on his right side. An examination revealed a ruptured gangrenous appendix and it was romeved immediately. The boxer is out of danger from possible complications, according to the doctor, and will be able to leave the hospital for home this month.

There are eight amateur boxing clubs operating weekly here this winter. They're Marigold Garden, St. Rita Men's Club, Knights of Columbus clubhouse, Midway Temple, Belle Plains A. C., Hi Li Fronton, J. Coulon Gym, Garfield Park Eagles. The Medinah A. C. also stages simon pure shows, but not weekly.

Ringside sights—A sports journal, published in this town, says Jack Dempsey is cleaned of ready cash by a Mexican gambling venture in Ensenada. . . . Sammy Mandell won his fourth welterweight bout when he beat Joe Trippe at Buffalo. . . . Norman McGarrity gave up his pay check for refereeing at the Harmon benefit and not Joe McNamara. . . . Joe Anderson ran out on Haakon Hanson here because the house had only $1,600 in it but went through with a match against Vincent Forgione, which drew $1,100. . . . Subsequent to the Carnera-Gross spectacle, Malloy journeyed to St. Louis where the ringworms seem to like his work better. . . . Pete Sarmiento is still fighting and when last heard from knocked out Canto Robleto in one inning at Pasadena, Calif. . . . Eddie Shea's 115-pound brother, Tony, traveled to Cleveland where he won a four-rounder from Roy Edwards. . . . Harold Fair, WBBM radio station announcer, once in awhile stages an exhibition between two well-known ringmen and broadcasts the bout as if it was a real fight.

Nessie Blumenthal, Art Shires' ring pilot, has acquired a new boxer and his name is Meyer Frager, brother of Sammy Frager, ex-featherweight champion of the Navy, who met Mandell, among other topnotchers, before quitting the sport. Meyer is going great guns under the managerial wing of Nessie and in seven pro fights has registered kayo's and two decision wins.

Al Lippe, Philadelphia fistcuffing man, is not stingy and whenever he sends out notices about his fighters he always says a little about each one. In the two foolscap sheets your servant received the glorified twelve battlers.

The stars of the outfit are Al Friedman, Jewish heavyweight, Al Winkler, lightweight, and Steve Smith, featherweight.

More ringside sights—Ed Klein, the popular fellow from Adams St., back in the judges stand at the box fights. . . . Kid Howard while talking about old time boxers. . . . Barney Abel, fisticuff vet, with a three-for-a-half cigar in his mouth. . . . Levinsky, who has a terrible time getting a hat to fit his head, despite the fact that he is really a modest chap. . . . Otto Von Porat, who was told by every one to fight like a Dempsey when in the ring and to the vast surprise of everybody did just that against Angue Snyder, knocking out the Dodge City, Kan., heavyweight in 3:05 of the first round. . . . "Silent Jack" Tierney and Johnny Mack pausing to talk over affairs of the local boxing rialto. . . . Jack O'Keefe, of the Sacramento A. C., intelligent and cautious and somehow looking like a lawyer instead of manager of Tuffy Griffiths and Larry Johnson. . . . Eddie Borden, New York writer for this publication, pleasant and with a smile for everybody on his way to Gotham from Des Moines where he handled the Perlick twins to victories. . . . Whitey Ekwert, trainer, inseparable from the chewing tobacco in his mouth. . . . "Society Kid" Hogan, former boxer, being taken for a leading man on Randolph St., he's that handsome.

Eddie Johnson, light heavyweight, and Joe DeMercedes, 130-pounder, have placed themselves under the managerial wing of James Christopher, Chicago manager who fought under the moniker of Jimmy Flynn. Johnson and DeMercedes are promising youngsters and Christopher has lots of confidence in their ability to make the grade.

Some of this and a little of that—The late Eddie Kane, who managed Sammy Mandell and Tommy Gibbons to high positions in the fight game, once piloted Jake Schaeffer and Willie Hoppe, two of the most colorful and successful exponents of professional billiards. . . . Barney Furey, with Sammy Mandell when the Rockford boy was lightweight champ, was in Tommy Herman's corner when the latter fought Mandell here. . . . Fred Seifert is working hard for a good season at his new Logan Square Boxing Club here. . . . Kid Barnett was booked to fight in an amateur show at the K. of C. hall on the west side and when asked why he didn't show up replied: "Was scheduled to play football the next day and didn't want to take any chances of getting hurt. . . ." It promises to be a dull winter for Hack Wilson at Martinsburgh without Shires to challenge the chunky Cubs outfielder to fistic combat. . . . Pep Justo, Madison (Wis.) welter, has yet to lose a battle in these parts. . . . Sid Strotz, president of Stadium Corp., announces all boxing shows at the popular sports palace in the future will be conducted solely under the auspices of the Stadium. . . .

Besides managing boxers Ray Alvis manages their managers as well. He has a number of his own boys but the majority are owned by other individuals. Ray was handling 57 fighters of all sizes and weights. His latest lists includes the following: Ace Hudkins, Tony Herrera, Charley Bellanger, Lou Scozza, Cowboy Jack Willis, Leon (Bombo) Chevalier, Wesley Ketchell, Manuel Quintero, Fred Lenhart, Young Jack Thompson, Spug Myers, Bearcat Wright and Tuffy O'Dowd. Alvis is also assisting Doc Kearns in booking Mickey Walker, Al Fay, Jackie Fields and George Courtney.

Things I never knew 'til now—Gen. John V. Clinnin was a former assistant United States attorney. . . . Dempsey's famous limbs are without peer in the ring and are the last million-dollar legs to have passed into history, perhaps never to return.

Personal nomination for the best fight of the month—The Harry Fierro-George Nate eight-round draw at the Coliseum under the banner of Mullen, Ferguson and McKenzie.

Jack (West Side) O'Keefe has bought the contract of Joe Clam, south side light-heavy from "Doc" Scott. O'Keefe thinks Clam is a great prospect and as a starter under his colors he changed Clam's monicker to Corbett. That's the lowdown on what Jack thinks of Clam. Joe is a vicious puncher and may make the grade with O'Keefe.

Inside stuff—Mike Gibbons, clever middleweight boxer, some years ago ran for sheriff at St. Paul. . . . Ernie Fliegel, former northwest feather sensation, has acquired a piece of Frank Battaglia, Canadian middleweight who whipped "My" Sullivan in one of his most recent encounters. . . . Al Rivers, local 118-pounder, is not a Mexican but an Irishman, and his right name is Fitzgerald.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY

By LARRY LIGHTIG

THE new Riverview Athletic Club, under the tutelage of Milwaukee's three musketeers of swat—Al Fian, Joe Schweitzer and Jack Butler—has started with a bang. Matchmaker Fain featured Pete Latzo, former welterweight champion and Tait Littman, Milwaukee's promising gladiator in the windup set-to. Littman won eight out of ten rounds. Watch this Littman. He'll be a fine Garden card.

The Perlick twins, Henry and Herman, held the spotlight in the preliminaries. Henry losing to Curtis Brown, Milwaukee's up-and-coming battler, and Herman getting a draw with Mickey O'Neil, Fred Saddy's lightweight protege. Saddy's boys are splendid fighters.

Tait Littman, Richie Mitchell's ace, is destined to go high. He displayed worlds of caliber in his set-to with Latzo. The majority of his opponents have not been able to answer the final bell.

Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia came to Milwaukee to prove to local fans that his previous win over King Tut was no fluke. He handed the King a severe lacing in ten rounds.

Two Italians, Johnny Lombardo of Milwaukee and Willie Pelligrini of Chicago, made a hit here recently. They are solid smacking mit wielders.

Dave Maier. Milwaukee's hard hitting light-heavyweight, started his fall campaign like a major. He has stopped three opponents. Paul Panteleo, Jack Barry and Mitz Minikel.

Johnny Dettlaff, Central A. A. U. champion, made his professional debut recently giving Tommy Kluth a neat pasting. Dettlaff is considered one of the best prospects in Milwaukee. He packs a hard punch in both mitts and is very aggressive.

Frankie Burns continues to be the busiest boxer in town. Frankie is boxing in and out of town at the rate of three bouts a month. The reason for this is Burns always gives the fans a run for their money.

Boxers and managers desiring information in regards to boxing in Wisconsin are requested to communicate with the writer at 716 Lloyd Street, Milwaukee, Wis. Let's hear from some of you managers.

I hear that—Sal Serio has been named matchmaker of the Sheboygan Eagles Club—Tony Bruno stole the show in his last bout at Appleton—H. G. Wells has a pair of promising battlers in Windy Thomas and Herbie Thompson—Erv Hoffman has taken over Eddie Oster—Walter Walker is the youngest amateur title holder—Pinky Mitchell has opened a new gymnasium—Eagles amateur boxing team is going to Kansas City—Charles Higgins is going to turn Leo Schneider pro.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

EDDIE MORRIS, former Sioux City middleweight who was an attraction here a few years back, has opened a new gymnasium that is second to none in the Middle West. Most local boxers work out there every afternoon.

Riverview Park Arena—Billy Vaughn, Omaha lightweight, stopped Red Vandervert of Lincoln, Neb., in the second round. K. O. Larson, rugged Omaha battler, outclassed Jimmy Thompson, local feather, in six. In the other bouts, Don Carmen of Lincoln, Neb., shaded Buster Madigan, of Minneapolis, in four; Kenny Wright Lincoln, won from Leo Kimberly of Sioux City in four rounds; Jerry Howard defeated Kid Jabbo in four.

Eddie Morris has taken over the management of Jimmy Thompson, local feather, and has him ready for all comers.

Riverview Park Arena—Harry Jones marked up another record attendance on his final outdoor card of the season. In the main six-rounder, Richie Mack, former San Francisco lightweight, shaded Urban Liberty. Ernie North, Waterloo, Ia., junior lightweight, lost to Carl Wells of Omaha in six. Chuck Patterson, Omaha welter, beat Mickey McCool of Waterloo in six. Joey Rich lost on a foul to Buster Madigan in the fifth round, and Young Tuffy Griffiths won over Kid Lloyd of Waterloo, Ia., in four.

The first indoor show of the season, promoted by Nate Dax, showed Billy Vaughn of Omaha, Neb., having too much ruggedness and weight for Henry Falegano, the Filipino lightweight. Tommy Corbett, Omaha feather, and Don Carmen, of Lincoln, Neb., fought six hard rounds to a draw. Jimmy Thompson shaded Babe Barnes in four. Kenny Wright of Linclon beat Leo Kimberly in four rounds. Kid Perry of LeMars, Ia., won by a shade from Wild Bill Gerdes, of Dickens, Ia., in four, and Kid Jabbo beat Lew Bacon, of Chicago, in the three-round opener.

The Wildcat Eddie Mason-Billy Vaughn bout, billed for eight rounds, was stopped in the fifth round and declared a "no contest" when Mason would not make a fight out of it. The Johnny Kerns and George Howard bout was also stopped in the second when Howard repeatedly hit the canvas. This Kerns boy looks pretty good.

Everett Vincent, St. Paul feather, and Francis Gatewood, of Decatur, Neb., fought six red-hot rounds to a draw. Matt Smith, local veteran, shaded Kid Brown in four. Jimmy Johnson beat White Stone, of Omaha, in four.

Mr. O. G. Snyder, the popular boxing promoter at Enid, Okla., has a fine looking prospect in Dude McCook, a featherweight. McCook will show his wares to Sioux City fans in the near future.

The wrestling season opened up at the local Auditorium with Roy Gillis, Sioux City's policeman-grappler defeating Homer Wright, in straight falls, the first in 38 minutes, 41 seconds with a headlock and the second in 13 minutes, 56 seconds with an airplane spin hold. The tough George Finney, of Little Rock, Ark., threw Billy Schober, of Clear Lake., Ia., in 38 minutes with a flying mare. Nick Stack, Sioux City middleweight, won over Curley Nelson, of Sheldon, Ia., in 30 minutes.

Last Minute Sparks.—Mr. Len Victor, of London, England, keeps the writer posted on all the fistic doings from "over there" . . . Nate Dax, local promoter, was hit by a "hit-and-run driver," causing him to be on the sick list for a few weeks . . . Mickey Greb, of Wilkes-Barre, Penn., who headquartered here during the summer, returned home . . . Greb made it tough for a lot of the local lightweights . . . THE RING will be on sale at the Sportsman Club, the name of our new gym . . . Jack McCann was called home to North Dakota . . . Andy Dans, local manager, has his stable in tip-top shape for the indoor season . . . Word is out that Harry Jones may start indoor shows soon . . . So long.

MARTEL AT CAMPOLO CAMP

Gus Martel, one of the world's most famous amateur boxers who, years ago, rolled up a string of more than 300 knockouts and never tasted defeat, was a visitor at Gus Wilson's Orangeburg camp recently where Victorio Campolo was training for his bout with Jack Sharkey. Gus went there at the request of Campolo, who was anxious to take a few lessons from Martel on his "famous K.O. wallop." When the session was over, Carlos Oldiana, Campolo's secretary, declared that the Argentinian battler was considerably interested in Martel's punch and that he hopes to perfect it for his next fight.

Martel later fought a one-round exhibition with Primo Carnera in which he demonstrated his secret punch.

NEWS FROM IOWA
By PINKY GEORGE

THE Perlick twins showed in Des Moines, Herman and Henry. Some fighter this Herman Perlick. The way he easily beat Eddie Anderson was a revelation to the Capital City fans. Henry beat Charlie Lupica in ten. Bill Kutcher beat Bull Paxton in six. Baby Carnera beat Dave Parker in six while Bobby McLaughlin drew with Jimmy Legrone in four.

A great heavyweight prospect due to set Iowa fans on fire is Bigboy Fields, 18 years old, weighing 210 lbs and six foot six inches tall. Fields has shown more than size in his performances, knocking out seven straight opponents.

At Des Moines—Mickey Walker, world's middleweight champion stopped Mike Mandell in the first round. Pep Jennings and Bobby O'Dowd drew in ten. Kenneth Hunt beat Bill Kutcher in six. Bigboy Fields stopped Gene Sullivan in four while Slick Jesnick beat Paul Harris in six.

At Iowa City—Slick Jesnick beat Joe Rivers in eight. Paul Harris beat Barney Jordan in six. Orlie Thorington beat Ray Tyre in six.

At Walnut—Sammy Disalvo drew with Royal Coffman in ten while Jimmy Greggo kayoed Johnny Armstrong in two.

At Mason City—Al Bork beat Pep Jennings in eight. Don Hampton beat Con Gerdes in six, while Baby Carnera and Spin Nelson drew in six.

At Davenport—Mike Dundee beat Benny Bass in ten. Young Leonard beat Johnny Fulton in ten. Billy Gladstone beat Young Powell in six.

At Marshalltown—Paul Harris drew with Jack Bernstein in eight. Young Maddox stopped Bull Paxton in one.

At Victor—Charlie Arthurs beat Leo Stokes in eight. Baby Carnera stopped Jack Doggett in two. Kid Leonard beat Slick Jesnick in ten.

Last Minute Notes—Henry Falegano lost to Billy Love at Omaha. Billy Vaughn is a good Nebraska lightweight. Dick Daniels made a great fight with Tommy Loughran. Mike Collins, Minneapolis promoter has trouble getting opponents for Britt Gorman, southpaw flyweight. Does Tuffy Griffith's K. O. win over Emmett Rocco mean anything? Deadwood, S. D., small "stick" Dakota town, draws well. Tiger Jack Payne of Omaha drew with Bearcat Wright in an Omaha Negro natural. Nach Manriquez, Atlantic lightweight is a great prospect. Beat Urban Liberty in his last start. Glen Allen is from there too. Good fighters in that little town. Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion, is barnstorming in Iowa. Beat Spug Myers at Cedar Rapids. Tony Ligouri in Des Moines. Sammy looks better as a welterweight. Jack Lewis has Bearcat Wright again. Marshalltown, another small Iowa town, doing well. Sioux City, at one time Iowa's best fight town, is now one of the very small fight towns. Too much Tuffy Griffith with set-ups hurt Sioux City. The writer was late in sending in his notes last month. If I missed your win or your name, let me know. Office at 609-611 Locust St., Des Moines, Ia. A good lightweight could make a home in Des Moines. Des Moines has gone lightweight mad. Better come to the "Tall Corn State" you lightweights. So long.

EASTERN IOWA NOTES

THE splendid spectacle of Cedar Rapid's open-show in the costly new city Coliseum, was unfortunately marred by the accidental death of Hidreth (Battling) Nelson of Waterloo, who collapsed at the termination of the fifth round in his bout with Young Leonard of East Moline, Ill.

Johnny Fryrear presented a corking good card to start the winter season at Cedar Rapids. Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion and Spug Myers of Pocatello, Idaho, fought ten slashing rounds with Mandell the victor.

Hidreth Nelson was a splendid fighter and a credit to the sport. Always a gentleman in and out of the ring, his loss is keenly felt by the fraternity in this section. Several benefits netted $859.15 for the widow and the four children that were left.

At Iowa City, the collegiate city of the state, "Doug" Fairbanks flashed Slick Jesnick, Newton southpaw, victorious over Iowa Joe Rivers, in a hard fought melee.

At Davenport, Mike Dundee shaded Benny Bass junior lightweight champ of Philadelphia. The "gate" receipts were small.

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The Ring in Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

BABE HUNT, after turning in victories over Ernie Schaaf, Johnny Risko and several more good ones, grew careless and dropped a ten-round decision to the veteran Jack Renault at the Arena. Hunt started out strong enough but must have had his mind on something else for his work grew careless and Renault was handed the decision. Hunt got back in a winning stride a week later by beating Frankie Simms of Cleveland, in the west.

Jack Comfort had a short stay with Leonard Dixon. The big Negro from Chester floored him in the first fifteen seconds. Chairman Frank Wiener was not satisfied with the way Comfort went down and has barred him from further participation in Pennsylvania rings.

Al Ettore, a West Philadelphian, who came out of the amateur ranks, continued his winning ways by beating Tom Gleason in six rounds. Ettore looks like a chap who is going somewhere.

Owing to there being seventy pounds difference in weights, the scheduled bout between Ace Clark and Armando de Carlos did not take place at the Arena. The Negro scaled 254½ to Carlos' 184.

Harry Little, clever South Philadelphia boxer, made quite a hit in Atlantic City when he beat Billy Kramer, of Millville. A busy indoor campaign has been mapped out for Little.

In a stirring ten-round wind-up, Jimmy Smith, red-headed Kensington fighter, gained the decision over Marty Collins, South Philadelphia lad at the Cambria. There was action every inch of the way and the big crowd howled its approval.

Johnny Burns, the Cambria impresario, who has a penchant for trotting out seemingly unheard-of foreign fighters, showed Bob Schilling, German middleweight, who knocked out Georgie McLaughlin in the third round.

Pay Haley, always a drawing card at the Cambria, ran up against a tough customer when he faced Sailor Matty of Shenandoah, and the coal region fighter got the ten-round wind-up decision.

In the semi-windup to the Haley-Matty tiff, Johnny Dixon of Port Richmond scored an easy eight-round decision over "Yonder" McLaughlin of Kensington.

Frank Merrick of Richmond, Va., the University of Pennsylvania heavyweight boxer, is one of the ends on the Red and Blue football team, while Cy Newcomb, of Grand Rapids, Mich., star freshman light-heavyweight of last season, is playing second-string guard. As a yearling Newcomb was undefeated.

Pussy Walker, southpaw mite from Smoky Hollow, has been stepping along nicely lately, improving in his boxing with every appearance.

Rene De Vos, veteran Belgian middleweight, for the first time in his fighting career of about twelve years, won a bout on a foul from Joe Anderson of Kentucky at the Arena. Anderson 'fouled out' in the eighth round. The crowd of 5000 put up a terrible yell when the bout was stopped.

Young Firpo, hard hitting Pennsgrove, N. J. lad, gained a six-round decision over Jackie Pilkington of New York at the Arena. The bout was not much to write home about but as a final punch, Firpo dropped the New Yorker and "fouled out" in the eighth round. The crowd of Jackie.

Gaby Bagdad, a belligerent Armenian, gave Gene Buffalo, of West Philadelphia, a six-round pasting. There was action all the way. Bagdad has a habit of putting up good or indifferent bouts.

Al Gordon, Philadelphia 135-pounder, who does most of his effective work with his left hand, got a six-round draw with Diaz, Cuban Negro at the Arena. The crowd was in an uproar from start to finish. They stood toe to toe and slammed away.

Joey Hatfield of Conshohocken, took a six-round beating from Ralph Lenny, clever Italian youth from Union City, N. J., in one of the preliminaries of the De Vos-Anderson affair.

Hack Cotey, a newcomer, from South Bend, Ind., who came to Phillie early in the fall and then had to wait three weeks before getting started on account of having his tonsils removed, made good in his Arena debut by stopping "Wild Bill" Kent in the third round.

Earl Dunlap, Philadelphia welterweight, was knocked out in the third round by Jimmy Rhodes of Atlantic City at the shore.

Battling Griffin, 137-pound Philadelphian, scored a technical knockout over Tommy Wilson, also of the Quaker City, in the semi-windup to the Dunlap-Rhodes windup at the North Side Boxing Club in Atlantic City.

Amateur boxing is going better than ever in Phillie. In a recent amateur tournament conducted by one of the newspapers, there were 373 entries and the crowds also were big. The majority of the good professional talent in the Quaker City is now coming from the amateur ranks. Fouls and unfair decisions have done much to kill off some of the attendance at the pro bouts.

Tom Maguire, the modern Larry Foley of Australia. He has developed six champions in five years

Eddie Shea, who was "frisked" out of a decision against Lew Massey, made good his threat to flatten Johnny Datto, Cleveland featherweight, by knocking him out in the fourth round at the Arena. The idea was to put Shea and Datto in the windup as both had apparently won from Massey only to finish on the short end of the decision. Shea came out boldly and said he would eliminate Datto of any possibility of meeting Massey in a return windup and the Chicago lad surely made good. Now Shea and Massey are virtually sure of colliding again this winter.

Tiger Thomas, Leiperville colored fighter, who recently surprised Billy Jones by outpointing him, was too good for the veteran George Keysock of Frackville, Pa., and stopped him at the Arena.

Johnny Canzoneri, promising Allentown lad, pulled out a hard-earned decision over Joe Marciente of New York in six rounds at the Arena. Canzoneri weighing 126, conceded three and a half pounds to his opponent.

Gene Morretti of Atlantic City has found a knockout punch. He put it into action at the Cambria by flattening Sailor Matty of Shenandoah. Morretti later won a six-round limit bout from Tommy Donahue of West Philadelphia.

Johnny Alberts, Wilkes Barre coal miner, stepped into the wrong hallway when he went up against Roy Williams, Chicago colored 164-pounder, and the bout was stopped in the fifth round. Alberts had worked in the mines the previous day and took the bout on short notice, substituting for Johnny Peppe.

After being on the sidelines for some time, Eddie Reed, South Philadelphia colored battler, got into action against Eddie Cerda of New York at the Arena.

IN FALL RIVER, MASS

By TOM BRINDLEY

THE outstanding move of Matchmaker Sam Price during the autumn season was the bringing of Jose Santa, giant Portuguese to this city and its environs.

The Portuguese heavyweight champion was idolized by his countrymen, being feted on all sides.

His first fight was at Mark's Stadium, Tiverton, and for three days before the bout, which drew 12,000 people, and which ended in one minute and 14 seconds when he flattened Pedro Lopez, Indian battler, he was given receptions on all sides.

At a local soccer pitch, 15,000 fans watched him kick off the ball and nearly mobbed him. Police had to escort him from the field.

At Bristol, he was greeted by 5,000 people at an impromptu reception and at Taunton, he broke up a clambake when he appeared.

So big did the big boy go over, that Sam Price brought him back to the Providence Auditorium, where 6000 fans saw him knock out Gordon Munce, former National Amateur Heavyweight champion in three heats.

Tommy King, Fall River's most promising lightweight, continued his winning ways, outpointing Young Lefty over the eight-round route at the Fall River Casino in a local fight that stirred the fans considerable and besting Red Dupre of Dartmouth in a close eight-rounder at New Bedford.

Pancho Villa of New Bedford got some sort of revenge on Billy Lynch of Providence in September when he outpointed him in a close eight-rounder. Lynch won three close fights from him in this city.

Lynch, incidentally, found the going somewhat rough with the start of the indoor campaign. He managed to outpoint Phil Richards in a close fight, but lost in bouts to Gaston Lecadre, French lightweight champion, and Villa.

Hy Diamond came back to these parts on Columbus Day to lose a hairline verdict to Eddie Holmes in Providence. Diamond is from Boston and Holmes from Providence.

The first bout between Panama Roy Brooks and Eddie Curley may have brought a home-town decision in favor of the former, who hails from New Bedford but the second time that Matchmaker Jimmy Burke of the Bristol Arena paired them, Brooks carried the fight by several city blocks. The Panama lad is now going along on high and should do well during the winter season.

IN AND NEAR HALIFAX, CANADA

By VERNER A. BOWER

AS the feature of a go staged in the new arena by promoter Fred Ramsey, Sam Weiss, Philadelphia heavy, took a hard-earned decision over Roy Mitchell of Halifax.

In the semi-final Gordon MacNeil, one time well-known amateur won on a technical K. O. over Young Conners in the second round.

Halifax sportsmen are giving boxing good support. Fine cards are responsible.

Battling Holm of New Waterford is now living in Montreal.

Max Baer, California heavyweight, is making a bid for bouts in Eastern Canada, but promoters inform THE RING's correspondent they are not prepared to advance such a long transportation fee.

Jack MacKenna, Cape Breton fighter in the middleweight class, is a good card in this section.

Another bad blow to the game was the Mitchell-Thomford go at the Labor Temple in which Roy Mitchell met the German Thomford who came to Halifax strongly recommended. Thomford proved a set-up of the rankest kind.

"Big Dan" Wallace, Dalhousie University light-heavyweight Interscholastic champion, added laurels in another field by winning the single sculls with the Jubilee Rowing Club as well as capturing the Harbor Championship for Halifax.

Several shows will be held in Halifax in the near future, all to be under the direct supervision of the Nova Scotia Boxing Commission consisting of Alderman O'Toole; Major J. Roper, M. C.; and Dr. Rankin. The commission is determined to eliminate all set-ups and will bar from future competition in Halifax or other Nova Scotia centers any fighters who do not reach the necessary standard.

FROM DETROIT AND VICINITY

By RAY BOUSLOG

H'MBURGER has replaced steak as the fare for a majority of Detroit and Michigan fighters, managers and ring handlers. Business in the past three months has been at the lowest ebb since the game was revived here ten years ago.

Olympia, with Roger Bernard and Leo Kid Roy fighting on top, grossed on $2500 for the lowest gate in the history of the big building. Previous to that effort Bernard and Battalino drew only $8,500.

Roger Bernard, Mike McNulty's featherweight or junior lightweight, the second ranking 130 pounder in Eddie Borden's monthly selections, whipped Bat Battalino in a ten-round go. The featherweight champion was slow and was knocked through the ropes once. Bernard then knocked out Al DeRose, Steve Nugent and Leo Kid Roy in quick order, DeRose in three, Nugent in six and Roy in two. Roger is now matched with Kid Chocolate here sometime in December.

The Flint youth, who includes victories over Izzy Cohen, Young Zazzarino, Eddie Lord, Tony Herrera, Al Greenfield and Battalino in his record, may be the answer to the state promoter's prayers. His bout with Chocolate should draw around $30,000, a lot of money these days.

Morrie Sherman, Al Werbe's promising welterweight, suffered the first knockout of his career in unexpected fashion here. Tug Phillips, Erie welter, sent him kicking in the eight round at Olympia after being used for a punching bag the entire distance. Sherman got careless and Phillips clipped him. Just previous to this fight Freddie Fitzgerald floored him for a nine count in their ten-round bout at the state fairgrounds and had him out, the bell saving Sherman. But Morrie came on to fight his best battle and win.

After a lean year for local attractions, the gyms are beginning to produce some good boys. Marty Stone, after being content to outpoint the boys for the best part of his short career of a year, suddenly developed a knockout punch and pushed over Dick Landig, a tough Welshman. The bout, scheduled for ten rounds, lasted only three rounds. Stone now is being groomed for bigger and better things.

Eddie Koppy, Charlie Moore's hard hitting-lightweight, who floored Ray Miller, only to lose by a knockout himself when they met here last spring, is going along winning but not getting any big shots.

Pee Wee Wilson, Scotty Strachan's promising bantamweight, ran into some tough luck when he met Billy Shaw at Flint. Wilson is bantam champion of the state and Shaw featherweight boss. Wilson was giving his bigger opponent a real battle until he broke his left arm in the eighth round. He will be inactive for six months.

Alex Hadrian, a promising kid from the amateurs, jumped on top with two great fights against Wilson. He is meeting the more experienced local featherweights and junior lightweights.

The sensation of the state in the past three months has been Harry Robertson, a colored youth from Port Huron. After four years of quiet campaigning in which he engaged in more than 75 fights, this 21-year-old boy suddenly started beating the best welters in the state, giving away from nine to fifteen pounds. He whipped Ray Van Hook in decisive fashion, decisioned Jack Gillispie, knocked out an unknown in his Olympia debut, and has not lost a fight for six months. Olympia now is trying to match him with some of the bigger and better boys.

Whitey Gorsline, former heavyweight champion of the state, who has had a checkered career, seems okay again after a run of tough luck. He dropped his title to Benny Touchstone on a technical knockout, an old eye cut being opened.

Since that time he put away Kayo Smith at Atlanta and gave Joe Lohman one of the worst beatings of his career.

The Detroit Boxing Club, a new organization, took over Floyd Fitzsimmons' old home, the Fairground arena, and lost about seven grand on its opening show. That came as a surprise as Jack Dempsey was the referee. Cold weather was the biggest reason.

Tuffy Griffiths served notice on other heavies when he belted over Emmett Rocco here at the fairgrounds in two heats. Rocco spent most of the evening on the floor.

Salvatore Ruggierello went out in less than a minute against Larry Johnson. He was clipped on the chin and had enough for the night.

The same club was going to promote a Stribling-Risko match here but called it off until later when business will be better and money more plentiful.

Norman Andries was the only other Detroit promoter to attempt a show. He matched Eddie Koppy with Eddie Barron and they went ten hard rounds with Koppy winning. The show drew only about $400. Andries now is going to wait also.

Wrestling is staging a comeback here. Jack Herman, old time promoter, is going semi-monthly at Olympia with the big boys and attendance is beginning to pick up. Adam Weismuller stages weekly shows at Danceland, featuring the lighter boys and so far has had more than 1,000 fans for each of his shows. The game may go over here if it is not ruined.

Pete Firpo, after a long siege of inactivity, is attempting a comeback. Pete is serious this time as he trained for nine days in a row, breaking his own record.

James J. Russell, Mike McNulty's heavyweight, is under suspension for attempting to break his contract with the talkative Irishman.

Leo Nichols, a Pontiac boy, is beginning to show signs of advancing. He whipped several good boys and lost to Jack Avalon on an unpopular decision.

Grand Rapids, with several good local drawing cards in Martin Lewandowski and Wesley Ramey, is getting by. E. W. Dickerson and Will Morrissey are both promoting there.

Jimmy Brady has started his Ypsilanti club again and in his first show had a fair house. Benny Ray beat Al McLeod in the feature event.

Billy Hall, state middleweight champion, is going good in the western part of the state. He is popular in Muskegon and has drawn some good houses there.

Joe Palazzola, former state amateur featherweight champion, has won eight of his nine bouts by knockouts since turning professional.

Referees in Michigan now are selected by the commission instead of by the club and fighters. They are paid on a sliding scale, depending on the size of the house.

"Doc" Casey, one of Max Schmeling's seconds, made his debut here recently as a referee and went over big. He will get many big bout assignments although Elmer McClelland continues to rank the other "third men".

Tom Sayers, who jumped to short fame a few years ago as a heavyweight, is through now.

The death of Eddie Kane was mourned by every boxer and fight fan in the state. Kane was well known in Detroit and Michigan as he had a summer home at Toppinbee.

Ollie Bartlett, Sam Slotsky's wildcat, won an unpopular decision from Franklin Young, local flyweight, at Flint. They will be matched again.

Paul Thurman, a colored middleweight, managed by Archie Sillman who jumped to public notice when he brought Phil McGraw out of the west to New York, is trying to get a chance. He can punch and is a good boxer.

Benny Touchstone, after more than a year of trouble with his eyes, seems on the mend again. In his last two starts he whipped Frankie Simms, alias Kayo Clemmons, and beat Whitey Gorsline by a technical knockout in nine. He is in good shape again and will probably get a chance with some good heavy here.

COPPER SCRAPS FROM UPPER MICHIGAN

By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

THE last fight sponsored by the Calumet Laurium Boxing Club was a treat for the fans. In the windup of ten rounds, Irish Kennedy, of Iron Mountain, kayoed Sailor Van Heck. It was a great fight. Paddy Jaaske, one of Michigan's best prospects, gave Carl Badge a decisive trimming. Dinty Erkila kayoed Hagen Wuopio in the second round. Young Juntinen and Kid Kolloff drew in four rounds. Donnie Mack and Clyde Halley went a fast four-round draw.

The Calumet Laurium Boxing Club, under the direction of Geo. Allen and Cliff Schieberl, is getting a great name for staging some great scraps.

Paddy Jaaske is one of the most colorful of the local boys. He is a good prospect and has a corking left hand. The fans here are daffy over him.

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"See Page One"-Gus

Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

WELL, Boston got the unexpected—the decidedly unexpected in more senses than one as it turned out—a fight between Primo Carnera, of Italy, and Jim Maloney, now known as the "Squire of Merry Mount," a section of Quincy, Mass., where he now makes his home. The great event occurred at the Boston Garden, and, when it was all over, Maloney was handed the decision. It was a really good fight—one of the best ever here between heavies—with Maloney, a rank short ender, putting up a contest none thought him capable of doing. We can say from personal observation of practically all of his fights—it was the best he ever did.

Maloney's margin of victory was not great—in fact it was very thin—a draw, were such allowed in Boston, could have been the verdict—probably would have been under different circumstances. But, splitting it fine, Maloney won the fight—scored the first victory over Carnera that the Italian has lost in this country. He did it by clever boxing—getting under and inside of punches—scoring himself as he came in.

The fight attracted about 14,000 spectators—about $45,000 gate—less than was expected. The management had looked for more than $70,000—a huge sum as regards boxing in Boston, and particularly so as financial conditions are today.

Johnny Brassil, of Boston, was the third man in the ring—performed a wonderfully efficient job—made himself. We have criticised him on occasions—it is a pleasure to praise him here. His work was 100 percent and plus. Curiously, though, Billy Duffy of the Carnera managerial board, had objected to him—and, his objections carried by him before the Boxing Commission, nearly wrecked the mill. Duffy was willing that the Commission should name its own referee—anyone that it might desire aside from Brassil. He was told, however, that Brassil would be the man, and, if he was not satisfied, to take Carnera back to New York with him. The public knows Billy Duffy and how this must have sounded to his ears, also, what mental reservations he may have made.

"I was moved," said Duffy, later on, "to accept the defy of the Commission and take Carnera back to New York. I knew, however, it would ruin the Garden, also would mean my breaking of my word to Matchmaker Alex MacLean. I had promised him, a friend of years, that I would put Carnera in his ring. So I took the gaff from the Commission and went through—made good my promise." Though Duffy had objected to Brassil—feared him as the arbiter, a fact which Brassil was aware of, of the three ring officials who cast their ballots at the end of the contest, it was Brassil who alone voted for Carnera as the winner.

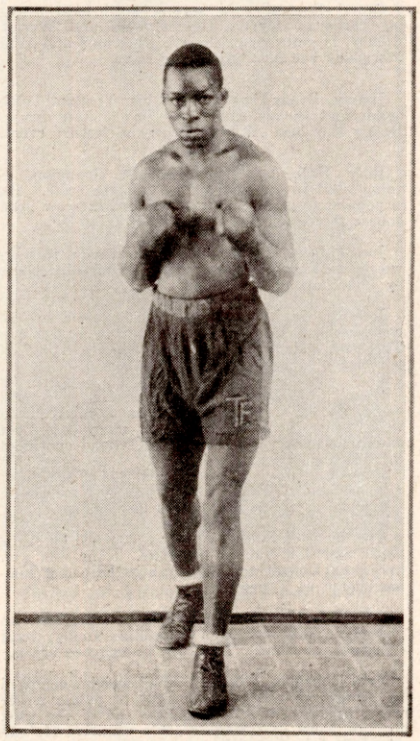
Jack Gagnon, the big Frenchman of Phil Buccola's stable, and Con O'Kelly of Ireland, now hitched up with Harry Kelley, former trainer of Jack Sharkey, are due to clash here at a very early date—an Argonne A. A. fixture. Should Gagnon come through, as seems to be the expectation that he will, Sharkey will be matched to meet him for his first fight in Boston for several years. As for Jim Maloney, Sharkey's lone rival in this town, plans are afoot for him to meet the winner of a fray between Dick Daniels and Johnny Risko, an early fixture at the Boston Garden. Possibility, sooner or later, Sharkey and Maloney may clash again, but all of this is a futurity to be governed entirely by circumstances.

Gagnon is much in the Boston limelight these days at the result of a recent win over his old foe—Al Friedman of the Al Lippe stable but a home resident of Greater Boston. They clashed in a ten-rounder at the Boston Arena, and it went the full route and was a bird of a muss. Both put up a great fight—a fighting fight. There wasn't an ounce of love between them—never has been. Friedman carried the battle, as he always does, but, much of the usual lost motion was there and the cleaner, better work was done by Gagnon. The award went to the latter but his margin of victory was not large. The bout was the second here between them within a year—the second win for Gagnon. In their initial encounter Friedman butted Gagnon and was declared the loser on a foul.

In the semi-final to the foregoing, a new one was introduced here—Mack House, a colored heavy of California. His opponent was George Gemas of Philadelphia, who tried to make a fight of it but was simply outclassed. House had Gemas down three times in the first stanza and twice in the second. Then the referee stopped it, the award going to House. House is to work here again shortly—will meet Big Bill Hartwell, the Kansas colored giant.

Not to be outdone by the Boston Garden in the matter of giants, Eddie Mack, live wire behind the Argonne A. A., the rival of the former organization, produced one here himself—Jose Santa, the Portuguese mammoth—who, with his 6 feet 9 inches ranks as the tallest pugilist in captivity. Santa was pitted against Riccardo Bertazzolo, the one-time heavyweight hope of the Buccola stable, at the Boston Arena. They travelled the entire journey of ten rounds with both keeping busy. Bertie took a lacing, but stayed in there manfully and took it, fighting back whenever the opportunity offered. Santa was too big and strong for him, and, at the end, was given the verdict. He clearly won it. We are of the view that Jose is not much of a puncher despite the kayos to his credit. His bulk, reach and strength though makes him formidable.

Big Boy Rawson, the East Boston heavy, who months ago got snuffed out here, has since been doing a fine comeback under the management of Billy Lynch, a Boston City Councillor, and has chalked up four or five wins with but one defeat. At Dover, N. H., he scored his second win over Tiger Tom Dixon, New Hampshire heavy champion. It went the distance of ten rounds. In their first encounter Rayson stopped Dixon in a round.



Flash Fisher, middleweight from Springfield, Mass.

A red hot campaign is on to bring George Ostrow of Revere, the N. E. flyweight star, and former National amateur champion in the class, to the front. Ostrow a short while ago defeated George Paulin of Berlin, N. H., New Hampshire champion, but, the decision being disputed, has since sought another meeting. If it can be brought about and Ostrow comes through, as it is thought that he will, there remains but one, Gene Bianco of Boston, in his path to the N. E. title.

Billy Simms of Manchester, N. H., a student at the University of New Hampshire, through which he is working his way by boxing as a "pro", annexed the Granite State welter title, when he defeated Bobby Suber of Claremont, long its holder, in a ten-rounder. Sims claims a string of 19 wins, his total ring career.

Wrestling has got going again in Boston for the season 1930-31, with Paul Bowser, as usual, at the helm. In his season's opener at the Boston Arena, he introduced a new one—another giant—in Rosario Impelletier of Newburgh, N. Y., a boy of 20 who weighs 285 pounds and stands 6 feet 7½. Some child! He was pitted against one Jack Rushall of Canada, a big chap, but finished him in less than four minutes. In the top bout Jack Sherry of Ohio had little trouble flattening Paul Finsky of Poland two straight. Bowser plans to stage tourneys every two weeks until next July.

A real movement is on in the state in the matter of having the decisions of the ring officials—that is, their respective ballots at the end of a contest, made public. Since Commission rule and the coming in of judges, all individuality concerning decisions has been kept secret. It is now being urged that at the end of each contest the vote of each ring official shall be announced. Under the present plan, though a referee may have cast a ballot satisfactory to the fans, he gets all of the abuse provided the decision of the judges fails to please.

Chick Suggs of Newport, R. I., at one time regarded as New England feather champion—a crackerjack fighter in his prime—took a chance against Tommy Corbiery of Gloucester at Salem and had a defeat registered against him.

Jose Santa, the Portuguese giant, after his appearance here, paid a visit to the Auditorium at Providence, R. I., a few nights later and there stopped Gordon Munce, the former amateur heavyweight star of Bayonne, N. J., in three rounds. Returning to Boston the following night the big fellow was given a complimentary banquet, about 200 attending.

After a layoff of about three weeks because of other attractions invading the Mechanics Building. "Father" William H. Cuddy resumed his weekly amateur tourneys. These will continue every Saturday night from now on. In past seasons, as well as the present, these tourneys have been a big feature here. In the absence of small feeder clubs to the large organizations they have partly served to keep up the supply of talent. In general connection "Father" Cuddy is planning another big international tourney for the winter—similar to that of last winter when Italian, German and American boxing teams clashed.

We have had one fight here which flivvered very badly—the affair between Jimmy Braddock of Jersey, vs. Phil Mercurio of New York—a Boston Garden event the last of September. On paper it shaped as likely to be fairly good but Mercurio went into the ring badly frightened—or, so acted, and, after a few half-hearted attempts to stand up to his work, was spilled for the down and out in the second round. It was a very hollow victory for the Jerseyman and did nothing to boost his stock here.

The best bout of the night—a contest that saved the show—saw Dick Daniels of Minneapolis come through the winner over Marty Gallagher of Washington and this city. The latter had 23 pounds in his favor and used it in laying on his man, but it got him little. Daniels made a big hit.

Terry Mitchell, a light-heavy from Somerville, with Ug Gibson of Medford, contributed their share to the same show, the former winning a busy six-rounder. Mitchell has piled up several wins here of late—is doing a fine comeback after a long layoff.

Speaking of comebacks, the very near future is likely to see Al Mello of Lowell, claimant of the New England welter and middle titles, back in the ring. Mello has been out for more than a year but is now trying himself out in the gym with a view of making a new start. It is likely that his first few bouts will be at the small New England clubs.

Boston came close to getting a glimpse of Leon "Bombo" Chevalier the California colored heavy, who had that interesting mix with Carnera out on the Pacific Coast a short while ago. It was the plan of the Boston Garden matchmaker to put Chevalier on with Jim Maloney but, at the last moment the Garden succeeded in corralling Carnera for Jamesy, all of which looked a better proposition. So Chevalier was given some spending money and let go.

Major P. F. O'Keefe, a Boston advertising man and business leader, has been elected as president of the Boston Garden, he filling the vacancy caused by the death of Tex Rickard. William F. Carey of New York will continue as treasurer. John H. O'Brien was the selection of the directors as general manager, he succeeding Sheldon Fairbanks, the latter resigning six weeks ago. Alex MacLean will continue as matchmaker with Billy Ames his assistant.

With the coming of cold weather, the Highland A. A. of Brockton, has called off all further shows and is seeking indoor quarters in that city. The club under the direction of Jack Murphy, former head of a similar organization in Lynn, has acquired such a following as to handicap itself—something unusual these days. It cannot find a hall in Brockton large enough to accommodate its clientele!

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

LUTHER ORR, promising middleweight of Memphis, beat Tom Hambright, of Greenwood, Miss., at Oxford in eight rounds. Fritz Drager and Eddie Stewart fought a fast draw in six rounds and Johnnie Loomer kayoed Jimmy Sanders in three rounds.

David Valesco beat Tarzen Leggett in ten fast rounds at Greenville, Miss. F. J. Millette is the new matchmaker at Greenville, replacing Dr. Beck.

Eddie "Kid" Wolf drew with Joe "Kid" Peck at Greenwood in ten rounds.

Eddie Frisco beat Louis Andrews in eight rounds of a fast bout. Pat Elmore and Wallie Colse, of Paducah, Ky., fought eight fast rounds to steal the show from the main go. Billy Maclin, the Memphis Flash, added another K.O. to his list by stopping Howard Laberia in less than two minutes of actual fighting.

One of the best cards seen here in a long time and featuring some of the old-timers who were favorites here a few years ago: Abbie Kabakoff, Frankie Dugan, Shifty Logan, Tiger Flynn, Young Jack Dempsey, Bobby Lyons, all boxed three-round exhibitions. The veteran Pal Moore beat Leroy Dugan, of Blytheville, Ark., in eight rounds. Moore displayed a lot of his old time form, despite his 17 years in the ring. Pat Elmore lost to Wallie Coke in eight. Billy Maclin, "The Memphis Flash," beat Bennie Sanderson in six fast rounds. Monk Fowler, the veteran, lost a close verdict to Fred Rivalto in six rounds.

Eddie Stewart, of Memphis, and Joe Saia boxed a ten-round draw at Helena, Ark.

Eddie "Kid" Wolf, the lightweight champion of the South, is coming back strong. His last fight with Joe "Kid" Peck, in which he received a draw, proved that he is regaining his old-time ability and strength.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, Kans.—Angus Snyder barely shaded Babe Hunt to win a ten-round decision. Earl Wise and Chick Rains drew in eight. Baby Stribling beat Hal McWilliams in six. Bobby Sample beat Tommy Knopp in six rounds.

Joplin, Mo.—Joey Rivers outpointed Paul Wangley in ten fast rounds. Cecil Wells knocked out Loren Atkinson in one round. Firpo Miller and Luke Dorsey drew in six. Fighting Crosby beat Charles (Poison) Ivy in six. Orville Scoce knocked out Glenn Qualls in three rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Clyde Chastain and Everett Strong fought a hard ten-round draw. Wildcat Monte beat Pete Regil in ten. Swede Bergwin knocked out Jimmie Merriott in four. Kid Montrey beat Dummy Edgemon in eight. Battling Delgado outpointed Jimmy Gogarty in four rounds.

Frank Gilleece succeeded Leslie Edmonds to the office of executive secretary of the Boxing Commission of Kansas. Boxing fans, promoters, boxers and state officials regret very much the resignation of Mr. Edmonds, to enter the banking business.

Beloit, Kans.—Jimmy Tillman scored a T. K. O. over Lefty Miller in the first round. Miller claimed a broken hand. Russ Sanders defeated Red Palmquist in six rounds. George Williamson and Ed Boughan drew in 6 rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Tommy Grogan and Mickey Cohen fought ten slashing rounds to a draw. Babe Stribling outpointed Larry Cappe in ten. Harold Mathews beat Lou Snyder in eight. Jack Slattery knocked out Georgetown Hawkins in the first.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Baxter Calmes, fast stepping clever light-heavy defeated Red Fitzsimmons in ten rounds. Bobby Calmes knocked out Joe Clark in three rounds.

Springfield, Mo.—Roy Stevens won a close ten-round decision over Red Foster. Lloyd Martin won from Kid Hutcherson in eight. Billy Lovan beat Billy Hampton in five. Sherril James knocked out Jessie Baugh in five. Leroy Gibson shaded Kid Alfred in five rounds.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—George Trenkel defeated Oklahoma (Jack) Dillon, heavyweight, in ten smashing rounds.

Picher, Okla.—Roy Stevens knocked out Ol Bray in five rounds. Fighting Crosby and Billy Lovan drew in six. Kid Hutcherson knocked out Herb Carpenter in three. George Windham knocked out Vernon Styles in two. Bobby Arnold and Flash Stewart drew in four. Tiger Fox knocked out John Barby in three rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—George Manley won a ten-round decision from Charley Belanger. Paul Wangley and Bobby Calmes fought ten rounds to a draw. Howard Scott beat Kid Montrey in eight. Hecker Boyer beat Swede Bergwin in six. Chink Piatt won from Mickey McMullen in four rounds.

Marian Marshall has returned to Ft. Scott after an absence of two years and will get back into the fight game, managing a stable of good boxers.

Pittsburgh, Kans.—Billy Atkinson and Clyde Chastain fought a savage ten-round draw. Baby Stribling outpointed Joe Rich in ten. Louis Houser beat Hugh Gray in eight. Cecil Wells won from George Price in six. Fred Wheeler gave Firpo Miller a real boxing lesson in the opening six-round bout.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook shaded Bobby Carter in a fast ten rounds. Kid Granite won from Kid Siler in six. Bull Tarrance beat John Gilbert in six. Kid Pray knocked out Rube Finner in five rounds.

Springfield, Mo.—Roy Stevens shaded Luther Ashford in a ten-round hotly contested battle. This is the eighth straight consecutive win for Stevens.

TEXARKANA TIDINGS
By MINOR STUART

TEXARKANA, ARKANSAS, that half of the border city that lies in Arkansas, is taking advantage of the Arkansas boxing law and is again getting on the fistic map by first class fights, promoted by Harvey Howard, held under the auspices of the Texarkana Athletic Club.

After a lapse of four years in which no professional fights were held in Texarkana, promoter Harvey Howard is again putting the game on a firm basis here by staging fights that have the fans cheering mad.

Some good bouts staged here in the past few weeks were: Dude Mullins, fighting fireman, Alexandria, Louisiana, 150 pounds, beat Jimmy Tillman, Texarkana, TKO, in two rounds. Dude Mullins also punched out a ten-round decision over that tough boy, Chris Achten, Opelousas, Louisiana, in a fight that was loaded with TNT all the way. Spruce Gibbs, Eldorado, Arkansas, fast coming lightweight, made a big hit with the fight fans in the border city when he stopped Bat Schofield in nine rounds, and came back two weeks later and won an up and down fight against Johnny Jackson.

That fast stepping colored welter, Panama Kid, continues to bowl over all the colored boys in this neck of the woods. The veteran, Jack Olsen, lost a hairline decision to Battling Earhart, Texarkana battling fireman, over the ten-round route. Homer "Kid" Goodman, Brownsville, Texas, 148 pounds, won a well-earned ten-round decision from Dude Mullins, Alexandra fireboy.

On promoter Harvey Howard's "Smoker Night," a free night for the fight fans, some fast action was seen in exhibitions by Earhart vs. Kid Klimax; the writer against Homer "Kid" Goodman; a battle royal in which Panama Kid covered himself with glory when he stopped four tough colored boys. In addition, Kid Lightning fought a tough six-round draw with K. O. Hund, and Jack Dalton, of St. Louis, and "Irish" McGonigle, Texarkana, breezed along in good style to a four-round draw.

Fighters wishing news of things hereabouts should write to Harvey Howard, care Texarkana *Gazette*, Texarkana, Texas, or the writer at 1902 Hickory Street, Texarkana, Arkansas.

IN RHODESIA, SOUTH AFRICA
By J. H. LAMBERT

AMATEUR boxing is going big here at the mining camps. Shows put on for the entertainment of the mining people are well attended and have proved a big success both financially and from a sporting point of view.

Last month the writer put on a show for the boys in the very heart of darkest Africa where wild animals abound. In a land that is known for its game shooting of lions, cheeters and leopards, a ring was erected in the open air and at night the tournament of the Roan Amateur Boxing Club, with headquarters at the Roan Antelope Copper Mine of Northern Rhodesia, near the border of Belgian Congo, were run off. Some corking bouts were staged. The mine management did everything possible to make the affair a success and a success it was. Sixteen bouts were staged.

Quite a number of RINGS are sold here. The miners, many of whom have been to England and America, welcome this magazine each month.

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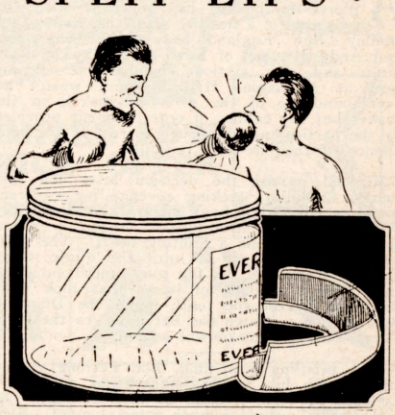

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"See Page One"—Gus

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

AFTER a lapse of two months of inactivity, Worcester boxing has returned with the prospects of a healthy season in view. Jack Dudley, New England heavyweight champion, and Andy Mitchell of New York, Kansas, California and way stations, headed the opening card at Mechanics Hall. There wasn't an over-abundance of the so-called shekels in the basket but the caliber of entertainment provided by the participants did much to restore the confidence of the one-time faithful.

Mitchell gained the decision after ten fast rounds. Dudley, seeking revenge for a three-round technical knockout victory that the lanky Westerner gained over him at Boston, displayed much gameness and a fighting heart. The fight was pretty much so-so until the ninth, when Mitchell uncovered his big guns and bombarded Jack with a fusilade of blows that took their toll. The end of the tenth found the Diamond Belt winner a beaten foe but game to the core. There were no knockdowns scored.

In a bristling semi-final, Lou Petrone evened affairs with his Spencer lightweight rival, Leo Ledoux, in eight rounds of fast milling. The preliminaries provided much entertainment. Aldo Nocchi, making his pro debut, was forced to bow to the veteran Joe Preston in six. They are welterweights. Rene Fontaine, Northbridge bantamweight, scored his third professional victory by stopping Julius Lurkey in three.

At Danielson, Tony Santello dropped an eight-rounder to Johnny Tomtey of Gotham. Willie Walsh lost to Kid Forcier of Webster in the four-round curtain-raiser.

The second show found Vernon Cormier successfully defending his Worcester County featherweight crown against Johnny Villa of Shrewsbury, scoring a five-round knockout. Cormier previously had scored a two-round victory over Villa in the last open air show. In addition to being the main attraction locally, Cormier has proven to be quite a card in Montreal where he has appeared twice, winning from Eddie Burl of New York in eight, and from Benny Brostoff of New York in ten.

Mike Troy scored over George Bruso in the sixth round of an eight-round semi-final. They are middleweights. Johnny Thompson lost in six to Rene Fontaine in one of the most hectic bantamweight battles seen in many a day. The other six spot found Harvey Peete being shaded by Tony Caprio of Providence.

"Dynamite" Lou Brouillard had an easy time with Frank Baldi, of Lynn, scoring a four-round kayo. Gotham is to be treated to Brouillard by the time this is at press. "Dynamite" is scheduled to show his wares at St. Nick's against some unknown foe. If piloted properly, Brouillard will wear the welterweight crown inside of 18 months. He has scored about 42 knockouts in over 50 fights. His style is puzzling and he is fast. His easy victory over Clyde Hull in which he took every round, is ample proof as to his ability.

Ero Peterson won on a foul from Viv Lotti in the third round for the second time. Both meetings ended via the prohibitive route. Jack Perry won in the fifth of an eight from Bernie Monahan, of Westerly. Rene Fontaine scored his fifth pro victory at the expense of Al Rodman, of Danielson. Frankie Costello, three times Worcester county flyweight champion, had little difficulty with Kid Forcier, of Webster, in six.

Membership in the Worcester Sporting Club now totals 278. It is unquestionably the finest gymnasium of its kind in this section of the state.

The largest stable in the vicinity is that of Jimmy Villa, who is assisted by Joe Delucca as trainer. It is headed by Jack Dudley, the other comers being Jack Perry, Billy Bruinsma, Leo Ledoux, Johnny Villa, Aldo Nocchi, Willie Walsh, Julius Lurkey, Mike Troy, Jimmy Grocia, Tony Santello and several others.

Eddie Shapiro's stable is another that provides entertainment. Among his boys are Johnny Thompson, Harvey Pette and Harry Alexanian.

At Southbridge, Harry Devine scored his third win over Pancho Villa, of New Bedford, in ten. In the semi-final, Vic Lotti came out from under to stop Harry Alexanian in the sixth after a most sensational slugging bee.

The New England featherweight title which has been in dispute for the past few months will come to rest by the time this will be on the stands, when Vernon Cormier tangles with Panama Roy Brooks, of New Bedford, in ten at Worcester. This will be the fourth show staged in Worcester in four weeks.

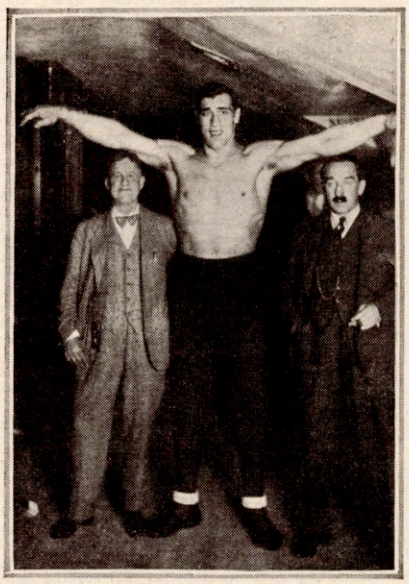
Wrestling will return soon under the most competent direction of Promoter Jack McGrath. Jack cultivated the sport into the major attraction of all time by his vast gates. His greatest venture drawing about 15,000 customers and totalling about 25 grand.

Rosario Impelletier seems to have the edge on the rest of the pachyderms when one figures height and weight. About 6 feet 8 and scaling about 285, he should be given a slight edge on his brethren. Carnera would appear as a dwarf according to the above measurements. Several others with names that are to be sneezed will probably command the limelight in an effort to draw a sizeable purse.

The investigation into wrestling and boxing reached Worcester after much talk. The results prove that boxing and not wrestling needs the cleaning. There was talk about draw decisions, fouls, fakes, etc.—just talk. Wrestling seems to be above reproach because of the tremendous results received throughout the past year. Let's wait and see the outcome.

The writer's article for last month was missing because it was sent in too late to be published. Any information regarding New England may be received for the customary stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address all communications to the writer to 68 Arlington Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

The major item of importance to take place during the month was the change in officers of the Worcester Sporting Club. Eddie Shapiro has been replaced as manager by the former trainer, Vic Rose. The trainer employed now is Almont Leno, who has spent the majority of his years on the mat. He will spend most of his time teaching physical culture, while Rose will instruct in boxing. Shapiro has bought out the interests of about 60 boxers and will conduct his own stable.



Primo Carnera, Italian Giant, with his manager, Leon See on right, and Gus Martel, undefeated world's lightweight amateur champion from whom Carnera has consented to take pointers in an effort to redeem himself for the defeat at the hands of Jim Maloney

MAINE BOXING GOSSIP

By FRANKIE BREARD

CON O'KELLY, Irish heavyweight, making his third appearance in a Portland ring, easily outpointed King Solomon of Panama in 12 rounds.

Big Boy Rawson, 220-pound Boston kayo artist, put Big Boy Burgess out in the third at Lewiston.

Art Giroux, Maine's flyweight champion, held Johnny McCoy, Cleveland ace, to a draw at Portland. Giroux has fought sixteen times this year and has yet to meet defeat.

Timmy Burns evened scores with Kayo Stan Ketchell by outpointing him at Bangor. Sailor Utah, Bangor, knocked out Irish Barney Grant, Lewiston, in the fourth. Young Villa, Waterville, K.O'ed Mike Fourtier in the first and Tommy Webster drew with Tony Brennan, Bangor.

Don Meyers is promoting weekly combination boxing and wrestling shows at Milbridge.

Jumbo Currier, Howland, scored a kayo over Jimmy Risko, of Bangor, in the third round at Lincoln. Young Shumway, Old Town, pinned a kayo on Kid Latell, Lee, in two; Farmer Cobb, Lee, won over Gentleman Lane, Lincoln; and Young Bortell, Lincoln, beat Sap Smith, Old Town.

Benny Kid Carter, from far-off Phoenix, Arizona, out-hit Young Herman, of Boston, at Lewiston. Al Bedad, Lewiston middle, kayoed Johnny Walher, Boston, in the second round.

George Phelan, manager of Red Grange of Saco, is claiming the state middleweight crown for his boy and stands to take on any 160-pounder.

Blondy Gayton, of Montreal, proved a poor match for Louie Nemis, welterweight king of Eastern Canada, and was counted out in the first round at Bangor. Bud Haskell, Old Town, outnosed Harry Lawry, Lewiston; Dynamite King, Bangor, drew with Rocky Gravel, Auburn, and Buster Ashley, Portland, beat Jack Shumway, Old Town.

Big Bad Bill Henderson, "The Chensuncook Woodchopper," is planning a comeback some time this winter!

Johnny Carlton, Wiscasset heavyweight, Harvard graduate and member of the Maine bar, is hitting a fast pace. He recently kayoed Marine Russell, of Bangor, in one, and Larry Costigon of Providence, R. I., in four rounds.

Ruby Levine, Lewiston veteran, lost a close decision to Leo Ledoux, of Worcester, at North Adams, Mass.

The Harold T. Andrews Post, American Legion, drew a record attendance in their benefit boxing show at Portland.

Kid Yuck, Bangor 135-pounder, proved he could come back when he whipped Kayo Stevens and Young La Mouche.

Tommy Mallon, Dover, N. H., lost a rugged battle to Eddie Gauvin, former navy champ, in Nick Mehalo's show at Bath.

A promising youngster is Pat Cormier, who hails from Old Town. Cormier recently trimmed Young Villa, Mike Fourtier, Dotsie Richards, Jimmy Sawyer and Al Bouchard. He lost a decision to K. O. Labee, of Lewiston.

Al Kid McCoy, Winslow, surprised local fandom when he stopped Al Thomas' winning streak by kayoing him in three at Bangor.

Bluenose Parent, Rumford trial horse, won over Jimmy Miller, of Troy, N. Y., and lost to John Patrick Sullivan, of Ireland.

Ted Kid Drew, Biddeford, was crowned state junior welter champion when he led Bobby Jones in every round at Portland. Mike Troy, Portland, won from Jimmy Kid Sullivan, Portland. Johnny Naples, 116, beat Eddie Reagan, of Providence, R. I., and Jules Zachow, Portland, kayoed Fred Ashley, Sanford, in one.

Bobby Mainfort, Bar Harbor, defeated Happy Day, of Holden, in a rough tussle. Later in the month Day was injured when he attempted to rough-house it with Charlie Nicholas, the former Georgia Tech football player.

Jerry Dupree, of Bangor, Maine's best middleweight, continues to sweep aside all opposition, kayoing Leo Salvos, of Berlin, N. H., in two at Augusta.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND

By A. SOLOVEITZIK

ALTHOUGH none of the local boxing clubs have been staging bouts since the early part of September, Westerly pugilists have been keeping busy in other cities. New London has been running bouts every two weeks for the past few months and Westerly boys have been on every one of the cards.

Joe Russo, former amateur welterweight champion of the state, engaged in two battles during the past month, and he won both rather easily. Russo flattened Tommy Martelle, Coast Guard middleweight titleholder in two heats, and pasted Tony Mangual, also of the New London Coast Guard, in six.

Indian Billy Euelle was beaten by Benny Galinas, of the New London Coast Guard, in four frames.

Big Boy Burlap kept in shape during the past few weeks by acting as a sparring partner for Jose Santa, Portugese heavyweight. The local colored boy did quite well with Santa, and gave the foreign behemouth plenty of opposition.

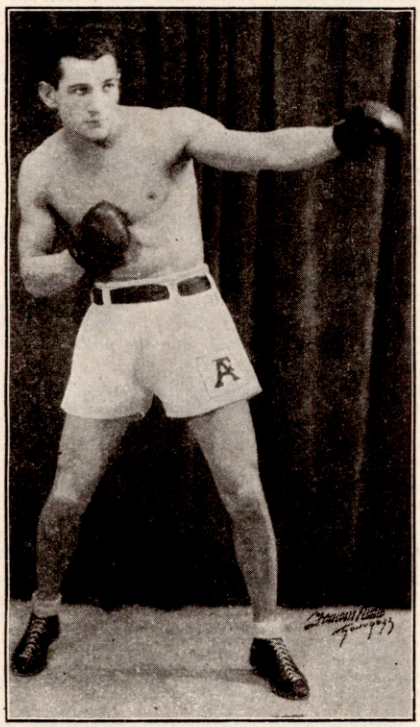
Burlap took part in one bout during the month, and lost a close, questionable decision to Pat Hayward of Boston.

EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, lightweight champion of Great Britain, resumed his brilliant ring career at Manchester, England, on October 20, when he defended his British crown against George Rose, his leading challenger, in a scheduled 20-round match. The bout was the talk of all Europe and its importance is realized in the fact that the famous Lord Lonsdale Belt, emblematic of the highest ring honors in the Old World, was at stake. A match between the Montreal K. O. Terror and Johnny Cuthbert, British featherweight king, is expected to be staged in the Albert Hall, London, early in November. If Foreman is still undefeated in his European campaign after the Cuthbert match, he will likely be opposed to the classy Harry Corbett, European lightweight champion, in a match involving the coveted titles of both men.

Alec Moore's last show in Montreal was staged in the Forum and according to various reports, the general opinion seems to be that it fell far below the standard of previous cards. The main bout of ten rounds between Vernon Cormier, featherweight from Worcester, Mass., and Benny Brostoff, rugged little New York slugger, was disappointing though it had some interesting moments. Cormier was much more aggressive and earned the nod from the judges.



Al Foreman, hard hitting Canadian

Jules Racicot is also handling quite a stable these days. His ace-in-the-hole, Tony Dillulo, is still scoring among the featherweights. Tony outclassed Art Gagne in easy style at St. Hyacinthe and cantered through the ten rounds to take the decision. He then travelled ten rounds with Stan Cadieux in much the same manner, only to be handed an unpopular draw. Racicot has added five more lads from the amateur ranks to his staff which will keep his partner, Vic Beaudriault, plenty busy in his capacity as trainer. They are Peter Diaume, an Indian middleweight; the hard-hitting Bluteau brothers, Ernie and Constant; Figuzzi, tough flyweight Italian; and Phil Latouf, ex-city feather champ. Promoters can reach Racicot at his residence, 4082 St. Hubert Street, Montreal.

H. Rappaport sends in his dope on events in the eastern townships and the game seems to be going strong up there. Sherbrooke's indoor season is expected to start when the snow flies, which means another month or less. Billy James stopped Pete La Salle in five heats of the main bout at Scotstown, Que. Both are Sherbrooke flyweight stars. Jack Valcourt drew in six fast rounds in a featherweight battle with K. O. Morin, in the semi-final. Jack Lessard also drew in six stanzas with Kid Perusse, while Ray Dore scored over "Flash" Peters, lightweight, in the four-round curtain-raiser. All of the fighters hailed from Sherbrooke.

Some smart battles took place at Stanstead, Que., with Rene Taillefer, young Montreal lightie, dividing the honors with Joe St. Onge, of Granby, in the eight-round topspot.

In the semi-final, Kid Cote, Rock Island lightweight, beat Freddie Appleton, Sherbrooke, after the latter kept getting up after several knockdowns during the heavy mixing. Jack Bridge, a middleweight from Newport, Vt., stopped Cecil Roe, of Bury, Que., in two sessions. George Beaudin, Coaticook flyweight, drew with Young Ironside, of Rock Island, in the opening four-round slugfest.

Some snappy bouts pleased the fans at Coaticook with Gaston Menard, a local middle, stopping Gagnon, who claimed to come from Montreal, in the fifth of a scheduled ten-round main event. Gagnon's claim of foul was not allowed. Rene Taillefer held Rene Loubier, of Sherbrooke, to a draw in the semi-sixer. This was the third clash between the keen rivals as Loubier had previously scored two decisions over Taillefer over the eight-round route. Billy James, up and coming Sherbrooke flyweight, gave away weight and a boxing lesson to his hard-hitting opponent from Montreal, Billy Sight, in their six-round draw. Young Beaudin, Coaticook, was held even by Kid Gosselin, of Standstead, in the opening four-rounder.

Midget Mike Dundee, flyweight ace from New York, made a big impression when he knocked out Johnny Hamilton, Sherbrooke, in the third of a special six-round attraction. The New York fighter made a big hit and is anxious to meet the best boys in Canada such as Art Giroux, Montreal's sensational flyweight; or Bobby Leitham, Canada's best bantam. Dundee has fared well against topnotchers in the States and can be located through his present pilot, H. Rappaport, 8 Queen Street, Sherbrooke, Canada.

Gene Brosseau, manager of the classy Montreal flyweight ace, Art Giroux, is also doing well as a coach of the amateur boxers at the Nationale A. A. A. Gene was the selection for coach of the Canadian team in the British Empire Games held at Hamilton last August. One of his pupils, Paul Mecteau, won the Canadian feather crown to qualify for the Empire tourney in which he earned second place honors. Johnny Keller, the left-hooking master from C. N. R., was the other Montreal boy to win a Canadian title and he also earned runner-up honors in the 118-pound class at the Empire Games. The amateur game is going great guns in Montreal under the able direction of Provincial Supervisor Dennis White, who has done more for the game than any other single man. It's too bad that the pros haven't got a leader like White to lift the game to a worthy level.

Jimmy McKimmie, popular fight manager, had three winners and a draw with four of his boys who performed on the card. Jimmie has nearly two dozen fighters and keeps them plenty busy as a capable handler should. Johnny Rousseau, his light heavy ace, whipped his colored rival from Vermont, Pat Gendron, with ease and took every one of the six rounds. Besides his win over Gendron at the Forum, Rousseau also proved his class at Burlington, Vt., when he knocked out the rugged Steve Hallahan in three stanzas and then at Massena, N. Y., with a six-round win over Joe Mosca, a tough Italian.

McKimmie's other three boys came through creditably at the Forum. Wilf Carufel, his smart lightweight, pasted Tommy Paish handily to take the award in the four-round opener. This Carufel is a promising lad and also scored a trio of smart wins on the road shortly after.

Johnny Hellstrom, promising welter from Norway, made his debut under the McKimmie colors by holding Eddie Beaurivage, lanky Drummondville puncher, to a draw in six rounds of free socking. McKimmie also has a promising lightie in K. O. Pelchat, who has been living up to his front name by a couple of one-round wins recently.

Barney O'Connell, local featherweight star, beat Young Lebrun, heavy hitting Sherbrooke lad, in the best bout of the evening at the Forum. Barney stepped around in his best form to outsmart his dangerous punching rival in a six-round thriller and both boys would be welcomed in a local ring again. McKimmie is making Barney another Bat Levinsky or Harry Greb when it comes to piling up wins in quick fashion as the little Irish ringster won seven starts in less than two weeks, which is something that few can boast of nowadays.

Art Giroux should make it a great year if Manager Gene Brosseau's ideas are followed up. Giroux is probably the greatest flyweight ever turned out of Canada and he is more than deserving of a crack at the Canadian flyweight crown resting on the head of Frenchy Belanger, the Toronto slugger, who is well on the toboggan. Giroux would get plenty of backing to whip the winner of the Midget Wolgast-Frankie Genaro bout which is being staged in New York to decide the holder of the world's title.

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"See Page One"—Gus

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

WE are forced to commence this column for the month with the glad tidings that Jack Corcoran, popular and genial Toronto sportsman, is back again in the game, having been granted a license for 1930-31 by the Ontario Athletic Commission to conduct boxing and wrestling contests under his old franchise of the Queensbury Athletic Club.

The Shamrock Club featured three attractions during September and October. They lost a few dollars on two and broke even on the other one.

Willie Davies and Johnny Goodrich met at the Arena Gardens before a fair muster of fans and battled out a hectic eight-rounder, with Davies getting the verdict. Goodrich finished by far the stronger.

The semi-final, a whirling six-spot, showed Dick Sharpe, of London, Eng., and Harry Sacks, of Toronto. Sacks looked a winner at the end of the second, but Dick came along with the old bull-dog spirit, outgamed Sacks, dropped him several times and finished a fairy easy winner.

"Chuck" Feldman, formerly of Toledo and a "darned" good battler when he elects to condition himself, punched out a win over Mickey Quinn, of Buffalo.

Cosmo Cazano, a former amateur champion, who represented Canada in the British Empire Games, turned to the moneyed ranks and proved himself capable by belting over Russell Brown, of Buffalo.

"Frenchy" Bellanger came back to local ringdom and beat Malcolm Mathison, a promising bantamweight, in 8.

Jackie Johnstone, clever little featherweight, stabbed out an easy win over Johnny Bedini. Marty Gold, of Philadelphia, scored over a very promising flyweight, Tommy McBeigh, and Charlie Rogeri, of France, won over Hugh Lees, of Winnipeg.

Vic Wagner, of Ottawa, is making efforts to stage fortnightly shows in the Ontario capital. Mr. Wagner has put on several shows during the fall and featured Ronnie Headley, local welterweight. This boy is very promising.

The Shamrock Club of Toronto showed Marty Gold, of Philadelphia, and Johnny Goodrich, of Toledo. Gold, a cagey old warrior and a mighty good thumper for a flyweight, dropped Goodrich in the second, but the little gamester came back with oodles of courage. He lost the decision by a fair margin.

The "piece de resistance" of the evening was the slugfest between Dick Sharpe, the durable London middleweight, and Virgil Kincaide, of Buffalo. Sharpe received the award after eight rounds, mainly through a sizzling finish.

The surprise of the evening was the win of Tommy Bland over Charlie Rogeri, of France. Bland weighed in at 138 and the Frenchman tipped the scales at 150. Bland fooled all, giving Charlie a neat boxing lesson.

Bobby Lawrence, Toronto featherweight and a consistent winner since turning pro some few months ago, turned in a nice performance by outpointing the battle-scarred veteran, Tony George. Lawrence is coming along in nice style.

Joe Mooney, a promising Hamilton featherweight, popped up unannounced and carried off a pretty easy win over a good man in Ernie Brooks.

Charlie Hallett, former Toronto matchmaker, staged a boxing show recently in Stratford. He featured "Frenchy" Bellanger, of Toronto, and Frisco Grande. A good-sized crowd turned out and saw Bellanger outpoint the Filipino. Charlie Rogeri won a very close decision over Hughie Lees and Teddy Beardwood fought a draw with Johnny Grant.

The wrestling game is going very big in Toronto. The last show at the Arena Gardens drew 10,000 fans who witnessed a great exhibition between Gus Sonnenberg and Stanley Stasiak.

Speaking about the "rasslin game", these exhibitions have been drawing tremendous crowds all over Canada. Stasiak, Baffert, Sonnenberg, Vassell and other artists have "sold" themselves to Toronto fans, as big crowds turn out to see them whenever they feature a local card.

Another good-looking flyweight prospect looms on the boxing horizon in Tommy McBeigh. Tommy has been campaigning around here with success for the past year, but he scored his greatest and most impressive success when he bowled over a real good lad in Tommy Moran at a recent show here.

Jim Buchanan, who books Willie Davies, the Chareloi flyweight, is out with a protest against some advertising matter sent out by Buffalo managers, claiming a victory for some unknown flyweight with the name of Tommy Dundee over Davies. Buchanan claims that his protege has never even boxed this Dundee, let alone lost to him.

Jackie Phillips, debonair Canadian welterweight champ, has resumed training again and appears in real good condition. It will be remembered that Jackie broke his hand in his sparkling joust with Jack Kid Berg, and was on the side lines for five months. He is boxing in first rate style again, and appears to be headed for bigger things.

Speaking about the Phillips family, "Pop" Phillips has the unique distinction of being the proud father of the only three brother champions in the British Empire, if not the world. Jackie is professional boxing champion; Teddy is the Canadian amateur middleweight champion who represented the Dominion at the recent British Empire Games. Alfie Phillips is the British Empire diving champion, and winner of many International trophies. No wonder "Pop" feels proud with sons like this.

Tommy Munn, the Globe's boxing expert, has another good prospect in the stable in Cosmo Cazzno, former Canadian amateur champion. The Toronto Italian should develop into a real good money-getter.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

ST. LOUIS has as its boxing commissioner, Seneca C. Taylor. This gentleman was appointed to his important office by the governor of the State of Missouri. He serves without pay and his duties and worries are sufficient to put an ordinary man in the hospital. Seneca Taylor is impartial in his rulings, no grievance is too small for him to give the involved parties a hearing and a just decision. He has made is possible for St. Louisans to see first class boxing bouts and for the licensed men in the game to successfully show their wares. I have worked under several state boxing commissions and none of them compare in efficiency with Missouri's under the firm guidance of Seneca Taylor. Missouri's boxing fans and licensed workers are proud of him and heartily congratulate him on his election to the vice presidency of the National Boxing Association.

Jack Tippett, successful St. Louis promoter has been granted a license by the Athletic Commission and will offer several shows this winter. Tippett's license is the fourth granted for St. Louis so we are assured of a busy season.

Tom Packs will pass up the wrestling game long enough to promote the Young Stribling vs. Bud Gorman fracas.

Mique Malloy offered Mickey Walker vs. Tiger Cline. Walker stopped Cline in the second round. On the same bill John Schwake, local heavyweight bested Harvey Martenson of Chicago in eight rounds. Frank Power won from Jack Milton in a six-round heavyweight duel; Hershie Wilson, Chicago junior welter beat Buddy Schlereth in six; Pee Wee Terry licked Joe Almarez in a bantamweight set-to of four rounds and Woodrow Williams showed promise in beating Dave Barry in another four-rounder.

Lou Terry, slugging lightweight champion of Missouri turned in two more victories; Larruping Lou kayoed Virgil Searing in four rounds and decisively trounced Charley O'Keefe in the main events of the last summer show.

John Schwake, Webster Groves heavyweight, kayoed Chuck Wiggins in six rounds at Springfield, Ill. Dave Knost, St. Louis heavyweight, kayoed Jack Martin of Tulsa in the second half of the double wind-up on the same bill.

Ray Palmer, local featherweight puncher, won from Pete White, also of St. Louis, on the last open air card of the season and drew with the same opponent on the first indoor card of the season.

Ray Alfano, challenger for Lou Terry's lightweight title, turned in three more wins, two of them at the expense of Bruce Britt, Terre Haute lightweight. Alfano and Britt topped the first indoor show of the season here. Wesley Senn, Little Rock, Ark., puncher, was Alfano's other victim.

George Daw, former Western A. A. U. welterweight champion is boxing professionally at 155 pounds. George is a great puncher and had eleven straight kayoes as an amateur. He has lost but one fight as a professional and that by a shade to Thomas J. O'Brien who outweighed George fifteen pounds. Daw stopped Jack Thomas of Milwaukee in two rounds on the first indoor show of the season.

Pee Wee Terry, local bantamweight is fast developing into a formidable opponent for any 118 pounder.

George Wilsman is grooming the world's tallest fighter. His name is Sonny Hamilton. He weighs 230 pounds and is 6 feet nine inches tall.

Babe McCorgary, Tulsa, Okla. light-heavy, is here after a successful campaign in eastern rings. McCorgary is one of the best boys developed in St. Louis and has boxed the best in the game during the past three years.

Dick Costello, flashy local flyweight, has moved bag and baggage to the west coast. Good luck to you Dick.

Joe Ghnouly, local featherweight youngster is at Gus Wilson's camp in the east. Joe is going great and writes home that he will soon be home to show what he has learned. The best of everything to you, Joe.

Fighters wishing to show here get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium at St. Louis.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

MICKEY WALKER, toy bulldog of the ring, knocked out Del Fountaine, Canadian middleweight, in the fourth round at the St. Paul Auditorium. Walker had little trouble disposing of the game French-Canadian.

Jimmy Gibbons, St. Paul heavyweight, fought the best battle of his career to win over the mammoth Angus McDonald in six rounds. It was the first set-back of McDonald's pugilistic career.

Johnny O'Hara looked exceedingly promising in his win over Joe Kells, Minneapolis middleweight. O'Hara is a middleweight and hails from St. Paul.

Bill Oppegard, Minneapolis, made a punching bag out of George Engfield, Minneapolis, to win the decision.

Bobby Duffy, St. Paul, administered a trouncing to Arnie Arnold, Jr., welterweight, in four rounds.

Paul George, St. Paul, won the nod over Joe White, Minneapolis, in four heats.

Dick Daniels trounced the veteran, Marty Gallagher, to stamp himself as a hit in Boston.

Ritchie Mack, Minneapolis, outpointed Urban Liberty in six rounds at Sioux City, and Buster Madigan, wild and wooly Minneapolis feather, won over Joey Rich, Sioux City, via a foul.

One of the greatest sensations that ever invaded Minnesotan rings is a wild, two-fisted Canadian named Frankie Battaglia. This canny Canuck was brought to Minneapolis by Leo Leavitt and Ernie Fliegel, co-managers of King Tut.

Frankie's opportunity came when King Tut was forced to call off his fight with My Sullivan, due to an attack of appendicitis. Battaglia took the assignment and outgamed, outfought, and outsmarted the famous St. Paul harp.

Battaglia, who is only nineteen years of age, is headed for big things, if properly handled, and I might go so far as to say that the youthful Italian-Canadian will be ruling the roost in a year.

Spud Murphy, Moorehead lightweight, stopped Rudy Judy, Grand Forks, in the fifth round at Grand Forks.

Jimmy Evans outpointed the veteran, Clyde Hull, in six rounds. Hull has long since passed his heyday and should hang the leather mittens up.

Wayne Short won a six-round verdict over Ernie North, who hails from Waterloo, Iowa. Short has made very little headway in the last year.

Benny Stanley, clowning Negro, outscored Joe Kells in six rounds.

Angus McDonald put the rollers under Bill Smoot, Ft. Snelling heavy, in one stanza.

Ollie Bartlett, Minneapolis bantam, won the verdict over Irish Mickey Cohen, Indiana, at Springfield, Ohio.

Frank "Dad" Hayes, veteran manager, who once handled the affairs of Jim Corbett, died at Duluth. The old timer was 73 when he passed away. "May God rest him in peace."

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

IZZY GROVE, New York's popular welterweight, fought to a capacity house against Ignacio Ara of Spain, who was declared winner after ten rounds of sensational milling. Grove was coming along handily until the sixth round when he was fouled, but insisted on continuing the fight after a little rest. From then on he registered severe pain which lost for him a close decision. Grove has the distinction of being the first importation to extend Ara, and the fans did not hesitate in their applause and praise for Izzy's class and gameness. Boxers of the Grove type is what the local fight followers want, and it looks like Grove will be signed for another appearance shortly.

Ignacio Ara has decided on another invasion of the United States under Pincho Gutierrez. Ara is a promising boy. He holds decisions over Canada Lee and Sammy Baker. He appears to be a much better prospect than was Hilario Martinez, and should make good under Mr. Gutierrez's eagle eye.

Julian Echavarria, flyweight from Spain, outpointed Kid Charolito, and showed lots of class in six rounds. Johnny Cruz flattened Luis Hernandez of Mexico in the third canto.

Kid Montana, Chilean flyweight champion, scored over Rafael Fernandez of Matanzas, but did not show much class for a title holder.

Marzo Fernandez knocked out Ignacio Garcia in the third round. This was a return bout, Garcia having previously outpointed Fernandez.

Alfredo Perez rushed things up in the first round and knocked out Julio Montero after one minute of fighting.

Big Boy Peterson was not so "Big" after Goyito Rico got through with him. The Cuban hit Big Boy with everything but the bucket, and it was Peterson's long reach that saved him from a knockout. Peterson was floored four times in the tenth.

Goyito Rico is making rapid strides and is a popular champion. He has a long string of knockout victories. Mario Cotilla, his manager, has him booked for three bouts in Panama and Buenos Aires.

Wee Wee Barton, dusky flyweight, defeated Raul Quintana in four rounds, while Pinareno Chocolate scored a two-round knockout over Kid Salgado, veteran featherweight. Joaquin Torregrosa shaded Jose Arguelles in a special six-rounder.

Conrado Conde, local flyweight, will soon appear in New York rings. He's a great performer.

Raul Lescano, welterweight of class, will journey to Miami, Fla., for several bouts. Lescano has a good knockout record.

Cuco Sanchez must be mentioned in the column this month, for he is doing great work as a referee.

Adolfo Gonzalez, secretary to Pincho Gutierrez, is bound for Panama with Black Bill, Mateo la Osa and Eduardo Duarry.

Luis Aguiar is back again after making a hit in Florida clubs. Aguiar is a featherweight of note.

We wonder if Bat Battalino is going to give Kid Chocolate a chance at the title.

Luis Parga, matchmaker "De Luxe," has come through with his promises in putting over all-star cards. The American tourists will be treated to excellent programs this winter by Parga.

Divino Pueda, bantam, is rapidly climbing the ladder. He has won his last ten starts by the knockout route. He is a sterling performer managed by Aramis del Pino.

Willy del Pino is kept busy with his stable of fighters. Louis Ramos, Kid Montana and Young Souval are his stars.

Fello Rodriguez, one time middleweight champion of Cuba, is coming along nicely as a referee. He pulls good with the fans.

Antonio Santana staged a rushing battle, scoring a four-round knockout over Kiki Torre, veteran bantamweight. Santana is a mighty hard puncher.

Baxter Calmos, of Wichita, Kansas, may appear in Havana rings shortly.

Divino Rueda is a fine prospect and stands out among the bantamweights.

Fernando Llamas, stablemate of Rueda, is a great crowd pleaser. He improves with every start.

Champions of Cuba officially recognized by the Boxing Commission are: Heavyweight, Goyito Rico; light-heavy, vacant; middleweight, vacant; welterweight, Relampago Saguero; lightweight, vacant; featherweight, Kid Chocolate; bantamweight, vacant; flyweight, Black Bill.

Best prospects for the month: Heavyweight, Rogelio Mestre; light-heavy, Martin Perer; middleweight, Bill Scott; welterweight, Kid Centeno; lightweight, Juan Cepero; featherweight, Johnny Cruz; bantamweight, Antonio Santana; flyweight, Wee Wee Barton.

The writer will be glad to furnish information on boxing in Cuba. Address Milton Baron. Apartado 2469, Havana, Cuba.

BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

THE Chatham Athletic Club opened its new arena on Oct. 17, and a good size crowd attended. Louis Gonzalez beat Blondy Parker in the feature.

Billy Olliff fought Joe Knight to a draw in Waycross, Ga.

Bob Godwin and Buster Newberry are crowd pleasers down here.

Whitt Webb of Pelham is building up a knockout record. In his last 4 fights he has won all by knockouts.

The unfortunate boys matched with Webb were Lank Baily, two; Irish Doc Kennedy, seven; Marvin Key, three, and Red Wilson, four.

Not bad for a youngster.

Bulldog Downs lost a decision to Kid Beinson, a southpaw, but it was a great fight.

Pat Boynton came to Savannah for the opening of the new arena and had Ben Thomas and Kid Beinson on the card. How Pat gets them I don't know but he sure brings good boys when he comes.

Harry Tracy is looking for a couple of main bout fighters to locate here. Savannah needs some good boys.

Joe Knight seems to be going great in Chattanooga.

Billy Edwards is looking fine again.

Dick Leonard, former boxer, is now assistant to the popular manager of one of Pinkussohn's cigar stores. George Hagood, one of the best boys in Savannah and the best ticket seller is manager.

Ed. Alexander is keeping his boys busy.

His ace is Ed Prante, a Marine from Parris Island.

If Billy Shell is wise he will come to Savannah and locate here as he is one of the most popular boys to show in this city.

Lukie Tenner is managing fighters in Charlotte, N. C. He is handling Buster Newberry.

Any good boys on the way south for the winter can get a booking in Savannah if they will get in touch with the writer.

That is if they are willing to gamble with the promoters. Those looking for suckers need not write. The boxing commission here makes a fighter fight or he doesn't get paid unless he does.

Young Stribling was all prepared to tackle K. O. Christner at the Newark Armory but due to an accident that happened to Christner the match was cancelled.

W. L. and the entire Stribling entourage were present and their disappointment was short lived as the same match was secured by the Boston Arena so Stribling's trip up North was not made in vain.

FLORIDA STATE NEWS
By PAUL A. SEAGER

AFTER the usual dull summer with one club operating, the Harvey Seeds Post, with Bobby Burke as matchmaker, it looks as if we should have plenty of mitt slinging this winter.

The Garden will give us one or more big shows this winter, according to Frank Bruen.

The Harvey Seeds Post will continue to function this winter and should get the steadiest play of any. It is up to Burke to put on good shows.

Then we have Miami's pioneer promoter, Ed Douglas, back in town with "Pa" Stribling in tow. The pair have big plans. They want the Coliseum for wrestling shows and they have been dickering with the management of the Fronton for boxing shows. Ed's experience and "Pa's" money should be able to put over anything they start.

The entire East Coast from Jacksonville down is plastered with boxers of every weight and degree of servitude with not six real main bout boys in the lot. Has-beens, maybe-wills and impossibles form the brigade with more coming in every day. Good boys are scarce.

Jackie Mason, the Staten Island lightweight who showed in Miami the last few seasons, is out of the game for good now. Jackie met Kid Aldo Linz and gathered his third fracture of the jaw in the last 30 months. A glancing left hook in the second round ended Jackie's ring career.

Earl Hudson had Gordon Fortenberry nearly out in West Palm Beach but got careless. Fortenberry kayoed Earl in a battle that promises to be one of the best on record around here. Earl went back two weeks later and returned the compliment by laying Gordon for the count.

Three of the best looking boys here this year are Jimmy Powell, Tony Celmars and Gus Campbell. The first two are lightweights and Gus is a welter.

Spike Webb is back and looks better than ever.

My kid and another got in a battle the other day and a big gorilla stepped up and refereed the bout. After it was over he told the kids: "Shake hands now and I'll buy you both a drink." It was old Pat McGuire, erstwhile side-kick of old Tom Sharkey, and the kids knew him. Pat is running a conditioning parlor downtown, they tell me.

Address me at 1515 S. W. Eighth Street, Miami, Florida.

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CAPRI

BATTLING BOZO, Birmingham's own, held Maxie Rosenbloom, the world light-heavyweight champion to a draw here recently in a ten-round none-championship bout. A record throng witnessed this late open air presentation at the Legion Field Stadium.

Tarrant City is putting on weekly amateur cards and will probably continue throughout the winter.

The balance of the Battling Bozo-Maxie Rosenbloom's card resulted as follows: Sergt. Wolfe of Memphis drew with Bill Cather, local middleweight; Horace Hooper lost to Freddie Havalak, junior lightweight; Bud Harris drew with Jack Ausborne; Jimmy Box drew with Young Hambright, a younger brother of Battling Bozo.

Sy Dennaburg is still associated with Battling Bozo.

Claude Wilson, Birmingham, turned in a surprising win over Chico Cisneras, Mexican champion at Greenwood, Miss.

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IN CALIFORNIA
By THERON FISKE

GIVE the fans good cards and they will pack the arenas, regardless of hard times.

Young Corbett III and Sammy Jackson is an example. These boys put nearly $18,000 into the Olympic coffers, the first sell-out Jack Doyle has enjoyed for a long time.

Corbett drew down $6,000 and Jackson $3,500. The colored lad gave the Italian a harder and closer fight than did either Fields or Thompson.

Due to Gov. Young's flagrant neglect in the appointment of boxing commissioners to succeed James Woods, resigned, and William Hanlon, whose term expired nearly a year ago, the local mitt game remains in a very topsy-turvy condition and it is really a wonder that it is running without being completely wrecked.

Many are now of the belief that Gov. Young will leave office January 1 without doing a thing in regard to the boxing situation. In that case, the incoming governor, presumably Mayor James Rolph, of San Francisco, will be forced to appoint an entire commission. Woods has resigned and should be relieved, he has served long and hard at a great personal sacrifice. Charles Traung's term ends with this year and William Hanlon is serving overtime simply because no one has been named in his place.

Jack Doyle is back to his first love. He is again active manager of the Olympic, Los Angeles.

Doyle means a great deal to boxing here. He has been connected with it for years and the fans have confidence in him. He is a very busy man and many times a millionaire, yet one finds him in the main foyer on fight night greeting his guests with a friendly smile and handshake.

Matchmaker Hayden Wadhams and Dean Snyder, for years with Doyle, remain.

Everyone is all abustle—Wadhams plans to run two or three ten-rounders on every card. "The Corbett-Jackson gate proved that the fight game is far from dead," declared Wad, "good fights will mean more good gates and from now on I intend to get them."

Al Fay, Jack Kearns' pet, defeated Les Kennedy in a great battle. And then a pair of wowsers between Goldie Hess and Maurice Holtzer, and Newsboy Brown and a young flash, Clyde Varner. Holtzer won over Hess and the Newsboy just did nose out Varner.

The Olympic has in mind a series of good matches and prospects for a good winter season look mighty bright.

Tommy Freeman, new welterweight champion, is here for an overweight flyer or two and it is Doyle's ultimate hope to stage Jimmy McLarnin in a title bout this winter.

A couple of Papkes, no relations, are making great strides in the preliminary ranks in this little community.

Billy Papke, Jr., son of the one-time middleweight champion, is bowling over light heavyweights at the Olympic, and Young Papke, lightweight, brother of the more famous ten-second Papke, of the four-round days, is knocking 'em dead at Hollywood.

Jack Dempsey is home again. Jack seems to be always coming home, but what a racket he has built up for himself.

Dempsey grabbed off 50 G's on a refereeing tour through the South and was away but for six weeks.

It is a tribute to the man and one never before accorded an ex-champion to be able to exhibit himself in the role of referee at such fees.

Jack's injuries, received at New Orleans, were only slight and are completely healed.

Tommy O'Brien, prominent in the lightweight circles up until a few years ago, and a man who, according to his income tax reports to the government, made close to $300,000 in the ring, is broke.

Jess Willard, former heavyweight champion of the world, recently opened in Hollywood an elaborate and complete food emporium. Jess is in active charge and is said to have spent $150,000 in building and equiping the new market, which is a beauty.

Dame Rumor is accountable for the bit of gossip going the rounds that Dick Donald, the one-time "boy wonder promoter," is to pull up as matchmaker at the Wilmington Bowl.

Donald came to California as a young man; liked the place and established himself. He became quite a figure in the four-round game as manager, referee, gymnasium proprietor and promoter.

The highlights of his meteoric career were the staging of the Frankie Genaro-Fidel LaBarba shindy in which LaBarba won the flyweight title of the world, and the Sammy Baker-Ace Hudkins classic, which drew $93,000.

Al Lang, noted manager, second, and trainer, is back home in Los Angeles from his annual vacation to Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and way points.

From newspapers we learn the whereabouts of Windy Winsor, who most recently offered to lead a crusade for the improvement of boxing conditions in California and has bobbed up in St. Louis.

Windy, managing Tiger Johnny Cline, a fair fighter around Fresno and the sticks, but long since washed up, matched his man to fight Mickey Walker, world's middleweight champion, at the St. Louis Coliseum.

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO

BOXING in California is slowly but surely regaining its former prominent position, which it held prior to the Campbell tragedy.

Manuel Quintero slapped out a 10-round win over Eddie Murdock at Dreamland Pavilion. Although Eddie landed some telling punches, Quintero's style proved too puzzling for Murdock. Pat Cunningham cut Joe Roche's eye in the fifth and thus beat the veteran from North Beach. Tom Jeffers kayoed Archie Sears in three. Harry Garbell beat Young Carpentero in six. Bud Dyget succumbed to Leo Storm in the first as did Joe Terris to Harold Hicks.

"Moose" Taussig had his gym renovated recently, and the place looks swell.

Lester Valva and Al Marino, both Italians, are the best looking prospects among the local hopefuls at present. Valva, a rangy featherweight, has a punch that may carry him to the top. Marino, a southpaw, bids fair to get there with more experience.

Lester Valva continued his K. O. record at the expense of Soldier Jim Harvey, a tough Presidio battler. If Valva continues his present pace, it won't be long before local promoters will be vieing for his services, and soon will be ready for bigger and better game. Young Alde and Pierre Pothier fought a draw. Paul Ambertin vs. Al Morina, ended in a draw. Cowboy Brooks beat Jack Griffin. Al Manfredo beat Billy Delaney. Al Johnson kayoed Dan Patolina in two.

Frankie Tucker made an auspicious start as a pro when he beat "Red" Williams over in Oakland Auditorium.

Teddy Miske, Mission lightweight, is another hopeful who is showing improvement.

Pedro Luna made short work of Henry Jennings from Petaluma when he kayoed the chicken picker in the second.

"Lefty" Louie O'Neil, Poly Hi's socking southpaw, met a tartar in Paul Aubertin, of France. Although he squeezed out a win, O'Neil was forced to mount his bicycle at times to avoid the Frenchman's deadly punches.

Teddy Miske made his usual good fight in winning over the veteran Al Grunan. Ted is showing more stuff all the time. Bob Andrews kayoed Billy Delaney in the third. Kid Thomas stepped six rounds to a draw with Geo. Brazelton. Benny Gallop galloped to a win over Lorenzo Sisson and Leo Sanchez copped the eye-opener from Johnny Tracey.

"Babe" Marino, popular Italian lightweight from the Mission, punched his way to a 10-round draw with Joe Ruiz, Los Angeles Mexican, at Dreamland Auditorium.

The gate receipts for recent shows have shown a steady increase.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO
By EDDIE MAYER, Jr.

THE light-heavies had a monopoly on main events with the welters ranking a close second here so far this year.

Among the boys who appeared in local rings with success are: Larry Johnson, Leo Lomski, Fred Lenhart, Young Firpo, Nate Brown, Red Uhlan, Jack Latzo (all light-heavies); Don Fraser, Tod Morgan, Ray McQuillan, Wildcat Carter (welters); Johnny Casebeer, Frankie Holland. Tommy Fielding, Eddie Edleman (lightweights); Johnny Walker, George Simpson, Frisco McGale, and Cecil Geysel (middleweights).

On the first indoor card of the season in Spokane, George Simpson, middleweight, beat Johnny Walker in six rounds. The bout was under the direction of Will Maylon, of the American Athletic Club.

Frankie Holland, lightweight, won on a foul from Eddie Edleman, of Portland, in the third.

Joe Coffman was awarded the decision over Del King, Spokane welter, in six rounds.

Carl Johnson, lightweight, took a decision over Battling Nelson, of Walla Walla.

Battling Roberts, of Colfax, drew with Elgin Taylor, 166, in four rounds.

Jimmy Eggelson drew with Tommy Gresso in the curtain-raiser.

The American Athletic Club has opened a boxing gymnasium in Spokane. It is the best in this part of the country.

Eddie Quinn, veteran boxing instructor, has started a free amateur boxing instruction class and "One Round" Hogan is the club trainer.

At Wenatchee, Cecil Geysel and Young Sam Langford fought a six-round draw.

Doc Snell, former northwest boxing idol, made the bout his debut as a promoter.

Young Firpo, 172, won a decisive 10-round victory over Red Uhlan, Oakland light-heavy, at the Veteran's arena, midway between Kellogg and Wallace, Idaho. The card was a feature of the Elks' convention at Wallace.

The semi-final was an easy victory for Johnny Casebeer, lightweight, as Rudy Vastano, 143, took the count in the fifth round.

Bob Bernier kayoed Hugo Marconi in the first.

Young Alexander kayoed Young Crawford in the third round.

In the opener, Paul Walker and Gerald Furnish fought a four-round draw.

George Klepinger, of Kellogg, was the third man in the ring.

Bud Taylor, Terre Haute Terror, is scheduled to fight Eddie Edleman, of Portland, on Will Maylon's next card.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS—Again Abie Israel participated in a great bout. This time with Bobby Mars, Los Angeles Filipino, winning in six by a decision. On the same card of Gruman's, Leonard Bennett, 141, Milwaukee, defeated Tuffy Wing, Portland, in six.

Other results here last month follow: Bobby Mars won a decision over Frankie Gracio, New York flyweight, in ten. Swede Nelson, Vernonia pride, decisioned Fred Gallas, Vancouver middleweight in six. Kenneth Kent, Hood River and Chuck Borden, Eugene welterweight, drew in six.

For Ralph Gruman, Bobby Mars beat Angelo Fuste, 'Frisco, in six. Abie Miller, 125, Los Angeles, beat Ray Archer, 131, Tacoma, in six. Leonard Bennett, 143, Milwaukee, won from Joe Coffman, 139, Portland, in six. Johnny Hansen, 145, Portland, decisioned Jimmy Beck, 146, Tacoma, in six.

The boxing game is increasing in attendance here.

Jumbled Gems—Joe Marcus kayoed Johnny Hawkes in Montana—Georgie Dixon has recovered from his leg operation and plans a tour of California—Abie Israel is headed for a championship—Herman Ratzlaff is back from Minot, N. D., and is ready for another campaign—Tommy Freeman and Santiago Zorilla will probably show in Portland soon—Boxing lost a great manager in Eddie Kane.

In Eugene, Chuck Borden, 147, chilled Bus Buskirk, Pendleton, 148, in three.

At Klamath Falls, Pierre Pothier, French lightweight, defeated Joe Calder, Aberdeen Filipino, in ten.

Washington News. At Seattle—Tod Morgan, Seattle, defeated Santiago Zorrilla, Panama Indian, in eight. Dode Bercot, Monroe welterweight, kayoed Scott Holling, Portland deaf mute Negro, in two. Jack Hurd, Seattle lightheavyweight, won over Frankie Warnecke, Portland, in six. Cecil Geysel, Seattle middleweight, beat Swede Nelson in six. "Society" Red Millett of Salt Lake City, kayoed Jack Fargo, Wenatchee middleweight.

In the Crystal Pool, Don Fraser, Spokane welterweight, and Tony Portillo, Seattle, drew in six.

Dr. "Ham" Jenkins, Denver, won the Negro middleweight championship of the West by conquering Ray McQuillan, Denver.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

BABE HUNT, conqueror of Johnny Risko, made his first local appearance at the Public auditorium, Cleveland, defeating Frankie Simms in the twelve-round headliner of Rubber Golaberger's first show at the hall. In spots Simms looked very good, but Hunt's left hand was too much for him.

Joey Goodman, and Joey Kauffman, had a merry scramble in the semi-final, with Kauffman hitting the deck several times, but he got up and made a fight of it all the way. Goodman looked very good and punched his way to victory.

Mickey Cohen, the little Yiddish battler, made a great hit with the crowd by knocking out Tony Canzoni in the second round. Cohen is a big favorite here now and will get a top shot very soon.

Marshall Croquette defeated Jackie Ward in the opener and Billy Hughes knocked out Johnny Krill in the second round.

Johnny Kilbane got the next date at the hall and is featuring Jackie Felds and Paul Pirrone for the headline attraction.

Rosy Rosales defeated Chuck Burns at Akron, Ohio, in the headliner of Suey Welch's show at the Akron Armory. Rosales outboxed and outpunched the San Antonian in every round.

At Erie, Pa., a week previous Rosales knocked out Art Weigand in the seventh round.

Local promoters are hot on Mickey Walker's trail to box the Indians at the Public auditorium, but Kearns said he isn't ready for that shot just yet.

Phil Zwick defeated Frankie Porto, of Pittsburgh, at Akron, Ohio, a few nights ago and has matches pending at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

Jack Kearns took Paul Pirrone, of Cleveland, in preference to Tommy Kid Murphy, of Trenton, N. J., to box his ex-champion Jackie Fields at Cleveland, figuring Pirrone being a local boy, he would outdraw the Trenton flash, who beat Pirrone at Buffalo.

Joey Goodman will box in the future as a junior welterweight. He is anxious to get another shot at Sammy Mandell. Their last fight here was a pip anl this one would be a sell-out.

Charley O'Connell has a very promising lightweight in Billy Hughes who just turned pro. He looked awful sweet knocking out Krill at the hall a few nights ago.

Eddie Conrad has left the Dunn stable, and is now teaching Chuck Sotax's stable of boxers. Eddie's training under Dunn should make him a very valuable man for Sotax.

Jack Pallat the amateur heavyweight champ scored a two-round knockout over Bernard Davis in the feature bout of the Cleveland Athletic Club city tournament at the C. A. C. Auditorium.

Don Gonzales, won on a technical knockout from Milton Kirby, in less than a round. Babe Triscaro, amateur champion flyweight, defeated Joey Boldin. Triscara is easily the classiest little fighter in the city and will soon be turning pro. He can beat most of the little fellows around here that are now boxing pro.

Eddie Mead is keeping his stable of boxers busy. Johnny Farr boxing at least once a week.

Johnny Kilbane is making his headquarters at 722 Superior Ave., at the Hamilton gym, where fight managers can get in touch with him.

Adolph Radomsky has LeRoy Bryant, Golden gloves champ, going very often around the state. His latest victory was over Tut Jackson at Washington Court House.

Manny Robins is leading the local amateur stables and with the aid of the Cleveland Press is staging many shows at the Auditorium. Manny put on the Press Milk fund show and drew over 5,000 fans. He has some of the best amateur boxers in the state.

The Downs Brothers, Ollie and Johnny, have some good fighters but their big ace is Babe Triscaro.

Suey Welch is taking a little vacation with his Gorilla Jones but will soon be on the rattlers back to California, where the happy-go-lucky Gorilla is a big card.

Welch has signed for three fights: Oakland, Frisco and Los Angeles, and is anxious to box Tommy Freeman over the weight at Cleveland.

Tommy Freeman, who has been vacationing down in the hills of Hot Springs, Ark., will start his fall and winter campaign at the Arena A. C. of Philadelphia, where he will battle Sergt. Sammy Baker in the main event, ten rounds over the weight.

Tommy McGinty has offers for Freeman to box over the weight matches in Boston, Newark, N. J., Wilkesbarre, Pa., Scranton, Pa., Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Denver, Portland, Ore., Seattle and Los Angeles, Oakland and San Francisco are bidding for his services.

Los Angeles wants him with Sammy Jackson in November over the weight. Oakland wants him with Young Corbett and so does Frisco.

Johnny Risko, is going to fight himself back in shape and will engage in many bouts this season. First come first served is the way Danny Dunn puts it. "And my big fellah will be the same old bouncing John after he gets a few fights under his belt. We are out after the title and Schmeling is one dude I want for De Risk."

Eddie Borden was a visitor in Cleveland visiting old friends and handling Joey Kaufman at the Auditorium. Borden is a likable fellow and has many friends around the Forest City.

Johnny Cox has sailed for Europe in search of a few big heavyweights. Broadway Johnny expects to return in the spring.

Boo Boo Hoff is planning on using Rosy Rosales at Philadelphia with Sammy Weiss.

Cleveland expects to see shows in the near future in the small halls around Cleveland. The Cleveland Press has been hammering the Cleveland Boxing Commission for the past year to get outside clubs going.

Bill Miller is still around Cleveland and expects to run a few shows at the Auditorium this winter.

The dates are few and far between as Col. Twelvetree has it booked up but there will be a few good dates open for aspiring promoters.

Jimmy Dunn was passing out the cigars. He has another new addition to the family, which makes it number seven.

If some wise promoter can get Willie Davies in here with Mickey Cohen for a ten rounder, he will do a lot of business. Here is a kid who has jumped into the limelight over night. He has class, speed, personality and the punch. Watch this kid climb.

CENTRAL WEST
By HAROLD WALSH

OLD JOHN FISTICUFFS is still plugging along in this section of the country despite the fact the boxing clubs and everything else for that matter has been hard hit by the depression. Babe Hunt trimmed Frankie Simms in Cleveland, in the opening fall show but drew only $5500.

The biggest show in sight hereabouts will be a ten-round battle in Detroit between Johnny Risko and Mickey Walker, the middleweight champ. Walker has been dumping the boys all through the west under the skilful management of Jack Kearns. He started out last summer on this trip and scored three knockouts, but an injury to his eye put Mick on the shelf until recently. Then a pair of wins in Newark and Mick has hit Dempsey's old trail of a dozen years ago. He stopped Del Fountain in St. Paul, Mike Mandell in Des Moines, Johnny Cline in St. Louis and has numerous others on the book to knock over. Of course we don't mean Risko.

Tommy Freeman, the new welter king, has also started on his tour of the country. Tommy McGinty certainly pulled one over on Ray Alvis in Cleveland. Ray didn't think "that Freeman could make the weight" but he did and he trimmed Thompson and was entitled to the decision.

Ed Bang will soon get started on his famous *Cleveland News* Christmas Fund show. This is an annual event in Cleveland and nets many thousand dollars for the poor kids of Cleveland. Ed will lack the helping hand of his old buddie, the late Ray Campbell this year, in making the matches. It is probable that Tommy Freeman will meet Jackie Fields, in a non-title scrap in the star bout.

Jimmy Maloney is planning a tour of this vicinity and Tom Walsh, the Chicago impresario, will book the bouts for Dan Carroll. Walsh declares "that Mike Collin's heavyweight, Dick Daniels, is the best heavyweight in the country."

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"See Page One"—Gus

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

THE New Haven Arena came back strong in its second indoor show with a card of five sixes and the Italian Mare Mountain, Primo Carnera, boxing exhibitions with four heavyweights. Carnera boxed Jack DeMave, Charlie Anderson, another sparring partner and Dan Risko, Stamford heavy.

Kayo Morgan, bantam, lost to Young Granada of Hartford in six rounds.

Sindulfo Diaz, Porto Rico, won from J. Mike Gebb, Hungarian, in the star bout at the Park Theatre, in Bridgeport.

T. N. T. Gibbons, Waterbury middle, knocked out Andy Sarcavic in one round.

Joe K. O. D'Andrea, Stamford bantam, lost to Ernie Palmer of Waterbury in a sensational six-rounder.

Gus Holmes, Bridgeport heavy, knocked out Young Primo Carnera in the third.

Tommy Brown won from Jackie Dillon; Billy Bridges won from Johnny Andrews.

At Columbus Hall in Stamford, Willie Lewis, junior welter, hit Georgie Giora low and lost.

Billy Bridges stopped Roland Daniel in four rounds.

Tony Sessa, West Side slugger, stopped Jack Bogar of New Haven in the third.

Silent Barrett, Stamford's deaf mute, whipped Jackie Dillon in four rounds.

Buddy Howard, New Haven heavy, stopped Andrew Costano in two rounds.

Kayo Morgan beat Billy Avera in six rounds.

Eddie Moore, Bridgeport's southpaw welter, knocked out Tommy Dunn of Philadelphia in seven rounds.

Frankie Sinque of White Plains won from Frankie Smith of Norwalk in the semi-final.

Vic Morosco, New York, won from Jules Sombathy of Bridgeport. The fans would like to see more of Vic in Connecticut rings.

Willie Angelo of Stamford won over Oscar Pultz of New York in a slugging match.

Tommy Brown stopped Georgia Thomas of Bridgeport in three rounds.

Al Gainor, New Haven light-heavy, claims the light-heavy and heavy titles of the state. Gainor is the best-looking light-heavy in New England.

Al Caroly and Lew Brown are giving the public what they want, first an all star card and then a new talent show at the New Haven Arena.

Norwalk's new-boxing promoter, Mr. Leonard, is lining up some real action cards.

The Holy Name Athletic Club of Stamford and the Jewish Center will run amateur boxing shows during the indoor season.

Mr. Jack Moore, deputy boxing commissioner of Stamford, won out in the recent town elections for the post of assessor. Congratulations! Jack.

To all Connecticut fight managers I extend an invitation to send in a list of ratings in each division, of the state's fighters, before the 10th of December. The writer has moved to 42 Cedar St., Stamford, Conn.

The boxing slump in Connecticut is about over.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND
By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

PROFESSIONAL boxing once again entered the local picture here last month when Matchmaker Sam Price of the R. I. Auditorium Club staged his initial program at the spacious Providence building. In the feature bout Jose Santa, pride and joy of the Portuguese, scored a technical knockout over Gordon Munce of Bayonne, N. J., in the third round.

Pancho Villa, New Bedford lightweight flash, got revenge for one of his three defeats at the hands of his major rival, Billy Lynch of Providence, in the semi-windup and Eddie Holmes, junior-welter from Providence, signalized his return to the ring by scoring a rip-snorting win over formidable Hy Diamond of Boston.

Bert Sciarra, ex-amateur star of Providence, whipped Pat James of Brown University, and Jerry Steretti, Boston, lightweight, scored over Young Lopez of New Bedford.

Al Almeida of Providence bought Eddie Holmes' contract. Holmes whipped Diamond, then went to Fall River and won over Baby Jack Renault.

Young Montreal of Providence has gone to Europe to seek fights.

Matchmaker Sam Price of the Auditorium Club plans to operate on the bi-monthly basis.

Frankie Curcio, Providence lightweight, is now campaigning out of New York.

Sammy Fuller, New England lightweight champion, returns to ring wars this month when he engages his old rival, Andy Callahan, at the Boston Arena.

Oddone Piazza of Italy, a fine prospect, will shortly be seen in Price's shows. He is a great reminder of the famous Italian middleweight of another era, Hugo Kelly, who was born Hugo Michelli.

Jack Farley, overlord of the Providence A. C., the organization sponsoring amateur boxing shows in Providence, announces that his first offering will take place about the middle of this month at the Infantry Hall on South Main Street.

Woonsocket is staging amateur boxing tourneys and the best talent is attracted there.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

IN the first indoor boxing show of the season here, Tommy Murphy, veteran welterweight, won over Frankie Hayes in a tame ten-round bout.

Billed as a natural, the semi-final between Frankie Fratto and Bobby Rosen failed utterly to live up to the advance dope. Rosen was too busy back-pedaling to do any damage. This bout was declared a draw.

The best bout was that between Jimmy Anderson, Manasquan Life Guard, and Jackie Riley, of Burlington. There was no decision given in this bout because of the new ruling which does not permit decision except in the semi-final and final bouts, but Anderson won the newspapers' decision because of his heavier slugging.

Joey Dixon, Negro lightweight of Princeton, had the better of an interesting preliminary in which Carmen Presti, local Spaniard, took most of the punishment.

Larry Crabtree, of Plainsboro, scored a 55 seconds K. O. with a right to James Robertson's jaw.

The opening indoor show saw Cliff Smith, for several years boxing promoter here, making his final bow. Hereafter the Arena will be known as the Trenton Athletic Club, Inc. George Tunnicliffe, of Trenton, will act as matchmaker.

Joe Reno, Trenton welterweight, put up one of the best fights of his long and colorful career in his bout with Alf Ros, Algerian Jew, of New York. How referee Johnny King, of Paterson, called it a draw is far more than this writer or the fans can explain. Reno should have gotten the verdict.

In the semi-final, Willie Wiggins, of Trenton, won the decision over Tommy Madden, of New Brunswick, in eight rounds.

Bushy Brooks, Trenton flyweight, surprised everyone when he took the lead from Mooch Murphy, also of Trenton, and kept it. Brooks used a hard jab which had Murphy retreating most of the time.

Jackie Snyder beat Meyer Bloom in a six-rounder. Both boys of Trenton. Gene Gross won over Tommy Leland in a four-rounder.

Scotty Marlow, manager of Kid Smith, of Morristown, reports that his fighter made an auspicious debut when he knocked out Kid Snowden in the first round. This bout was held at Summit.

Harry Ebbetts, of Freeport, scored a knock-out over Manus Hartman, of Trenton, in the first sound at Jamaica Arena, N. Y.

Young Terry, Trenton welter, won as he pleased over Young Jack Gallagher, of Philadelphia, in a ten-round bout.

Eddie Marks, of Perth Amboy, won over Jackie (Kid) Fields, of Baltimore, in eight rounds.

Jimmy Rivers had an easy time with Jerry Hart. This bout was of six rounds.

Lew Miller won by a technical knockout over Charlie Mitchell in the fifth round.

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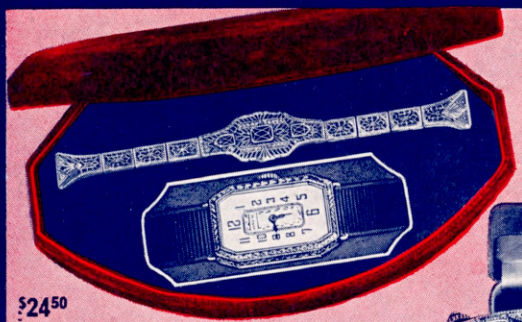

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